

INDIAN CHIEFS

BLACKFOOT CONFEDERACY

ANCIENT AND MODERN

BY

CHIEF MOUNTAIN



EX LIBRIS
UNIVERSITATIS
ALBERTÆNSIS

Bryan-Gruhn
Anthropology
Collection

245-
To: Ch. Ellerton

With happy memories of
many years friendship!

Alfred

Ch. Ellerton

Oct. 1955

First Edition April, 1953
Second Impression (The James Muir Edition)
July, 1954

COPYRIGHT

Printed by
Job Printing Dept., The Lethbridge Herald
Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada



KAINAI CHIEFTAINSHIP

HISTORY, EVOLUTION AND CULTURE OF THE
BLOOD INDIANS

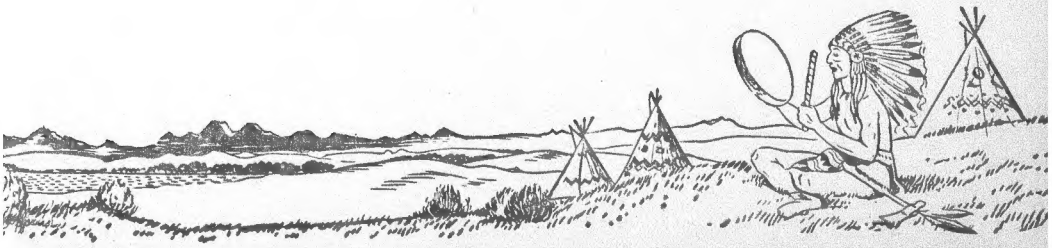
ORIGIN OF THE SUN-DANCE

by

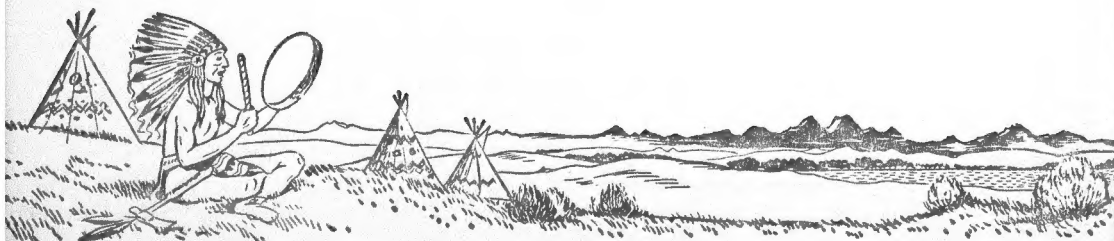
THE VEN. ARCHDEACON S. H. MIDDLETON, E.D., B.Sc., D.D.
(Chief Mountain)

With a Foreword by

HIS EXCELLENCY, FIELD MARSHAL, RT. HON. THE VISCOUNT
ALEXANDER OF TUNIS, K.G., G.C.B., G.C.M.B., C.S.I., D.S.O., LL.D.
GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA

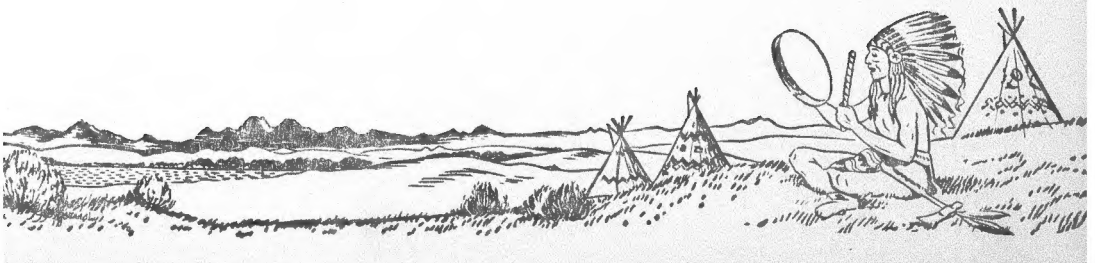


This book has been written at the official request of Head Chief Shot-on-Both-Sides, and Council of the Blood Indians (Blackfoot Confederacy) in order to preserve the history, and to tabulate all Honorary Chiefs admitted to their tribal band. A more complete volume, containing legends, mythology, societies and dance associations is in course of preparation.



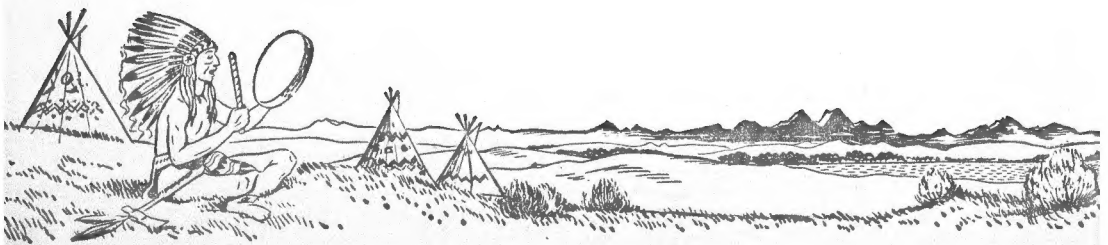
DEDICATED TO
MY WIFE

*Whose love and courage have
deepened through the years.*



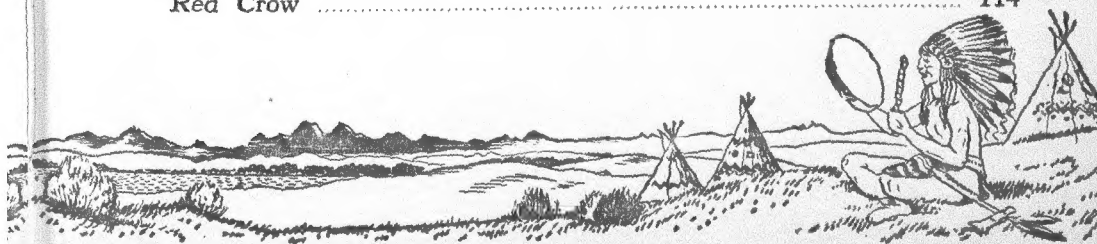
ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Thanks are due to His Excellency, The Viscount Alexander, late Governor-General of Canada, for his "Foreword"; to Senator W. A. Buchanan; E. R. McFarland; The Bureau of Indian Affairs, Washington, D.C.; John Evers, for permission to include his "Blackfeet Crafts" in this volume; The Commissioner of the R.C.M.P., Ottawa; also to Miss F. M. Harvie, and Philip H. Godsell.



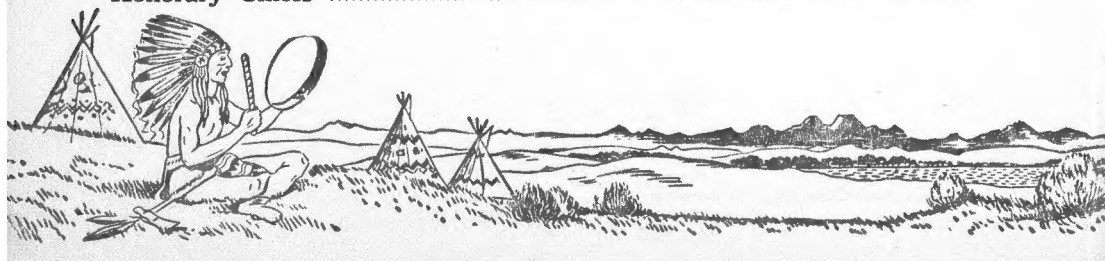
ILLUSTRATIONS

	Page
The Author, Chief Mountain	6
Chief Shot-on-Both-Sides	10
Members of Kainai Chieftainship	16
Viscount Alexander of Tunis, Hon. Chief Eagle Head	20
E. R. McFarland, Hon. Chief Heavy Shields	21
R. D. Ragan, Hon. Chief Bull Head	22
Chief Hind Bull	23
Chief Eagle Speaker	24
Chief Albert Many Fingers	25
Chief Tail Feathers	26
Chief Many Fingers	27
Chief White Bull	28
Chief Charlie Davis	29
Chief John Cotton	30
Chief Crop Eared Wolf	31
Chief Little Dog	32
Chief Joe Bull Shields	33
Chief Many White Horses	34
Map of Blood Indian Reserve	53
St. Paul's Residential School	54
Blood Indian Hospital	55
St. Mary's Residential School, Faculty and Students	56
St. Paul's School Cadet Corps	58
St. Paul's Choir	59
St. Mary's Residential School	60
Blood Reserve Cadet Corps	64
Blackfoot Syllabarium	68
Sundance Camp	83
Indian Tepee	86
Initial act of a sacrificial Brave	88
Red Crow	114



LIST OF CONTENTS

	Page
Shot-on-Both-Sides, Head Chief of the Bloods	1
Chieftainship	12
Kainai Band of Chieftainship	14
Aims and Objects	16
Two Historic Honorary Chiefs	17
Chapter 1 History, Evolution and Culture of the Blood Indians	35
Chapter 2 How the Bloods Acquired their Name	39
Chapter 3 The Coming of the White Man	41
Chapter 4 The Fur Traders Arrive	44
Chapter 5 Legend, Culture and Religion	48
Chapter 6 Old Trails and New	51
Chapter 7 Early Administration	56
Chapter 8 The Modern Indian	64
Chapter 10 Ancient Ritual	74
Chapter 11 Development of the Sun Dance	82
Chapter 12 Making Braves	88
Chapter 13 Blackfeet Crafts	92
Chapter 14 Chief Mountain	105
Chapter 15 Red Crow	113
Appendix I The Treaty with the Blackfeet, Number Seven	165
Appendix II	173
Honorary Chiefs	177



Foreword

By

His Excellency The Governor General of Canada

The history of the Blood Indians is indeed glorious and colourful, not only as regards their achievements as great warriors in early days on this Continent, but also in their service overseas during the First and Second Great Wars.

Today, the Blood Indian tribe continues to progress and many of its members have found their place in the economic and professional life of Canada. Those who have remained on the land of their fathers have applied themselves in administering their affairs with great distinction and wisdom.

It is the aim of the Kainai Chieftainship to preserve all the fine traditions of the Bloods and to perpetuate their folklore. Above all, it is the object of the Kainai Chieftainship to assist the Bloods in broadening their knowledge so that they may, through an advanced system of Indian education, achieve that high level of citizenship for which they have always strived, and for which they are so eminently qualified.

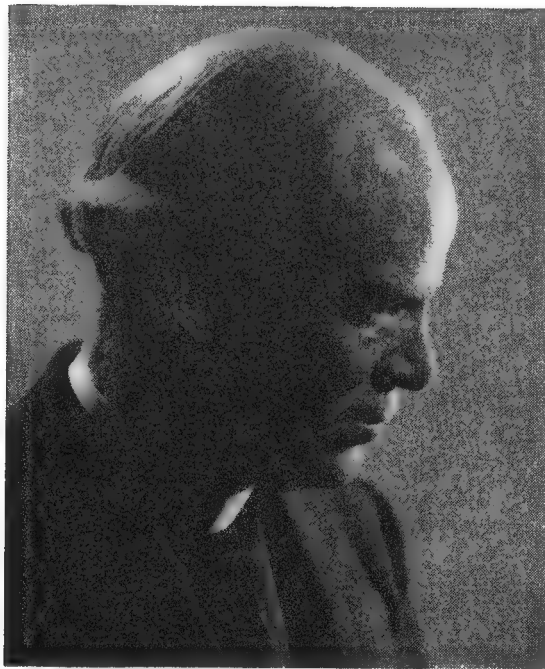
The honour which was conferred upon me in August, 1951, by my appointment as Honorary Chieftain is one which I shall always cherish in future years. The appellation of Chief Pit-O-To-Kon will be a constant reminder to me of the aim which the Kainai Chieftainship has set for itself. May this object soon materialize, and may the Blood Indian tribe continue to prosper as it has in the past.

Alexander of Tunis.

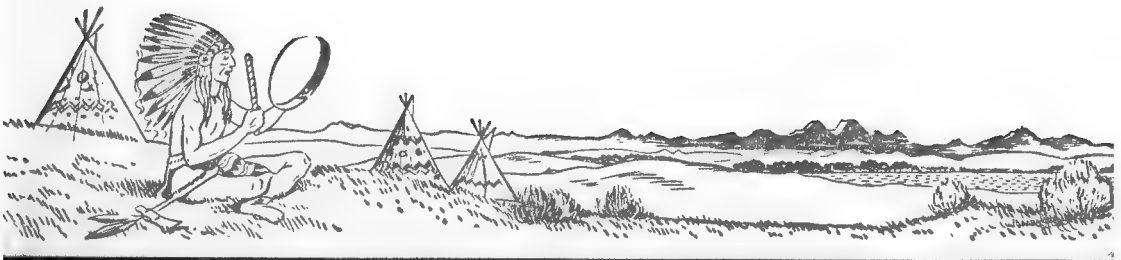
Pit-O-To-Kon.

Government House,
Ottawa.
December, 1951





The Author - Chief Mountain



Preface

By
The Hon. Senator W. A. Buchanan

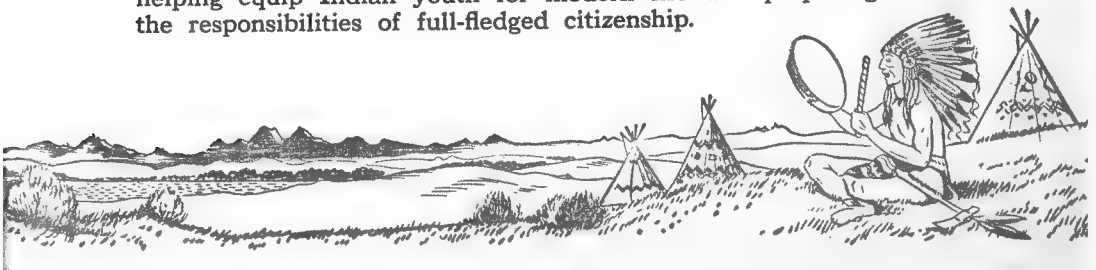
Many years ago I was present at a meeting in Massey Hall, Toronto, at which the famous negro leader of that period, Booker T. Washington, was the chief speaker. After he finished his address a member of the Six Nations Indians, Dr. Cronhysteha, was one of those to express appreciation in a resolution of thanks. I mention Dr. Cronhysteha because he reached an outstanding place in Canadian business and fraternal circles. He was a hundred percent Indian, a graduate in medicine of an English University and as shrewd a businessman as the country knew in those days.

It is a mistake to think that Indians cannot rise to high places. There are numerous illustrations to prove otherwise. Pauline Johnson became noted as a writer of verse; in the last war an Indian was in command of a Canadian regiment; at Ottawa there are Indians in the Civil Service, some of them in a legal capacity. If Indians in one part of Canada can move to the front why cannot those in Alberta do likewise?

I confess my interest is mostly in the Indians living within close range of my own city - the Bloods. They have given me the distinction of making me one of their Honorary Chiefs. I first got to know them when I came to Alberta in 1905. Like all Easterners coming to the West I found the Indian on the plains a spectacular type of person compared with the Indians of the East. Out here, in those earlier days, they appeared with blankets and feathers; they danced the tribal dances; they lived in tepees. Of course, there was more of this in 1905 than there is today for the Indians on the Blood Reserve have been gradually accepting many of the white man's ways.

As the years moved along the Indian advanced. The Reserve at first, was used entirely as a range for livestock. Then the Indian became acquainted with farming and started to raise grain. Today, the Blood Indian Reserve is very much like a mixed farm. It carries livestock, and produces cereals and vegetables. The youth on the Reserve have been going to school, and some of them have even left the Reserve to take positions elsewhere.

The formation of the Honorary Chiefs of the Blood Indian tribe into an association, given the name of the Kainai Band of Chieftainship, is going to bring us into closer relations with the Indian leaders on the Reserve. It is going to enable us to co-operate with them in helping equip Indian youth for modern life and preparing him for the responsibilities of full-fledged citizenship.



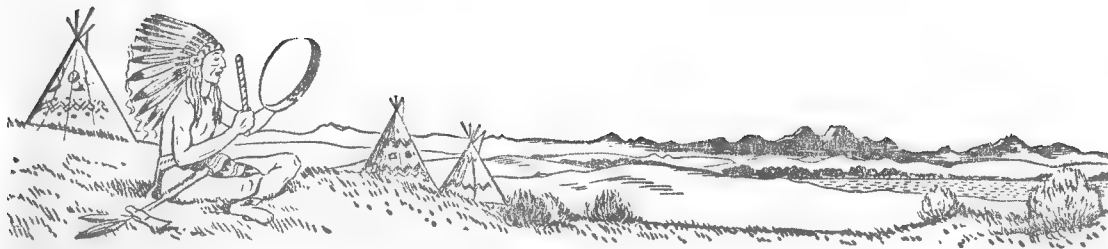
I have a high respect for our Blood Indian friends. I know the part the young men played in the First and Second Great Wars. I know how well some of them have come along in agricultural pursuits. I know some of their chiefs, and have great admiration for Shot-on-Both-Sides. I remember when he conferred an honorary chieftainship on the distinguished Lord Tweedsmuir, a Governor-General of Canada. Inspired by a conversation I had with Lord Tweedsmuir at that time, I had an artist paint a portrait of the Chief, of whom the Governor-General said: "I never saw as strongly marked lines on the face of any Indian I have met in Canada, or elsewhere." The painting today hangs on the wall of my home and bears proof of my regard for the Blood Indians, and my admiration for their veteran Chief, Shot-on-Both-Sides.

I know of no person more competent to write of the Plains Indians of Western Canada than the Ven. Archdeacon S. H. Middleton or "The Canon" as he is, perhaps, best known. For forty years or more he was Principal of St. Paul's Residential School on the Blood Reserve, mastering the Blackfoot tongue; learning the history, lore and culture of the Indians, and, in his ministry, counselling and guiding them towards a fuller and more purposeful life.

W. A. Buchanan.

Hon. Chief Sun.

The Senate Chambers,
Ottawa.
February, 1952.



Kainai Chieftainship

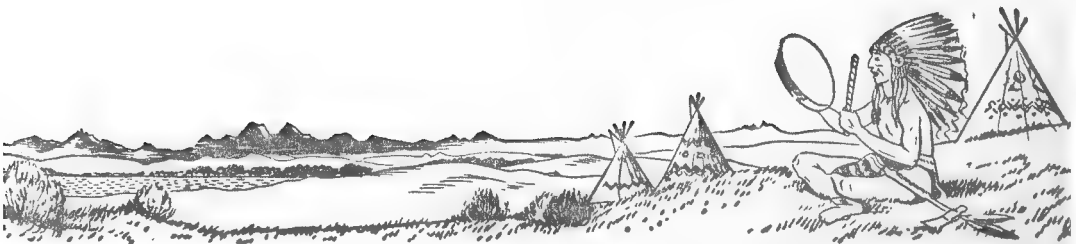
During the years a number of prominent persons, inside and outside the Province of Alberta, have been made Honorary Chieftains by the Chiefs of the Blood Indians. There is no question about the honour that goes with this recognition for the Blood Indians stand to the fore amongst the tribes of North America. They have a long history, and the name is associated with bravery and courage. In times of war in more recent years their sons have gone to war with their fellow Canadians and made names for themselves as good soldiers, many of them sacrificing their lives.

Those of us upon whom the rank of Honorary Chieftain has been conferred feel that we should be knitted together in an organization, and it is for that reason that the Kainai Chieftainship was set up. Its objectives are several. One thing we want to do is to preserve the folklore of the Indians. The older Indians are passing away and, before they leave us, we must get from them the stories that have been passed down from one generation to another telling the meaning they placed on the sky, earth, trees and water; the areas over which they ranged, and of the life they lived, and the battles they fought. That is not all. The Kainai Chieftains want to help the Indian youth; give them opportunities for advancement in learning, scholarships in schools and universities; placing equipment in the schools on the reserve that will acquaint young Indians with modern day skills. Our aim, however, is not to help the young Indians only. We want to be of assistance, too, to the Veterans - to back them up, when necessary, in their efforts to advance the interests of the tribe, and build up better relations and understanding with Governmental authorities.

What we, the Honorary Chiefs, are anxious to do is to work co-operatively with the Indians themselves so that they will be helped in their ambition to become well-informed, useful citizens of the country in which they live.

E. R. McFARLAND,
President.

Hon. Chief Heavy Shields.





Head Chief Shot-on-Both-Sides



Shot-on-Both-Sides

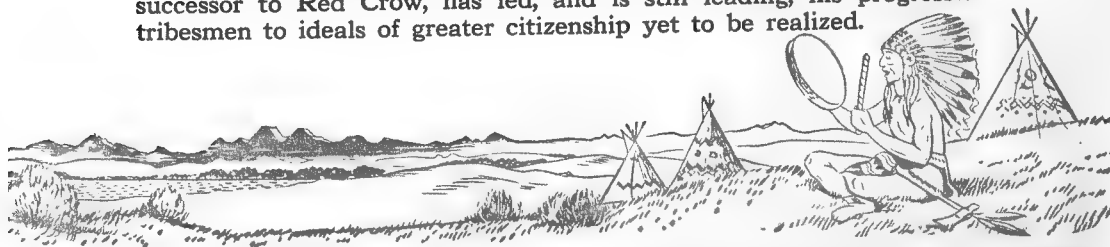
Head Chief of the Bloods

Shot-on-Both-Sides, Head Chief of the Blood tribe and Honorary President of the Kainai Chieftainship, was born in the spring of 1873, four years before the signing of Treaty Number Seven in 1877, and is a worthy descendent from a line of famous warriors. A son of Crop-Eared-Wolf, and grandson of the noted brave and leader, Red Crow, the robe of head chief fell about his shoulders at the death of his father in 1913. A member of the powerful Horn Society, he presides with grace and innate dignity at all tribal council meetings and has a background of true Indianism which few possess today. A firm believer in progressive education, he watches keenly every endeavour of the youth movement, yet retains the tribal characteristics of his race by maintaining compromise with dignity and complacency with strength.

The repository of the mythology and folklore of his people, he has passed through the occult Horn Society no less than eight times; through the Black Seizers twice, and has passed progressively through the soldier societies, the Doves, the Braves, the Crazy Dogs, the Crow Carriers and the Mosquitoes. Amongst the sacred objects entrusted to him are the sacred bundles of the Buffalo Stone Necklace; the wristlets of the Black Seizers; the Horn headdress; the Weasel-tail robe; the Buffalo-head tepee; the Long-Time-Medicine-Pipe; the Sun-Lodge Hide, and various other articles, including an ancient sword and medicine drum. To the Bloods stocks and bonds mean nothing, yet the ownership of these sacred articles denotes great wealth and much prestige.

From the white man's standpoint Shot-on-Both-Sides is not educated, never having attended school or been taught by white teachers. Yet, withal, his penetrating mind and direct application to personal and tribal problems gives evidence of a dual personality which is both ancient in tradition and modern in application. Now, during the eve-tide of his life, he has exchanged the bow for the ploughshare, and turned from the buffalo of his fathers to the white man's "spotted buffalo" and flock. In short, he is a successful farmer, a wise and cautious administrator; a lover of his people, and an ardent admirer and friend of his white colleagues.

Chief Shot-on-Both-Sides, Head Chief of the Bloods, and worthy successor to Red Crow, has led, and is still leading, his progressive tribesmen to ideals of greater citizenship yet to be realized.



Chieftainship

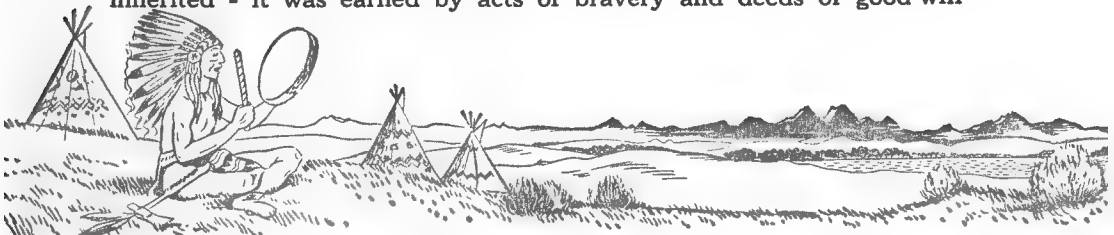
In the long ago when the Bloods, Blackfeet and Peigans were following their nomadic pursuits in the far Northland by wandering, according to Blackfoot and Cree tradition, around the Lesser Slave Lake country ere pushing southward towards the plains, they lived under an elective form of social organization.

Tracing their history into the remote past, and formulating a base from myth, legend and oft-repeated story, it would appear, as a general rule, that the government of the Bloods was a simple democracy. All men were free and equal, and the tenure of elective office was not hereditary. The chiefs were elected and held their position for life or until advancing years caused retirement.

The Head Chief was elected by chiefs of the tribal societies and clans and was chosen entirely on the record of his conduct and deeds from youth to maturity. His duties were not those of an autocrat, nor was his power absolute. In minor matters, which pertained to the domestic affairs of his people, he acted independently and his orders were carried into execution. The chief's authority was personal rather than official. When matters of serious import arose such as quarrels between minor chiefs, relations with neighbouring tribes, or the making of war or peace, these were discussed by the Council of Chiefs and recognized leaders. Each individual was at liberty to express his opinion and to cast a vote. The Head Chief acted as the presiding officer and, if he were strong and capable, his expressed views and opinions carried great weight, but, unless he could win over to his side a majority of the council, he had to yield.

Nevertheless, no matter how brave a warrior might have been, or how successful in warfare, he could not hope to be chief, whether of clan or tribe, unless he was generous and willing to share his comparative prosperity with the poor. For this reason the Head Chief was never a wealthy man, for what he acquired with one hand he gave away with the other. It was he who decided when his people should move camp, and where they should go. But in this, as in all other important matters, he usually sought the advice of his minor chiefs and councilmen.

The Head Chief was a leader in time of war and a father in time of peace. The *Ikun-A-Katsi*, All Comrades Society, were, in the long ago, directly under his authority and when anyone was to be punished, or anything arose which came within tribal jurisdiction, it was he who issued the orders. The coveted and high rank of a chieftain was not inherited - it was earned by acts of bravery and deeds of good-will



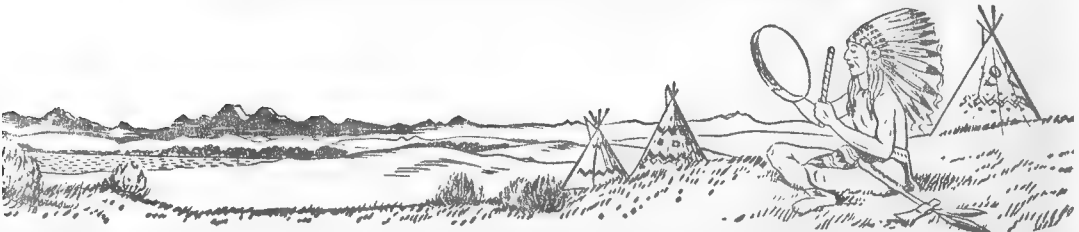
which were recognized with respect by his tribesmen. Consequently, abiding by, and still retaining their traditional history, the Bloods have always been jealous of maintaining their prestige amongst the North American Indians, and while other tribes have admitted all and sundry into their ranks as nominal Honorary Chiefs, the Kainai (Blood) carefully scrutinize the standing and cultural background of each person who may be suggested as a potential candidate for honorary chieftainship. During the past many have been nominated but few chosen.

The privilege of conferring honorary degrees by the world's universities upon citizens of distinguished repute and eminence has long since become an established custom. The official Varsity Faculty Council, or Board of Governors, after due consideration and investigation of the merits and attainments of the candidate proposed, endorse or reject the proposal. In like manner the same method is followed by the Bloods regarding suggested candidates for the honorary chieftainship. At the present time there is a feeling of "tightening up" on the numerous recipients seeking honorary membership in the tribe.

The chiefs, in official council, have decreed that no one shall be admitted as an honorary chief until the request for same has been formally placed before the Head Chief and Council and received their endorsement. In short, the Bloods totally ignore any person who poses as an honorary chief of their tribe who may have been given an Indian name by several Indians casually assembled together at various social functions but which has received no official recognition.

The officially accepted and authorized qualifications for admittance into the Bloods as honorary chiefs are as follows:

- 1 Name of the candidate must be submitted to the head chief and council, and proposed by two chiefs - honorary and active.
- 2 His official standing in the world at large must be duly outlined in writing.
- 3 Recognition will be granted under: (a) Past and present interest, sympathy and assistance towards progressive endeavour to the Indians' welfare in general.
(b) His recognized standing in the realms of Science, Art, Church, State and Business, and acknowledged integrity of character.
(c) That all honorary chiefs submit to and be guided by the laws, edicts and conclusions made by the head chief and council.
(d) That the official insignia of an honorary chief be an Indian headdress, which shall be worn on all official occasions.



Kainai Band of Chieftainship

In order to consolidate the various opinions expressed by both Chiefs and Honorary Chiefs that a possible unit, or tribal band, be formed for the mutual edification of the two bodies, a meeting was convened on December 13th, 1950, at the Lethbridge Flying Club solely for the purpose of the Honorary Chiefs to render any assistance, aid or benefit whatever, to the tribe of their adoption.

The following resolution was presented, and received unanimous acclaim: "THAT all Honorary Chiefs of the Bloods become, ex-officio, a Tribal Body of the Blood Indians". As a fitting climax to so unique, and historic a meeting, officers were then elected to carry forward the aims and objectives already expressed.

PATRON

His Excellency, Field Marshal
The Right Honourable The Viscount Alexander of Tunis,
K.G., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., C.S.I., D.S.O., LL.D.

HONORARY PRESIDENT

The Hon. J. W. Bowlen,
Lieutenant-Governor of Alberta

HONORARY PRESIDENT

(Representing Tribe)
Head Chief Shot-on-Both-Sides

HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENT

The Hon. E. C. Manning, LL.D., Premier of Alberta

HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENT

(Representing Tribe)
Chief Percy Creighton

PRESIDENT

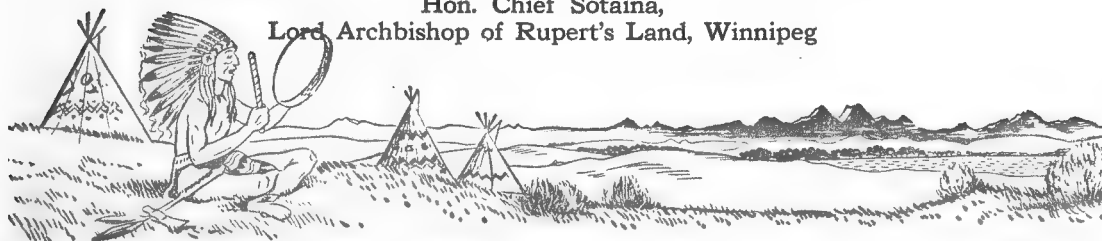
E. R. McFarland, Hon. Chief Heavy Shields,
Lethbridge

VICE-PRESIDENT

G. R. Davis, LL.B., Q.C., Hon. Chief Big Snake
Macleod

HON. CHAPLAIN

The Most Rev. L. R. Sherman, M.A., D.D., LL.D., D.C.L.,
Hon. Chief Sotaina,
Lord Archbishop of Rupert's Land, Winnipeg



SECRETARY-TREASURER

The Ven. Archdeacon S. H. Middleton, E.D., B.Sc., D.D.

Chief Mountain
Macleod

SECRETARY

(Representing Tribe)

Chief J. Bull Shields

DIRECTORS

Ex-officio - The President Vice-President Secretary-Treasurer
Hon. Chief Running Crane - A. G. Swinarton, Macleod (Chairman)
Hon. Chief Water - The Hon. J. Smallwood, Premier of Newfoundland
Hon. Chief Motuskskumou - John Blackmore, M.P., Ottawa
Hon. Chief Sun - The Hon. Senator W. A. Buchanan, Lethbridge
Hon. Chief Calf Child - Robert Bryce, Toronto
Hon. Chief Bull Head - R. D. Ragan, Cardston
Hon. Chief Many Feathers - J. B. Cross, Calgary
Hon. Chief Calf Chief - Rod Cameron, Hollywood, California
Hon. Chief Bull Horn - D. Boyle, Macleod

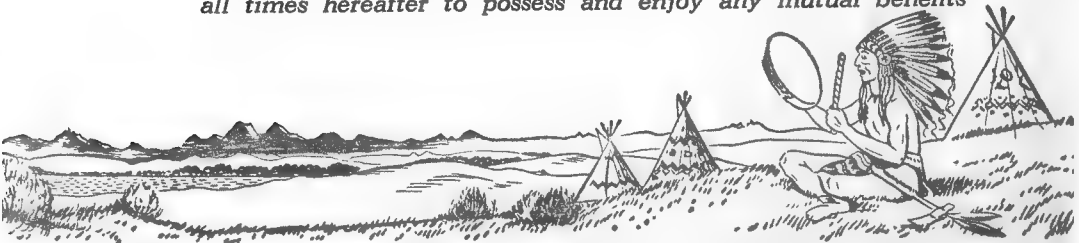
At a subsequent meeting of the Head Chief, Council and Honorary Chief Directors, held at Cardston on January 4th, 1951, a Constitution and By-Laws were adopted:

"WHEREAS the Chiefs and Honorary Chiefs hereinafter named, with a number of others in the Dominion of Canada, and throughout the world at large, have associated themselves for the establishment of a tribal body for beneficial, mutual and social purposes:

"AND WHEREAS certain of the hereinafter named chiefs have suggested their desire to be incorporated under the name and by the appellation of Kainai Chieftainship (hereinafter known as the Kainai Band) of the Blood Indian Reserve at the city of Lethbridge in the Province of Alberta, it is expedient that the request be accepted and authorized."

"THEREFORE the body of Directors by and with the advice and consent of the Band, enact as follows:

- 1 *Head Chief Shot-on-Both-Sides and Council together with Honourable Chiefs Heavy Shields, Bull Head, Chief Mountain, Big Snake, Bull Shields, Many Feathers, Running Crane, Father of Nations, Sun Chief, Bear Head, Morning Plume, Bull Horn and such other chiefs as now are or hereafter shall become members of the said Band, shall be and are hereby declared to be a body politic and corporate in deed and in name of Kainai Chieftainship, and by that name shall have perpetual succession and a common seal, and shall have power from time to time and at all times hereafter to possess and enjoy any mutual benefits*



derived therefrom for the well-being of the Band and their successors, as may be legally appointed and elected thereto.

- 2** *The Constitution, rules and regulations now accepted, specifying the admission and recognition of members, and the management and conduct generally of the affairs and concerns of the said Band shall be governed and guided by the said tribal body."*

AIMS AND OBJECTS

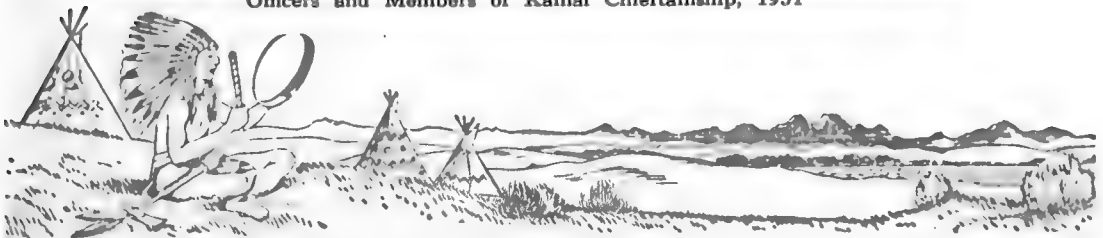
The Kainai Band of Chieftainship is purely altruistic, organized solely for the benefit of the Blood Indians. It is non-sectarian, and non-political.

The aim is to render assistance towards a wider and higher system of Indian education and is especially consigned to a youth movement endeavour, rendering and creating qualifying scholarships tenable at any official and accepted University for students of good repute.

The objective is to foster and propagate a policy of future potential Canadian citizenship. An official crest, depicting the legendary folklore of Indian mythology, was approved and sanctioned and incorporates the desire and objectives of the Kainai Chieftainship, i.e. - *Mokokit Ki Aekakimat* - Gain Wisdom and Persevere.



Officers and Members of Kainai Chieftainship, 1951



Two Historic Honorary Chiefs

On September 8th, 1936, the official flag of His Excellency, the Governor-General of Canada, Lord Tweedsmuir, was flying in the western breeze atop the flagpole at St. Paul's School as the Vice-Regal party entered the campus. On alighting His Excellency inspected the Guard of Honour of Cadets and Girl Guides lined up for the auspicious occasion. During the luncheon which followed we sat together and discussed the imperative need of a more progressive policy of higher education for Indians. When I informed the Governor-General that the chiefs of the Bloods sought the privilege and honour of conferring upon him an honorary chieftainship, he expressed great pleasure and pride, and remarked: "That fulfills a dream of my youth. When I used to wander o'er the hills of my native Scotland the romance of the Red Indians was appealing, and one of my boyhood yearnings was to be an Indian chief. I gladly accept their kindness."

Later that day His Excellency was duly initiated into the tribe by Head Chief Shot-on-Both-Sides and publicly crowned with the headdress insignia as Honorary Chief Pit-O-To-Kon, Eagle Head.

Some twenty years later a similar dream came true to another Governor-General. On August 6th, 1951, to the resonant throb of painted toms-toms, and the sonorous whoops of two thousand feather-bedecked and painted braves and warriors of the Blood tribe, Viscount Alexander of Tunis, Governor-General of Canada, became Chief Pit-O-To-Kon, Eagle Head, in a solemn ritual conducted by the same venerable head chief, Shot-on-Both-Sides.

At the same time Viscount Alexander's two sons, Shane, 16, and Brian, 12, were admitted to full membership in the tribe as braves; Shane as Many Fingers, and Brian as Eagle Speaker. The colourful initiation took place within the huge camp circle of painted tipis at Belly Buttes, the tribe's holy of holies near Stand-Off, during the annual Sun Dance Festival in the heart of the five hundred and fifty square mile Blood Indian Reservation.

For days past braves and warriors, holy women, and youngsters of the four tribes comprising the Blackfoot Confederacy: the Peigans, the Blackfeet, the Bloods and South Peigans, had been trekking over mountain and prairie, and from Glacier Park across the International boundary, to the Sun Dance camp. Some came by wagon and pack-horse; others in trucks, battered Fords and gleaming cars of the most up-to-date make. Soon after their arrival tall conical tipis embellished with grotesque paintings of charging buffaloes, flying eagles, mystic thunder birds and sinuous serpents in gay house of vermillion, yellow and green, graced the great camp circle, doors facing the rising sun.



Motoring from Waterton Park, where we had spent three happy days of complete relaxation, the Vice-Regal party was met on the outskirts of the encampment by a picturesque cavalcade of Bloods led by Head Chief Shot-on-Both-Sides and minor Chiefs Charlie Davis, John Cotton, Crop-Eared-Wolf, Eagle Speaker, Red Crow, Bull Shields, Many Fingers, and interpreter Percy Creighton, all on painted and gaily caparisoned mounts.

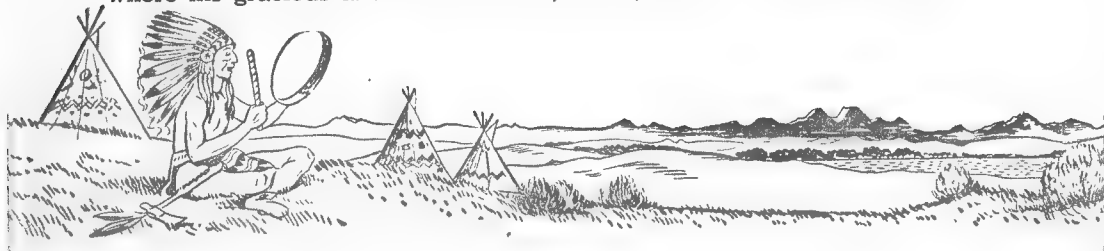
As I presented His Excellency for initiation I mentioned, briefly, that history was repeating itself as, two hundred years ago, Anthony Henday, an adventurer of the Hudson's Bay Company, encountered the first Blackfeet in Southern Alberta and was escorted in a similar manner by mounted warriors and chiefs of the tribe to their prairie encampment.

While the Governor-General squatted, cross-legged, on the same robe upon which His Majesty King George VI had stood while visiting the tribe in 1939, minor Chief John Cotton, naked save for paint, breech cloth and moccasins, solemnly marked the Viscount's cheeks with double stripes of sacred paint and placed a magnificent eagle-feather war-bonnet, first on his own head, then on the Governor-General's, thus signifying his acceptance into the Blood tribe.

Visibly impressed, the Viscount addressed the dignified audience of painted and befeathered tribesmen and explained that, just before leaving England for the ceremony, he had been with His Majesty King George VI and told him of his intended visit to the Blood Reservation. The King, he said, had expressed great interest and had asked that his good wishes be extended to them by the Viscount as his representative in Canada.

"My grandfather and father, many years ago, were made Indian Chiefs by the tribes of Canada, and were great friends of your people. It has always been a long cherished dream of mine to follow in their footsteps. Today is the consummation of my youthful dreams. All my life," His Excellency continued as tom-toms throbbed, "I have been a fighting soldier. By admitting me into your tribe you have given me the privilege of joining a band of warriors famous throughout the world for their bravery and prowess in arms. During both wars I had many North American Indians under my command and they fought with great distinction."

As Chiefs Many Fingers and Eagle Speaker then presented Shane and Brian with beaded coats of white buckskin, and placed on their heads headdresses of roached porcupine-hair to signify their adoption into the tribe, both boys were almost tongue-tied with delight. We then proceeded to the spotless white tepee, lined with painted backdrops and carpeted with buffalo robes, of minor Chief Charlie Davis where his gracious and talented wife, Rosie, and her daughters served

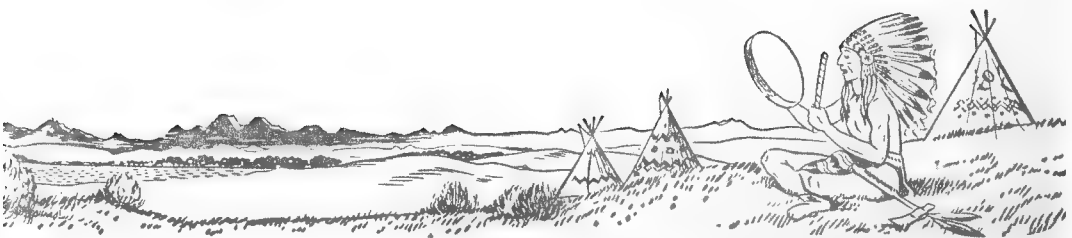


It is doubtful if such a vast essemblage of old-time warriors and refreshments, and it was with reluctance that we finally arose and departed from that rendezvous of charming Indian hospitality.

Meanwhile the tom-toms had reached a new throbbing crescendo as every able-bodied brave joined in a resounding and spirited war dance, the entire Sun-Dance camp becoming a kaleidoscope of flashing beads, buckskin, ermine tails and fluttering eagle feathers that was almost breath-taking in its wild abandon and barbaric beauty.

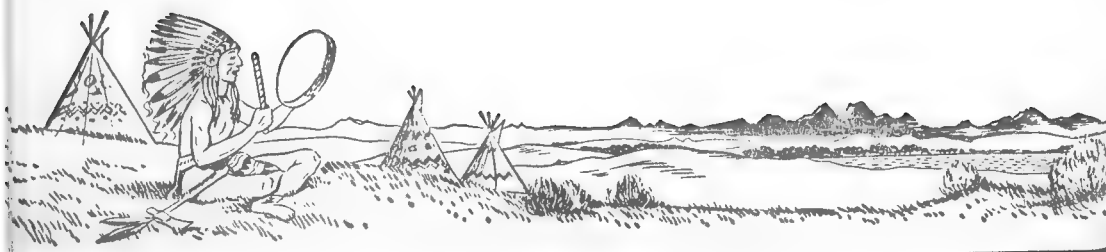
It is doubtful if such a vast assemblage of old-time warriors and buffalo hunters in all their savage splendour will ever again be witnessed, thanks to the rapid encroachment of paleface "civilization" and customs, and the fact that even the red man is going modern.

As the slanting rays of the setting sun cast, at last, their lengthening shadows athwart the empurpled peaks of the Rockies to the westward the new Chieftain, Eagle Head, warrior, soldier, diplomat and statesman, waved farewell to his adopted people and drove slowly away from the colourful circle of symbolic tepees into the deepening dusk, it seemed to me that never had a modern Sun Dance appeared more romantic or impressive.



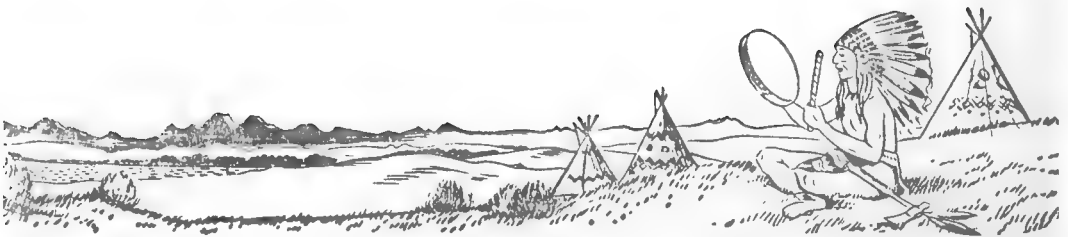


His Excellency the Governor General
Hon. Chief Eagle Head



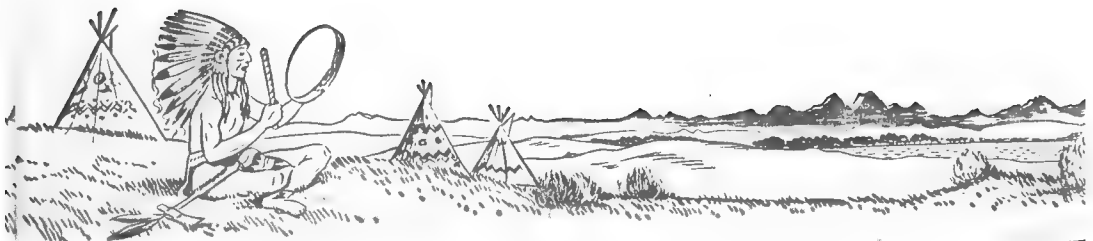


**E. R. McFarland, President, Kainai Chieftainship
Hon. Chief Heavy Shields**





R. D. Ragan, Supt. Indian Affairs, Cardston
Hon. Chief Bull Head



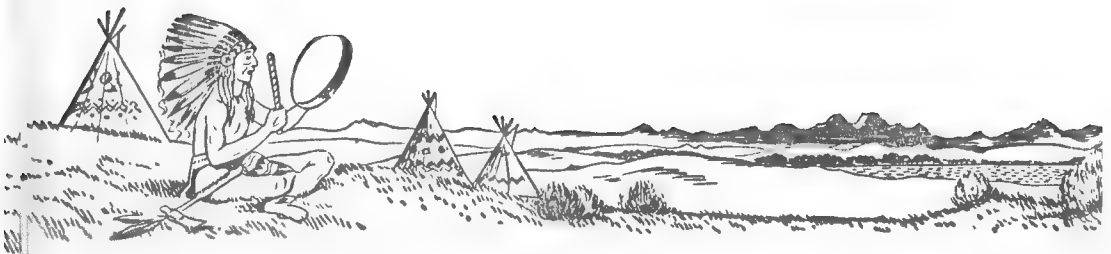


Chief Hind Bull



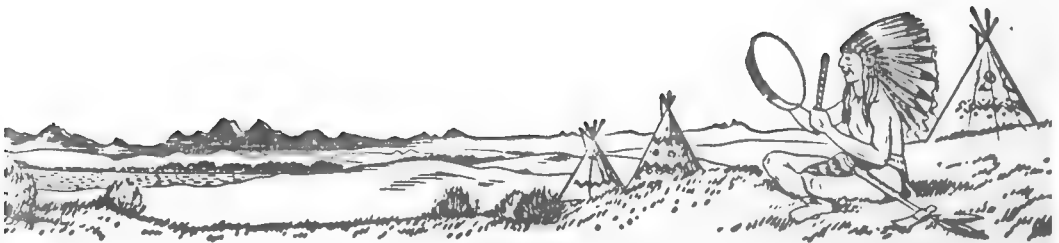


Chief Eagle Speaker



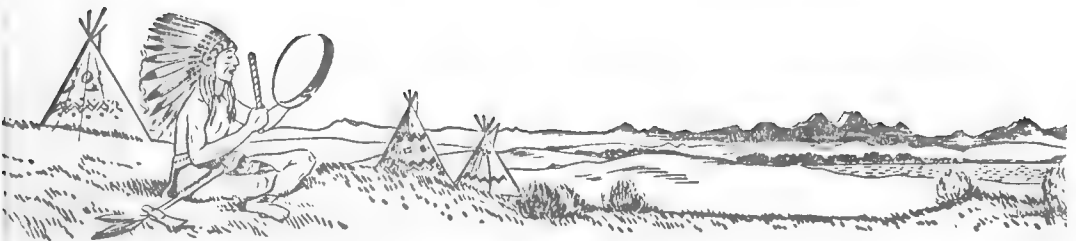


Chief Albert Many Fingers





Chief Tail Feathers



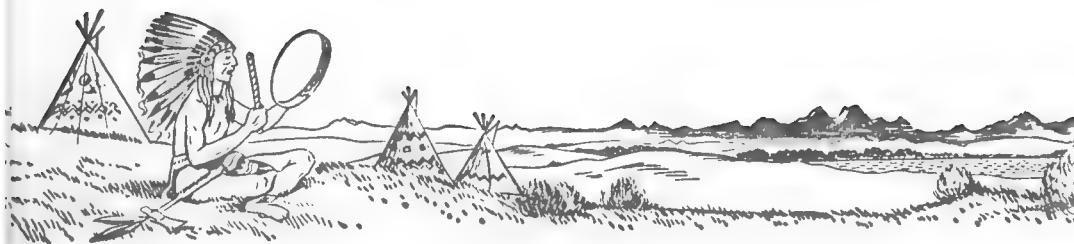


Chief Many Fingers



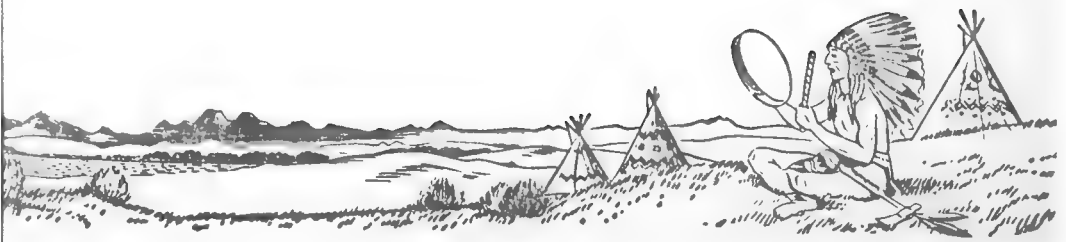


Chief White Bull





Chief Charlie Davis





Chief John Cotton



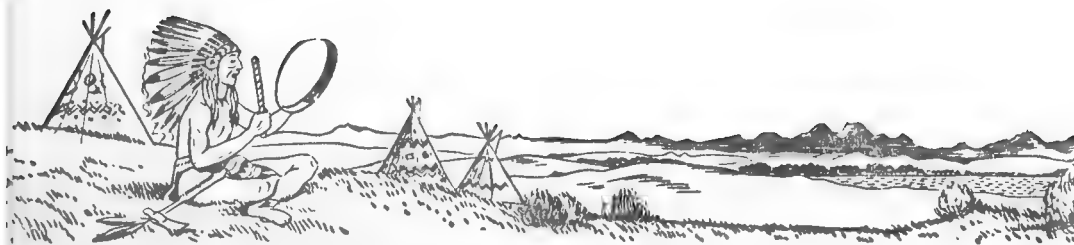


Chief Crop Eared Wolf



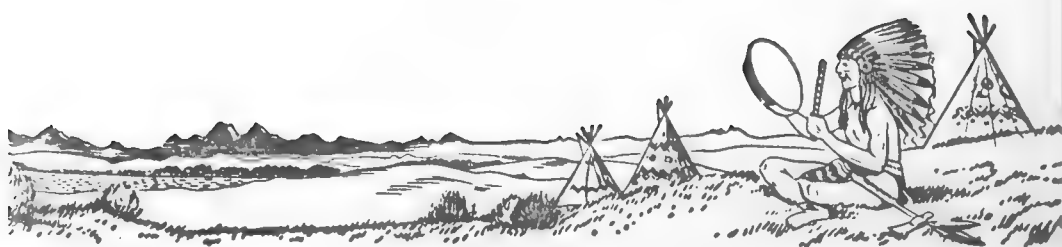


Chief Little Dog





Chief Bull Shields





Chief Many White Horses
Famous Warrior of Buffalo Days



CHAPTER No. 1

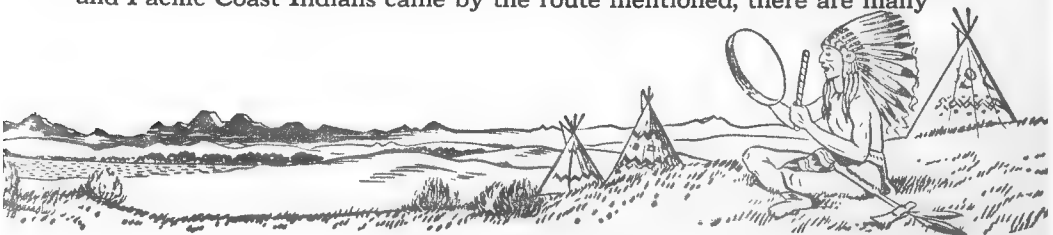
History, Evolution and Culture of the Blood Indians

TRIBAL ORIGIN

Numbering, perhaps, a million and a quarter all told when Lief Erickson, the Norseman, and, later, the Spaniards and French set foot on the shores of the New World, the aboriginal inhabitants of North America roamed at will over an area nearly six million square miles in extent, a magnificent heritage of dense forests, rolling prairies and towering mountain ranges.

Whence came these tribes of nomad hunters? Since that distant day when Columbus first put ashore on a Bahama Key the question has been asked but never satisfactorily answered. For many years geographies and histories have boldly advanced the theories of Dr. Hrdlicka, one of the foremost authorities on the American Indians, that our aboriginal population came to this continent from Asia. Attracted by the mist-wreathed mountains of Alaska that beckoned across the narrow, fifty-six mile Bering Straits separating the American continent from Asia, and the land bridge of the present Aleutian Islands chain, bands of Asiatic nomads commenced, some twenty thousand years ago, to filter across in search of greener pastures and better hunting. Slowly, but inexorably, this Asiatic invasion continued in spasmodic waves of hunting parties. Through the same sombre forests penetrated by the recently-built Alaska Highway marched the savage feet of the first invaders from Asia. Pushing slowly up the valley of the Yukon, across the Divide recently bridged by the now abandoned Canol Pipeline; along the Rocky Mountain chain, and down the wide Athabaska-Mackenzie basin, the spearhead of what was to become our Indian population is thought to have spread over the prairies and forests till it finally crossed the Isthmus of Panama and continued on through the Brazilian jungles, and along the Andes to distant Patagonia. Along this route, south to New Mexico and Arizona, you can still hear the clicking gutturals of the rear-guard of these invading nomads in the Athabaskan tongue of the unfriendly Beavers and Sickannies of the Peace, the impudent Sarcees of Alberta, and the once fierce Apaches, Navajos and Kiowa-Apaches of the southwest.

Yet, even granting that part of our Canadian Indian population and Pacific Coast Indians came by the route mentioned, there are many

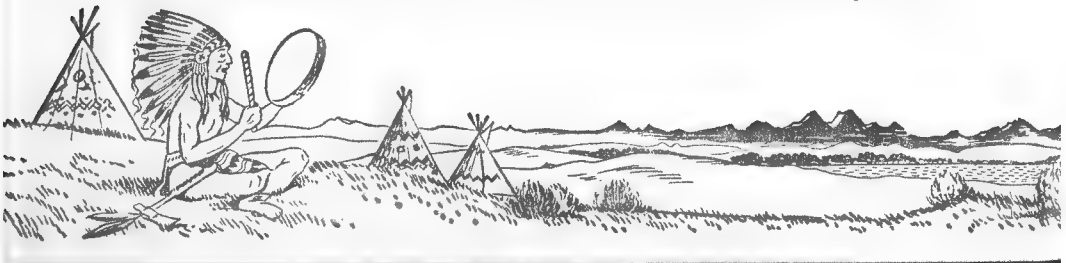


facts that make piercing holes in this theory that all our Indian ancestors followed the Bering Sea route. While many of our northwestern tribes, especially those close to the Asiatic continent, bear a striking similarity both in physical and facial characteristics to the Mongol tribes of northeastern Asia, there are many Indian tribes who bear little resemblance to them but are far more Polynesian and Malaysian in appearance. Furthermore, why, if all these Indian tribes are descended from the Asiatics, is there no link in point of language, art or culture? And, how did it happen that the Indians of South and Central America acquired such a high state of culture and a type of advanced civilization that has no counterpart in Asia?

Can anyone state definitely that, in the distant past, a vast archipelago, or even a mid-Pacific continent, might not have existed, thus affording an easy route for man's migration to America from parts of Asia, Polynesia, Malaysia, and even Europe? If, as many now believe, Atlantis was a fact and not a fancy, might not these Indians also be descendants of voyageurs from the so-called Lost Continent, and even Europe?

Further, why should we insist on accounting for the American Indian by theories of his ancestors having migrated to the New World? If man evolved from some lower form, or was created in Asia, Europe or Africa, if he has always been indigenous to any, or all, of these countries, why should he not have originated in America as well? Is there any valid reason for assuming that, if man originated or developed under certain conditions and favourable environment in the Old World, he might not have done identically the same thing under similar conditions on this continent? So far the only tenable scientific argument against such an hypothesis is the fact that, up to the present time, no remains of ancient ape-like or semi-human beings, such as have been found in the eastern hemisphere, have been discovered in America. One theory advanced to account for the wide dissemination of the Athapascan and Algonquin dialects is that North America was inhabited *before* the glacial period. With the gradual encroachment of the ice-cap, animals moved southward and man, who preyed and depended upon them, followed. Then, with the termination of the glacial period and the withdrawal of the ice, the animals gradually wandered back to the north, followed by some of the former tribes, while others, who, in the meantime had developed an agricultural life, remained in the more equable and temperate areas.

While we have referred to the Athapascan stock extending as far south as New Mexico it should be mentioned, in passing, that other branches of this far-flung stock, embracing the Chipewyans, Slaves (often confounded with Blackfeet in the writings of early explorers since the Cree names for both Blackfeet and Slave - *Atchieu-Inniwuk* - are identical), the Nehannies, Dog-Ribs and Hares occupy the Mackenzie-Athabasca rivers northward from Fort McMurray and the



Peace River to within the Arctic Circle. Another interesting branch are the Ethneldi, or Rising Sun People - known to trades as the Caribou Eaters - whose hunting grounds extend from the mouth of the Dog River at Fort Fitzgerald, Alberta, eastward into the heart of the Barren Lands. Nomad caribou hunters, like their swarthy cousins, the Chipewyans, they found their way, at times, a thousand miles to to the eastward and were known to Governor Norton and Mattonabee within the frowning stone portals of old Fort Prince of Wales on Hudson Bay.

The Eskimo are somewhat different. They are a people distinct in race and physique occupying the coast from Greenland to Alaska, and even into Siberia. The total population is unknown, but it is believed to be about 15,000 in all, and of these about 8,000 are in Canadian territory. Little is known of their origin, though excavations in Alaska are now throwing some light on this vexed question. It seems that some 2,000 or 3,000 years, B.C., or even earlier, a group of people with distinct Mongolian physical characteristics, moved northwards in Siberia toward the Arctic Ocean, perhaps forced there by peoples expanding in the south. Moving eastward, where they adopted some very early northern Chinese cultural elements, they crossed the Bering Straits and settled in large communities in northwest Alaska. There they learned to hunt the whale and walrus, and developed a skin hunting boat for the men, the kayak; and a large skin boat for the women, the umiak, with which they were able to migrate still further eastwards along the north coast of Canada. By about A.D. 600, they had crossed the Arctic archipelago to northern Greenland, and from there spread southward, meeting the Norsemen, who first settled in southern Greenland in the 10th Century.

There is a very primitive group, the Caribou Eskimo, living in the barren grounds west of Hudson Bay, and of whose origin we have no knowledge. It is believed by some that they were the original Eskimo, who, advancing to the coast, became acclimatised to aquatic hunting. There was another people called the "Cape Dorset" people, now extinct, who lived in northeast Canada, and whose origin is shrouded in mystery.

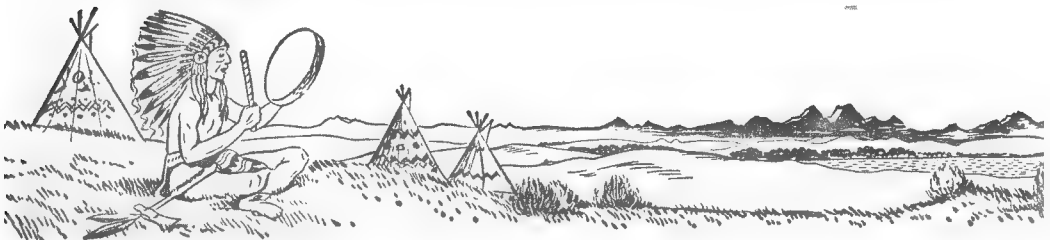
The Blackfoot Confederacy, of which the Bloods form a prominent part, is an off-shoot of the far-flung Algonquin race, whose soft, sibilant tongue is heard from the storm-tossed rollers of the Atlantic to the undulating foothills of the Rockies. Early English colonists found savages of this widespread family fishing, and raising corn and maize, along the coast and rivers of Virginia. It was an Algonquin maiden, Pocohontas, who saved the life of Captain Smith and was later presented at the English court; and they were Algonquins who, under Sassacus the Perquot and King Philip of Mount Hope, carried torch and tomahawk against the Puritan Fathers of New England. They were Algonquins who, under the great tree at Kensington, signed a Treaty with Onas (William Penn), founder of Pennsylvania. No other



family of North American Indians held territory comparable either in fertility or abundance of game than that possessed by the Algonquins who, in numbers and fame, stand amongst the foremost of the aborigines of this continent and produced the greatest and most outstanding chieftains of frontier days. The astute and able Pontiac, who all but succeeded in driving the English garrisons from the Great Lakes, was an Ottawa, while the renowned and gifted Shawanoe chieftain, Tecumseh, Great Britain's ally during the war of 1812, also belonged to this widespread family. Even the Mohicans and Delawares, familiar to us since our boyhood days through the arresting pages of Fennimore Cooper's novels, were close kinsmen of the Crees - another branch of the Algonquin family - and spoke a language almost identical with theirs.

The early movements of the Blackfeet are merged into the obscure prehistoric question bearing upon the migrations of the great Algic, or Algonquin race. Its early home was, perhaps, in the far south whence it migrated around the Gulf of Florida, and eastward along the Atlantic coast, spreading up its bays, inlets and rivers, finally penetrating up the upper Ottawa into James' Bay and, ultimately, to the barren shores of Hudson Bay. Sir Alexander Mackenzie speaks of the Blackfeet "travelling northward"; and mentions that the Crees were "invaders of the Saskatchewan from the eastward". The fact is, they were called by the Hudson's Bay Company's officers at York Factory their "home-guards".

Unquestionably the western movement of the Algic tribes was spearheaded by the Cheyennes, the Arapahoes and the Blackfeet in the distant past, the former tribes forking southwestward towards the Black Hills of South Dakota, while the Blackfeet moved into the region between the North Saskatchewan and the Peace. Furnished with firearms by the English traders of Hudson Bay in the 17th Century the Crees, with their Assiniboia allies, descended upon the Blackfeet, who were armed only with spears and bows and arrows, dispossessed them of their former territory and drove them southward onto the plains. There they found themselves fighting with the Crees to the northward, and with the Crows to the south, to maintain their hunting grounds which extended from the Red Deer River south to the Missouri and the Yellowstone. This territory they continued to hold until they made treaty with Isaac Stevens, on behalf of the Great White Father at Washington, at the mouth of the Judith River on October 17th, 1855, and with Queen Victoria's representatives at Blackfoot Crossing in 1877. Thenceforth their days as monarchs of the plains were destined to become a thing of the past; and while, for a short time, until the disappearance of the buffalo in the early eighties, they attempted to carry on their former carefree mode of existence, they found their sphere of activity becoming more and more restricted as white settlers spread over the erstwhile buffalo pastures with their herds of detested "white buffalo" (cattle). The days of the reserve system had begun!



CHAPTER No. 2

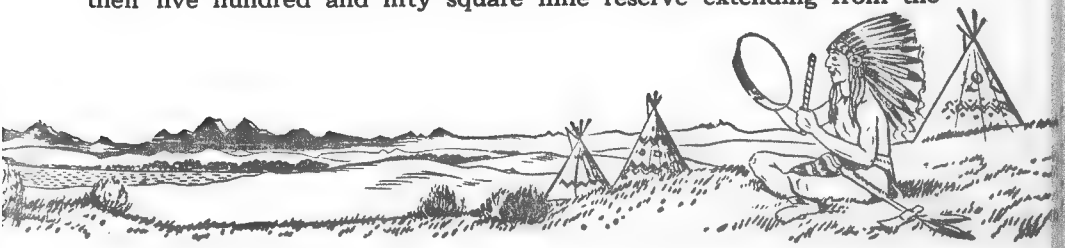
How the Bloods Acquired Their Name

The Blood, or Kainai, tribe constitutes one of the most prominent branches of the original Blackfoot Confederacy, and is officially recognized as the most progressive tribe of Indians in Western Canada. At the close of the 17th Century white traders reckoned the combined population of the three Blackfoot tribes: the North Blackfeet, the Bloods and the Peigans, at between six hundred and fifty and seven hundred lodges - or nearly seven thousand persons. At that time Indians and Whites alike regarded the Blackfeet tribes, with the allied Gros Ventres and Sarcees, as the strongest military power on the northwestern plains. And, woe to those who had incited their hostility. And, of all the Blackfeet divisions, the Bloods were considered the most versatile warriors, and the proudest.

The origin of their name is obscure. While their Indian name is Kainai it has no connection with the word Blood, which, being interpreted, is Aipuni. The linguistic name had a much wider significance, and is simply a corruption of the words akai-yim (many) and nin-na (chief). Hence, by taking conjointly the first and last syllables of the the two words, there has developed, through the course of the years, the name Kainai, meaning probably, not Bloods but Many Chiefs, since, from ancient legends, we learn that when the Bloods were visiting other tribes it was the custom for each to pronounce himself a chief, hence they became known far and wide as the tribe of "Many Chiefs"!

Another interesting version is to be found in *Place Names of Alberta*. "The derivation of the name (Blood) is in doubt," states the writer, "though several plausible explanations have been recorded." Maximilian of Weid states that, before the Blackfeet divided into separate bands: the Siksika, or Blackfeet; the Kainai, or Bloods, and the Peigans, were encamped in the vicinity of five or six tepees of Kutenais. The Blackfeet and the Kainai desired to kill the Kutenais. Though the Peigans opposed it some of the Kainai killed the Kutenais, took their scalps, stained their faces and hands with blood and then returned. Disputes arose in consequence of this cruel action; the Indians separated from each other, the murderers receiving the name of "Bloods". Since this story has neither fact nor reality to support it, the logical evolution of the word Kainai is the one already given.

In earlier days contemporary writers say that the Blackfoot Confederacy comprised four tribes: the Blackfeet, now located on their reserve at Gleichen, some sixty miles west of Calgary; the Bloods, on their five hundred and fifty square mile reserve extending from the

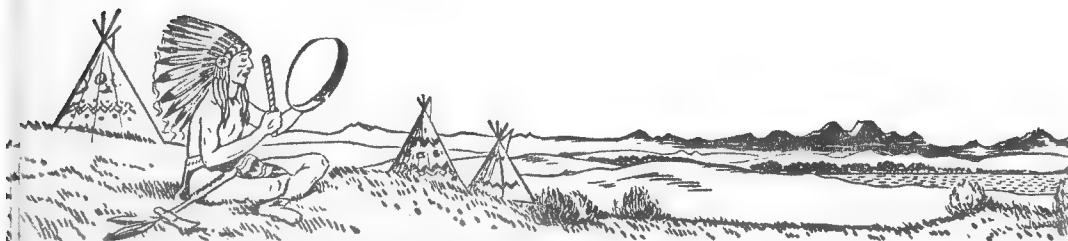


vicinity of Lethbridge to Cardston; the North Peigans, twenty miles west of Fort Macleod, and the South Peigans, or Pikuni, who, for many decades past, have been subjects of the American Government, their reservation being adjacent to, and running south of, the International Boundary line, and which originally included the whole of Glacier National Park, having within its confines the corporate town of Browning where the United States Indian Administration buildings are established. Thus the famous Blackfoot Confederacy, which, for centuries, dominated a small empire - and was a law unto itself, has, thanks to time and circumstance, been sundered by treaty and legal negotiation between Britain and the United States.

There are several legends depicting the origin of their descriptive tribal names. One legend, of speculative origin, indicates the family as a common source of tribal separation and carries with it a theme of self-preservation. This oft-repeated tale, which one still hears around the tepee fires, runs, according to ancient mythology, like this: In the good old buffalo days there lived a chief with three sons, each a leader of a tribal clan. Calling them to him he told the elder to take his band and proceed westward; the second to go south, and the younger to go east, none of them to return until they had secured enough game to keep the tribe from starving. Assembling their followers they went their ways as directed. During their far-flung wanderings each of them discovered a particular hunting ground which best suited his fancy, killed buffalo, antelope and other game; fought their enemies, the Crees, the Crows and the Kutenais, and returned to the encampment with their ponies laden with dried meat, buffalo tongues and skins.

Noticing that the soles of the moccasins of the band who had accompanied his eldest son were blackened from the charred embers of prairie fires he forthwith dubbed the band the Blackfeet. The second son, who had travelled to the southward, proudly displayed amongst his trophies a number of Crow scalps, and the evidences of battle with the chiefs of tribes encountered in the bloody wounds borne by himself and his braves. The old chief gazed at them thoughtfully. "Hereafter," he said, "you and your band will bear the name you have earned. Henceforth you will be known as the 'Blood of Many Chiefs' - and Kainai will be your name."

The youngest son, who had returned with little meat but with many beautifully tanned and painted buffalo robes obtained from the tribes to the eastward, was also given a name to commemorate his journey - "Pikuni", meaning "Robes from Afar". Thus, according to the folklore of the ancients of the tribe, did the three major tribes of the great Blackfoot Confederacy come by the names they bear to this day.



CHAPTER No. 3

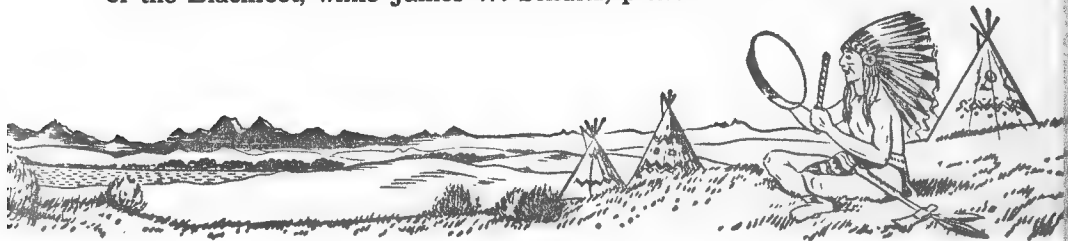
The Coming of the White Man

While there is considerable conjecture and speculation as to who the first white man was to meet and encounter the Blackfeet, it has now been accepted as an historic fact that Henry Kelsey, a young and adventurous clerk in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, earned the unique and coveted distinction of being the first white man to travel the western plains and hunt buffalo with either the Blackfeet or the Assinaboines.

Owing to the fact that Kelsey started his journey in 1691 from Deering's Point on Cedar Lake, and that he does not give any account of his canoe route from York Factory to the Saskatchewan River, except in his rhymed preface, it is impossible to follow his course up to that place, but, since he was travelling with Indians from Inland, reaching to the borders of Assiniboin territory, it is safe to assume he took the regular traders' route up to the Hayes, and Echimamish, river to its junction with the Nelson, twenty miles below the site of the present post of Norway House, and thence around Lake Winnipeg to Grand Rapids, whence he would follow the Saskatchewan. Reaching the Carrot River, just as did Anthony Henday in 1754, (or sixty-three years later) he ascended that stream for twenty-eight miles and commenced his journey on foot into the country of the Assinaboines, his destination. Later, Henday continued by canoe twenty-seven miles further up-stream but writes that, during this last stage of the voyage, the water was shoal, and there were nine islands and four falls in the stream. Practically starving, having only two or three wood partridges to eat, it was not till he had travelled ninety-one miles from where he left his canoe that he reached dry land after heavy going through mossy land and muskeg.

On September 2nd Kelsey and his Assinaboin guides, after hunting buffalo, fell in with a party of Indians he was in search of, who might have been Eagle Creek Assinaboines, or, on the other hand, they might have been Blackfeet. On September 3rd to 6th, 1691, Kelsey remained with this party, feasting, and appealing to them not to go to war "for it will not be liked by ye governor, neither would he trade with ym if they did not cease warring, but all my arguments prevailed nuthing wuth ym."

It has been stated by several writers that the intrepid explorer, Pierre Gauthier de la Verandrye, entered the upper reaches of the Missouri but there is no definite record of his having encountered any of the Blackfeet, while James W. Schultz, pioneer and frontiersman of



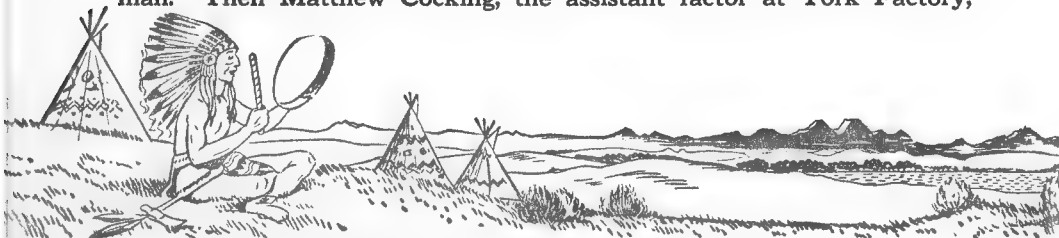
no mean order who knew the Blackfeet, their history and their terrain thoroughly, always implied a doubt on this point.

There remains, of course, the possibility that the first whites encountered by wandering war parties of Blackfeet might have been Spaniards. So great was their craving to secure horses from the tribes to the southwest that it was no uncommon thing for war parties to depart from their own country early in the spring, wintering in enemy territory to the southward, and not returning with their droves of stolen horses till the following spring. As late as the 1870's there was in the possession of the Pikunni tribe of the Blackfeet a Toledo sword, a shirt of chain mail, and a lance that had been wrested from Spaniards in these raids of the long ago.

While there is some doubt as to whether or not Kelsey met the Blackfeet in his wanderings, there is no such doubt concerning Anthony Henday's visit with them. History records that, on June 26th, 1754, this erstwhile smuggler, then a clerk in the Hudson's Bay Company's service, followed the identical route by Kelsey as far as the point where the latter set out on foot from the Carrot River, west of Le Pas. Having arrived on October 14th, at a spot somewhere between the sites of the present cities of Medicine Hat and Calgary, he saw, for the first time, Indians on horseback. Describing this meeting in his Journal he related that four riders came to guide him to an encampment of three hundred and twenty-two tepees, pitched in two parallel rows. The next day he was invited to pay another visit to the Blackfoot camp. Following Kelsey's procedure with the tribes he met, he invited the Blackfeet to visit the Hudson's Bay Company's factors on Hudson Bay for the purposes of trade. The wise old chief replied, however, that his people were never in want of food, and that, since they wished to retain their independence, they would prefer to remain in their own territory. That happened nearly two hundred years ago, and I speak from personal experiences when I say that the Bloods are just as proud and haughty today as they were then, and that they have lost none of their ancient dignity or demeanour. As a people they have not been conquered, nor have they been totally absorbed into the body politic of Canadian life. Henday described the Bloods as a "very kind people who look more like Europeans than like Indians." They own numerous horses about fourteen hands high and were, he says, "the best behaved and most honourable."

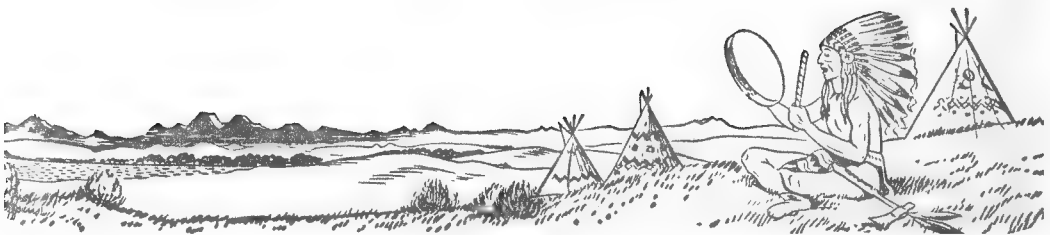
Unfortunately Henday's report of seeing Indians on horseback was received with nothing but ridicule when he returned to York Factory, and the only result of his bold and daring adventure was to be laughed out of the service as "the man who 'saw' Indians riding horseback".

Twenty years passed ere the Bloods encountered another white man. Then Matthew Cocking, the assistant factor at York Factory,



followed Henday's trail, journeying westward in the summer of 1772. Like Henday he, too, was accompanied by the Assinaboines who, in company with the Crees, had long since been in the habit of following the watercourses to Lake Winnipeg, thence down the Nelson, Echimamish and Hayes Rivers to trade at York Factory to obtain muskets with which they were, later, to drive the Blackfeet westward.

Cocking spent the winter with the Bloods, Blackfeet, Peigans and Sarcees, whom he named the Confederacy of Waterfall Indians owing to the numerous cataracts on the upper Bow River, which flowed through their hunting grounds. All that Henday had said of the Blackfeet twenty years before Cocking found true. All were riders - men, women and children - well equipped with large herds of horses; the first tribes he had come across where the women were not the beasts of burden. The Blackfeet, he reported, made earthen pots for cooking; planted tobacco gardens every spring; recorded their history in drawings on painted buffalo robes, and were not only most hospitable but were more like Europeans than Indians.



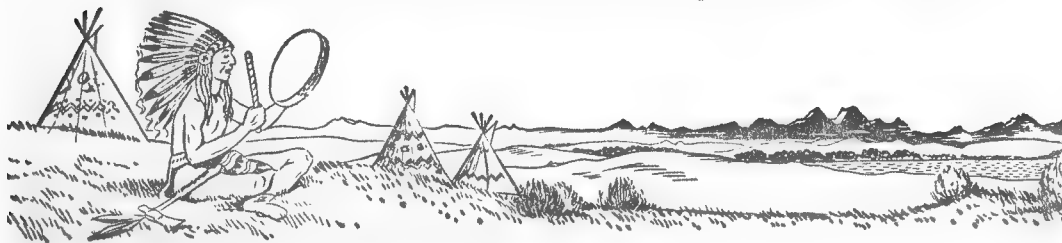
The Fur Traders Arrive

Meanwhile, with the passing of the French regime in Canada following Wolfe's victory on the Plains of Abraham, the fur trade was undergoing a vast change which was to result, eventually, in drawing the Bloods, Blackfeet and other Plains tribes into the merciless maw of Caucasian commerce.

The system of licenses for trading in the Pays d'en haut had been swept away and the Upper Country was free. Since the days of Culloden there had been a steady influx of hardy Scots Highlanders into Canada, some of whom, with discharged English soldiery, were quick to realize the advantages of prosecuting, without penalty, a private trade in furs. The first to follow the trails of the deposed *coureur-de-bois* and penetrate into the fastnesses of the Saskatchewan was Thomas Curry, with French guides to blaze the way for his laden canoes. Returning to Montreal in 1767 he cleared fifty thousand dollars, and retired. Word spread around the town like wildfire. Ere long hordes of irresponsible and adventurous traders were sweeping westward like a rolling tide. Overnight there sprang up a demand for these cast-off *coureur-de-bois* as guides. Soon an army of half-wild backwoods buccaneers, armed to the teeth - and unhampered by legal restraint of any kind, overspread the forests, carousing and quarreling amongst themselves; sowing crime and anarchy wherever they went; interfering with the women of the tribes; debauching braves and squaws alike with poisonous alcohol and, often, leaving the corpses of their companions behind them.

Years of ceaseless activity and commercial warfare followed between contending traders. Lawlessness became rampant through the land occupied by the forest tribes and the Indians, debased and demoralized by the indiscriminate sale of firewater, were rapidly nearing the point of open revolt. Then, with dramatic suddenness, the dreaded scourge of smallpox burst upon them. Terrified by the devastating effects of this loathsome epidemic, the natives scattered in a vain attempt to avoid it - only to carry its pestilential breath into the remotest corners of the wilderness.

The effect of the epidemic was threefold. An otherwise inevitable Indian war was averted; most of the fur traders were brought to the verge of utter ruin, while the disreputable element was largely eliminated. For the first time surviving traders realized the folly of cutting each other's throats, pooled their goods and divided the profits. The results were so lucrative that the leading traders, led by the



Frobishers, Alexander Henry, Peter Pond and others, consolidated their interests and bent their entire energies towards diverting the flow of furs from the Athabasca region, which had been going to the Hudson's Bay Company's posts around the Bay, into their own hands.

By 1785 most of the influential fur traders had consolidated their interests in a co-operative organization known as the North-West Company, the most powerful of all the Hudson's Bay Company's rivals, and, for the first time, Big Business reared its head upon this continent. An organization of the most remarkable virility and power, its was dominated by shrewd, thrusting Scots-Canadians from Montreal: McTavish, McGillvray, McKay, Frobisher and others. So well did the enterprise flourish under the able management of Simon McTavish that its stock, which, in 1788, amounted to forty thousand pounds sterling, had increased in value, ten years later, to one hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds.

Not the least remarkable feature of this organization was its vast transportation system, which operated with unbelievable precision. A fleet of seventy-foot North canoes of birchbark, manned by eighteen swarthy guides and three hundred and fifty canoemen: French-Canadian voyageurs, lynx-eyed Iroquois from Chauhawaga and their erstwhile enemies, the Algonquins, conveyed the trading goods into the interior, and the fur packs back to Montreal - the great depot in the Indian country being situated on Grande Portage, overlooking Lake Superior. Beyond Grande Portage the freighting was taken over by the boastful, hard-drinking, hard-fighting Northmen whose duty it was to convey the goods to the distant wilds of Athabasca. Now, smaller canoes, with the capacity of only thirty-five "pieces", replaced the massive North canoes since the serpentine streams were often very narrow, and portages were numerous.

The bitter competition, and search for the Indians' furs, soon expanded from the northern forests to the Plains until the Northwest Company established posts on both branches of the Saskatchewan to open up trade with the Bloods and the Blackfeet. In his book, *The Present State of Hudson Bay* (London, 1790), Edward Umferville of the latter company made the following interesting observations on the Blackfeet of this day. "The Blackfeet, Blood and Peigan Indians, though divided into the above three tribes," he wrote, "are all one nation, speak the same language, and abide by the same laws and customs. For what reason they are thus denominated I have been unable to discover, but they go by no other names among the *Nehethawas*, (Pleasant-Speaking-People, the Plains Crees).

"They are the most numerous and powerful nation we are acquainted with, and by living on the borders of the enemies' countries, are the principal barrier to prevent their incursions. War is more familiar to them than the other nations, and they are by far the most



formidable to the common enemy. In their inroads into the enemies' country they frequently bring off a number of horses, which is their principal inducement in going to war.

"These people are not so far enervated by the use of spirituous liquors as to be slaves to it; when they come to trade they drink moderately and buy themselves necessities for war and domestic conveniences. They annually bring a good quantity of skins to the traders, but a greater quantity by far of wolves. All these tribes have a custom peculiar to themselves, which is the cutting off the joints of their fingers, beginning with the little finger and taking off a joint as superstition prompts them. I have not been able to learn for certain the cause of this singular custom, nor did I observe any of the old men who had their fingers thus mutilated.

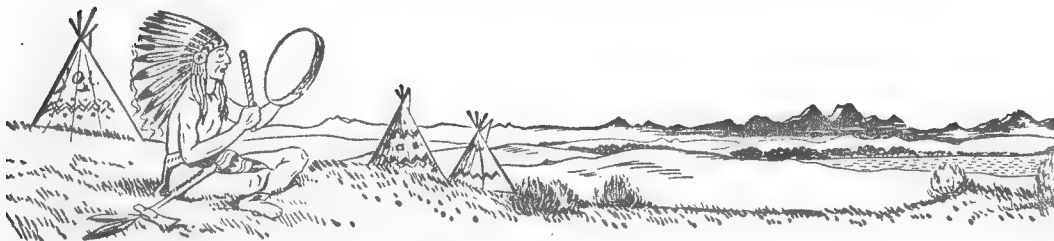
"They behave very friendly to those of our people who pass the winter with them, and none of them have as yet received any injury under their protection, either in person or effects. The people of this nation will eat no kind of water-fowl, amphibious animal or fish. Their chief substance is the flesh of the buffalo, the deer species, and likewise vegetables. Their language is not very graceful to the ear of the stranger, but when learnt is both agreeable and expressive.

"Before the fatal attack of smallpox, which broke out in the year 1781, all these nations of Indians were much more numerous than they are at present . . . It is computed that at least one-half of the inhabitants were carried off by it."

Alexander Henry, in his *Journals of a Fur Trader of the Northwest Company*, 1799, also gives his observations of the life and attitude of the Bloods.

"The Peigans, though the same people as the Blackfeet and Bloods, imagine themselves to be a superior race, braver and more virtuous than their own countrymen, whom they always seem to despise for their vicious habits and treacherous conduct. They are proud and haughty, and studiously avoid the company of their allies further than is necessary for their own safety in guarding against their common enemies . . . They have always had the reputation of being more brave and virtuous than any of their neighbours; indeed, they are obliged to do so, surrounded as they are by enemies with whom they are constantly at war. . . .

"The country which the Peigans call their own, and which they have been known to inhabit since their first intercourse with traders on the Saskatchewan, is as I have already observed, along the foot of the Rocky Mountains, on Bow River, and even as far south as the Missouri. The buffalo regulate their movements over this vast extent of prairie throughout the year, as they must keep near these animals to obtain food.

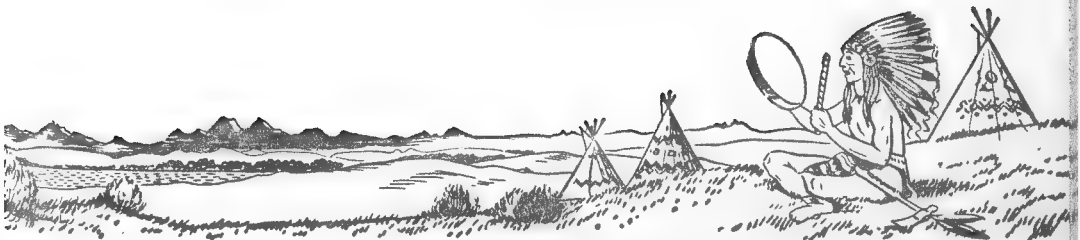


"War seems to be the Bloods sole delight; their discourse always turns upon that subject; one war-party no sooner arrives than another sets off . . . They take great delight in relating their adventures in war, and are so vivid in rehearsing every detail of the fray that they seem to be fighting the battle over again.

"In smoking there is more ceremony among the Bloods than I have observed in any other tribe. The first whiff of the pipe is blown to the earth, while the stem is pointed up; the second whiff is blown up, and the stem pointed down, or sometimes to the rising sun; the midday sun and the setting sun also receive their share of attention.

"Every movement of the Bloods is a parade. Their tents are large and clean. The devices used in painting them are taken from beasts and birds; the buffalo and the bear are frequently delineated. They are great warriors.

"They are exceedingly superstitious in all their actions; even their smoking is done with many superstitious manoeuvres. Some rest their pipes on a small stone which they carry about for that purpose; others on a dry buffalo dung; others again on a particular piece of earth, clay, wood or metal. Some of them have a small bone whistle suspended to their necks, and on taking a fresh lighted pipe whistle several times before they smoke, at the same time waving the hands on each side of the stem. The pipe is always passed around in rotation with the sun; and they never press down its contents with the finger after it is once lighted, a small stick being used for that purpose. Each man draws only a few whiffs, and instantly hands it to the next on his left."



CHAPTER No. 5

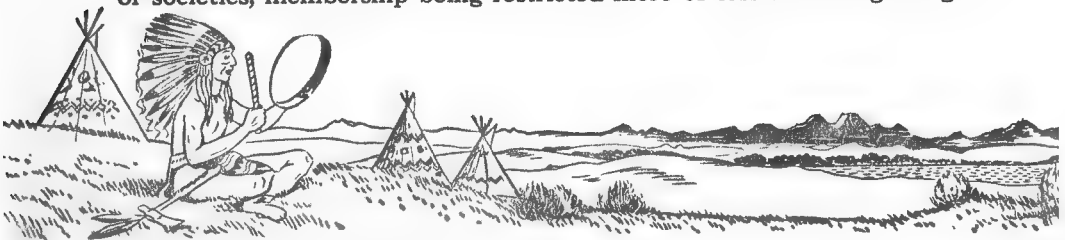
Legend, Culture and Religion

During those far-off days when the Bloods were monarchs of all they surveyed, there arose an unconscious desire for a stabilized morality and the need of an ethical or lawful standing. During the course of time the Confederacy evolved a political social organization which has received the commendation of many skilled historians. Several of their stories, legends and myths have an equal standing with the ancient classics; and it is a little startling to see in the story of the Medicine Pipe a close parallel to the classical myth of Orpheus and Eurydice. In another of their stories occurs an incident which might have been taken bodily from the Odyssey.

So far as history and tradition go, the Bloods have always been roving buffalo hunters, dwelling in tepees and moving constantly from place to place, without permanent habitations, and no agriculture excepting for the sowing and gathering of a species of native tobacco, and collecting camas root in the foothills. Their traditions go back to a time when they had no horses and hunted their game on foot; but, as early as Henday's time - before 1754 - they already had many horses taken from tribes farther to the south, and later became noted for the size of their horse herds. Unquestionably their wanderings over the plains was greatly stimulated by the acquisition of the horse and, later, of the gun. They were restless, aggressive, predatory, and constantly at war with their neighbours: the Crees, the Sioux, the Crows, the Assinaboines and Kutenais.

Their mode of life was essentially that of the plains tribes although there is evidence of an earlier one allied with that of the Algonquins of the forested areas. They possessed the art of tanning deerskin to a delicate softness, which rendered it a luxurious and delightful raiment. Like the Aztecs, they manufactured mantles of featherwork. Had their development been permitted to proceed unhindered by white aggression, and their own inherent love of warfare, it might, perhaps, have evolved into a higher type of aboriginal civilization though their love for a nomadic existence precluded such a possibility.

The three main divisions appear to have lived independently, each having its own Sun Dance, Council and elected head chief. Each of the three bands was sub-divided into a number of bands numbering approximately forty, of which the gentile character is still retained. There was also a military and fraternal organization known amongst them as the "All Comrades" which comprised at least a dozen orders, or societies, membership being restricted more or less according to age.



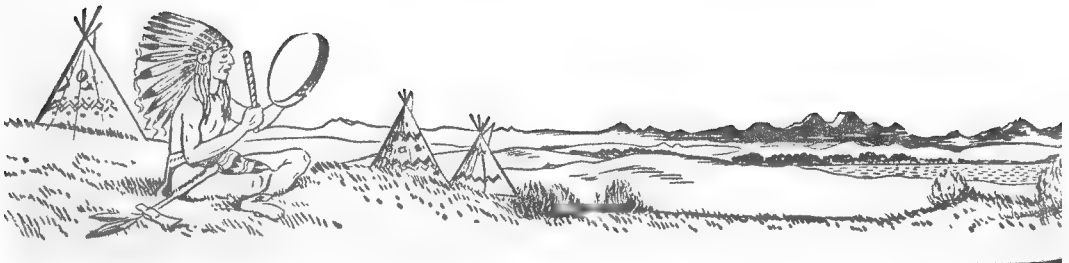
They have a great variety of dances: religious, martial and social, besides secret societies and numerous sacred medicine bundles around each of which centres a ritual, the chief order among them being the powerful Horn Society of which both sexes may be members. Their principal deities are the Sun, and a supernatural being known as Napi (Old Man) who appears to be an incarnation of the same idea. The dead were usually deposited in trees, while the bodies of well-known warriors or outstanding chiefs were sometimes laid away in tepees erected for the purpose on some prominent hill or knoll. Their dwellings were movable skin tepees made from tanned buffalo hides which originally, were quite small but were greatly enlarged with the advent of the horse and improved transportation.

Very little seems to have been heard of the Bloods prior to the 17th Century due, no doubt, to their absorption into the Blackfoot Confederacy and the lack of reliable historians during those remote days. Definite records, however, appear from time to time after the visits of Henday in 1754, and Cocking eighteen years later. Mention is made of them by Mackenzie in 1786, and again in 1794; Walch speaks of them in 1805, Henry in 1808, Franklin in 1824, Maximillian in 1843, and Hale in 1846, while their name frequently recurs in the narrative of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, as also in the writings of George Catlin who met them at Fort Union. In the days when they led an untrammelled existence they were a strong and hardy people, knowing little of sickness. Most of the men met death in battle, or died of old age, while the conditions of life in those primitive times were such that the weakly and those predisposed to any constitutional ailment were hardly likely to survive early childhood. Consequently only the strongest grew up to be the parents of the next generation. Thus a process of selectivity at the hands of nature was constantly going on, the effect of which was seen in the excellent general health of the race when first visited by white travellers.

They believe that, after death, the spirit pursues an aimless, endless and totally uninteresting career in a ghost-land which they locate at the Sand Hills - *Spotsa-Kuitapo* - in the Belly Buttes on their present reservation. Fearing nothing, and hoping for nothing, beyond the grave, the whole concern of the religious Blood Indian is with the affairs of this material life. Old age is the greatest favour that he can receive, and if to this be added such pleasures as those arising from wealth, popularity, success in warfare, together with freedom from sickness and bereavements, he desires nothing more. He realizes, however, that few live to a great age, and many die young; that some are wealthy and others poor. One man rears to maturity a large family while other parents do not succeed in preserving a single child. He reasons, therefore, that all these blessings are subject to influences beyond his control, and as he is somewhat disposed to revere that which passes his understanding he feels that, in the powers of nature, he recognizes the makers of his destiny.



In the long ago the Indian centered everything upon his religion and religious observances. He thirsted for a knowledge of God though, at times, he but faintly apprehended Him. His religion entered into every phase of his life; planting, harvesting, feasting, recreation, hunting, warfare, in short - all his interests were intimately bound up with religion. Therefore, the Indian of those days was strong and steadfast in his adherence to old ways and in his loyalty to his ancient gods. The very perils and hardships of the chase and warpath created in him a subconscious longing for some relationship with the unseen world of mystery by which he was surrounded. Such relationships he established as far as he could through feastings, visions, sacrifices and immolations.



CHAPTER No. 6

Old Trails and New

The Indian of the old trail has passed on leaving behind such vestiges of the old regime as war paint and feathers, bow and arrow, tomahawk and blanket. The Indian youth of today is following a new trail and, as with every new trail, he is finding the journey dim and his steps uncertain. The transition from the old to the new is fraught with innumerable difficulties and pitfalls. He has entered upon the highway of Knowledge and cannot now turn back. Some of the good of the old has been retained in the new, but his ancient beliefs, folklore and art are fast passing into oblivion. It is recognized in many quarters that in the Indian's tribal lore, his art, his handicrafts and some of his ceremonies there were cultural elements of value which should be maintained and encouraged. He has now gone from the moccasin to the leather shoe; from the blanket to the plough, and has turned from hunting the buffalo to herding the white man's cows and sheep. He is forsaking a weird and uncertain conception of divinity for the Church and the organized Christian benevolence of his white brother. He is lifting drudgery and burdens from the women of his race and granting them higher ideals of homekeeping and womanhood. The tepee is now a relic of traditional grandeur. The modern houses with their endless gadgets for domestic efficiency are dotted throughout the reserve beside the log shacks of the old die-hards. Generally speaking, the graduates from the schools have become the transforming influence of progress.

With the advent of the Whites came new conditions. Previously, unknown diseases were introduced which swept off large numbers of the people, while another important agent in their destruction was that bane of the early fur trade, alcohol. In the year 1845 they were again decimated by smallpox, the disease having travelled up the Missouri sweeping away vast numbers of Mandans, Sioux, Crows and other tribes camped along that mighty river. Spreading from tribe to tribe this loathsome disease finally reached the Bloods. It is said by white traders who were in the country at the time that this epidemic almost denuded the plains of Indians. The winter of 1857-58 saw a recurrence of the epidemic though, this time, the mortality was not to be compared with that of the previous visitation. In 1849 a fatal epidemic of measles ravaged the camps, followed by a further recurrence of smallpox twenty years later which left a further trail of devastation.

During the height of the whiskey trading years of 1867-68 Fort Hamilton was reared on a site six miles southwest of the present city of Lethbridge. Destroyed by fire in 1870, it was rebuilt the following



year and given the appropriate name of Fort Whoop-Up. About the same time another trading post was established at Stand-Off, followed by others at Fort Kipp and Slide-Out (at all of which liquor was one of the paramount articles of traffic.)

The arrival of the North West Mounted Police, and the establishment of Fort Macleod in 1874, brought an end to the state of disorder that existed, spelling the death-knell of the organized liquor trade which was creating so much havoc amongst the tribesmen. On September 22nd, 1877, Treaty Number Seven was concluded between the Blackfoot Confederacy, the Assinaboines, the Sarcees and the Canadian Government whereby an area of thirty-five thousand square miles was forever surrendered to the Great White Mother, Queen Victoria. A subsequent, and separate Treaty, was made with the Bloods setting aside a tract of land known as the Blood Indian Reserve, situated in the southwest corner of Alberta. Its natural boundaries are the St. Mary's River on the east and the Belly River on the west, while, adjacent to the northeast end, is the thriving city of Lethbridge. To the northwest rises the historic town of Fort Macleod, and at the southwest Cardston, stronghold of Mormonism. The largest Indian reservation in the Dominion of Canada, it comprises five hundred and forty-one square miles, with a population of nineteen hundred and fifty-one Indians which is steadily increasing.

At the time of signing the Treaty the Bloods were still nomads, and carried about with them their guns and tomahawks wherever they went. Being fed as destitute Indians, they had no disposition to work, and passed their time visiting from one reserve to another. These nomadic habits made the successful carrying on of day schools an impossibility, and this led to the inception of boarding, or residential, schools which are now recognized both by the Government and the churches as the most useful type of institution for educating the children in this part of the country. There is, however, a growing desire on the part of the Indians to have their children attend day schools where they can co-mingle with the Whites and not remain segregated as a race apart.

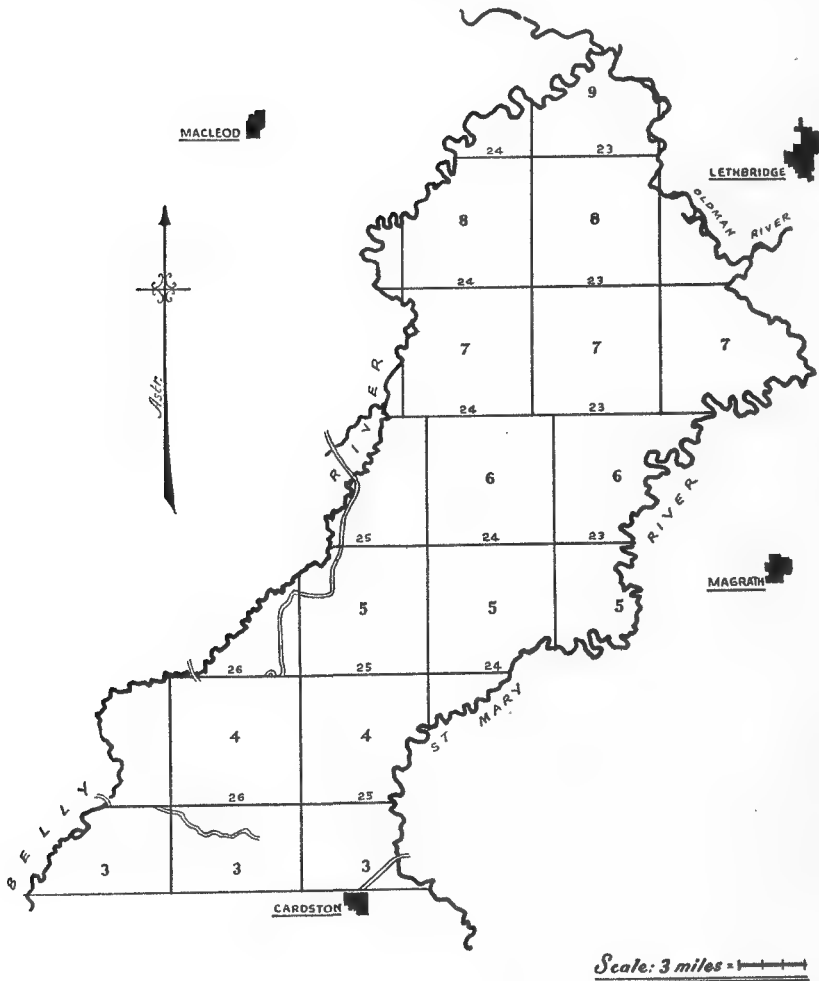
During recent years the Blackfeet of Gleichen, the North Peigans west of Fort Macleod, and the South Peigans of Montana have surrendered by peaceful negotiations huge portions of their reserves to individuals, ranchers and corporations. Despite many determined official attempts the Bloods have refused to surrender one foot of the original territory granted them by Treaty.

A few years ago an extremely tempting offer was made the Bloods by an Eastern ranching company seeking title to a ninety thousand acre block. In due course Indians and white representatives met on the reserve. Alluring cash subsidies were offered; generous rations of food and clothing; annual payments in dollar bills to each member of



BLOOD INDIAN RESERVE NO. 148 **ALBERTA**

*Showing Projected Subdivision
West of the 4th Meridian*



Largest Indian Reservation in the Dominion of Canada - 541 Square Miles



the family were promised, while an era of leisure and contentment was depicted for the entire tribe if they would only surrender the ninety thousand acres to the white men. Many speeches and replies were made by eager sponsors and several minor chiefs. Passive and silent, Head Chief Shot-on-Both-Sides listened to all and sundry clothed in an aura of dignified solemnity. At last he arose, scraped with his right hand a handful of soil from the ground and with his left plucked some spears of grass. Raising both hands high before the interested assemblage he proclaimed in a loud voice:

"Amokouk netoktsi nitsksoksomin inan eioktsisauokts matoyiskhi nimatakipi-teki napekuaks nitskokominan akapiskkatski matoyiski! In my right hand I hold our land; in my left is the grass grown thereon. We will not sell our land to the white man, but we will sell to him the hay which our land produces!"

The final word had been spoken - no surrender! The Indians faded away to their tepees. The dejected white men departed in their cars. Another page of progressive history had been written by the Bloods. They had once again fulfilled the symbol and motto of the tribe: *"Mokokit Ki Aekakimat"* - "Be Wise and Persevere".

Within less than fifty years progressive changes have taken place amongst the Blood Indians that even the most sanguine old-timer would not have dared to prophesy.



St. Paul's Residential School

The administration of the reserve is carried on under the auspices of the Department of Indian Affairs at Ottawa, which is represented by a resident Superintendent and staff. The education is consigned



to the care of both Anglican and Roman Catholic churches. There are two residential schools on the reserve, one under each denomination. Each institution is under the charge of a representative of the Church assisted by a capable staff of teachers. The clergyman in each instance is responsible for the religious instruction imparted both to Indian children and adults. The education received at these institutions has proven beneficial to the Indians since the graduates develop good ideas of citizenship and, in many cases, develop into extremely proficient farmers and stockmen.

A fully modern fifty-bed hospital is situated at the south end of the reserve adjoining the town of Cardston. It is maintained entirely by the Department of Indian Affairs, Ottawa, and is under the administration of the Grey Nuns.

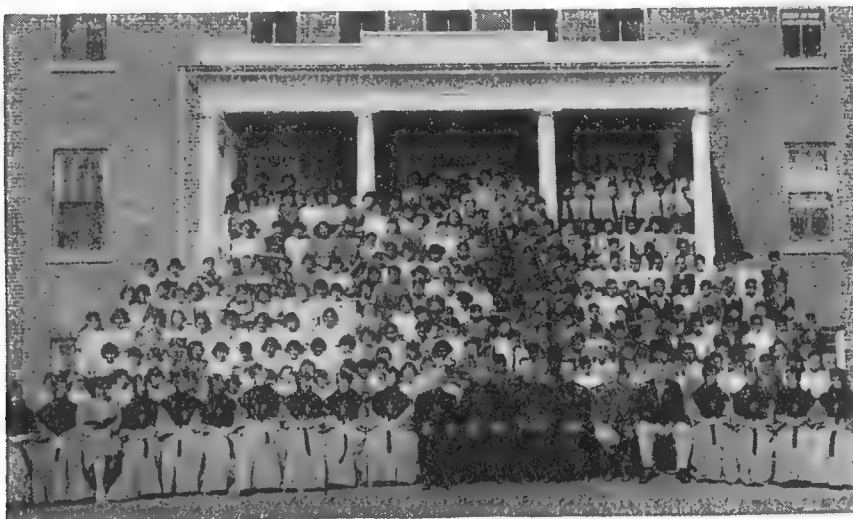


Blood Indian Hospital



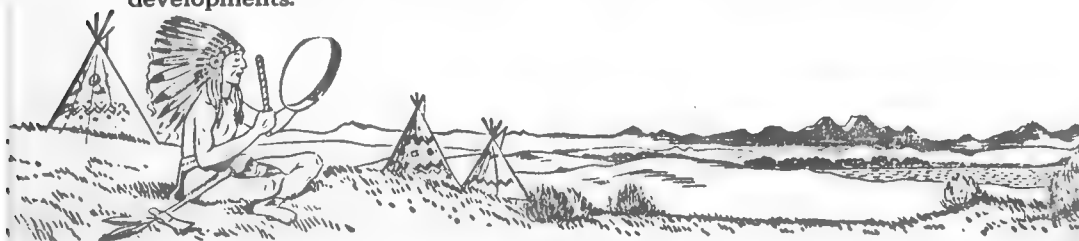
Early Administration

The early administration of the Blood Indians between 1880 and 1925 was centralized at two distinct localities fifteen miles apart; one at the Agency immediately north of the Belly Buttes, where the Indian Agent, clerks, stockmen and medical officer resided. Directly across the river from the Agency was St. Paul's School, founded in 1880. A Methodist mission once existed closely adjacent to the Departmental offices. Fifteen miles south of the Agency, on the banks of the Belly River at Stand-Off, arose the Roman Catholic school. Erected in 1893, it stood directly opposite the Government hospital. Father Lacombe, intrepid pioneer and master of diplomacy, with whom I often discussed Indian affairs near the turn of the century, was mainly responsible for the erection of this latter building, built at Government expense, and administered by the Roman Catholic Order of Grey Nuns.



St. Mary's Residential School Faculty and Students

Thus arose the strange anomaly of the Department Agency and an Anglican school situated in one locality with a Departmental hospital and Roman Catholic school separated by miles of prairie trail. The background of this situation wasn't realized until some years later when Dr. Pinkham, the Right Reverend Bishop of Calgary, revealed a dramatic episode which was substantially the cause of interesting developments.



During the early 1890's the Reverend John McDougall of the Methodist Church, Father Lacombe of the Catholic faith, and Bishop Pinkham, a devoted Anglican, all unwittingly met when paying a visit to their respective missions on the reserve. The old Macleod Hotel formed a rendezvous for these three prelates while they awaited the stage coach to Calgary. Each discoursed on his recent itinerary, John McDougall expressing deep-dyed dissatisfaction with the results and condition of his Methodist mission. As was his way, Bishop Pinkham listened patiently to his colleague's criticism. "Judging from your own statement," he turned to the Reverend John, "you are by no means satisfied with the results of your mission station amongst the Bloods. The trouble is - your headquarters are too close to ours. Vacate your present location and I will buy you out, lock, stock and barrel, for a thousand dollars."

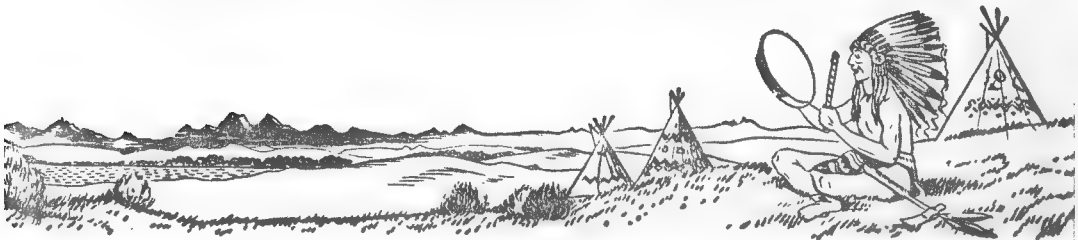
"I accept your offer," the Reverend John ejaculated, grasping the hand warmly. Then that godly triumvirate of pioneer missionaries made a solemn compact that the Methodists would discontinue their activities on the southern reserves and confine their ministrations to the north, leaving the south entirely in the hands of the Anglicans and the Roman Catholics, which has been maintained through all these years.

The original St. Paul's school was situated on an island bound on the east by the Belly River and on the west by a small creek which provided an ideal swimming hole for the students. The Indians named the location *Omoksine* - Big Island - and it was always held in the deepest reverence since, in earlier days, it had been the scene of the ancient Sun Dance festivals of the tribe.

The early decade of school life was one of experimental transition. In retrospect one builded better than one knew. Indefinite things became definite. There was a clarity of vision which superseded ordinary routine. Plans were formulated and objectives sought and groped for which eventually brought the desired results.

A comprehensive policy of embracing all departments under one progressive unit became gradually stabilized. Systematic education according to grades was rigorously pursued. Church doctrine was taught and became the accepted order for future development. Social tendencies, once introduced, ere long reaped a bountiful harvest. The graduates were eager to avail themselves of the policies thus introduced. Marriages were consummated which remained steadfast throughout the intervening forty years. Those linked together under these early wedding contracts constitute now the most outstanding and progressive representatives of their tribe.

We were in the midst of two opposing yet co-operative forces. Across the river on the reserve were the red men, and immediately



surrounding us were the new white settlers. All the land immediately adjacent to the school property was owned by white people who emigrated originally from the British Isles, thus forming a solid block of British stock. The whole district was unique inasmuch as the settlers had been reared in the best British traditions. Our nearest neighbour was a descendent of the ancient and illustrious Kings of Ireland, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin. Another was an Edinburgh don; while Oxford and Cambridge claimed three more, and others wore the blazers of England's historic and famous public schools.



St. Paul's School Cadet Corps, 1949

Needless to say this proved a valuable asset on which to build a co-operative and progressive policy. These white colleagues and friends watched the reformation methods amongst their red neighbours very closely, and when they realized that the best in English school ideas were being developed their confidence and assistance was warmly extended. Social clubs were organized on the reserve; literary associations and fellowship meetings were inaugurated whereby Indian and white man met more or less on common ground. Church congregations gradually increased where both races worshipped in unity. All unconsciously this produced a twofold result. The intellectuals were consolidated and gave freely of their knowledge and learning. A happy combination was thus effected by the red men gradually assimilating the higher ethics of the fine pioneer types by which they were surrounded. Even today the graduates often remark that they owe much of their progress to those far-off days when, owing to the social fusion of the two races, they acquired their first vision of progress.

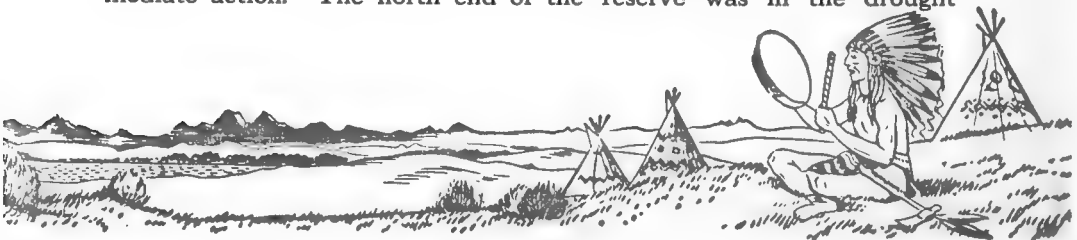




St. Paul's School and Church Choir, 1949.

In the pre-war days definite requests were presented to both Church and State concerning the necessity of providing the facilities necessary for the education of all the available children. The buildings of that day were totally inadequate to meet the requirements. The Indian Department, therefore, undertook to give the matter serious consideration. In the meantime great progress had been made in the sphere of agriculture. Farms around the Agency had been extended. Farm Three, at Stand-Off, and Farm Four on Upper Bull Horn Coulee had grown into thousand-acre projects; while the Greater Production scheme adjacent to Cardston had developed into a prosperous community. The original herd of three thousand Indian cattle was annually growing larger. War restrictions, and the call for economy, had unconsciously aroused the Indian mentality to the idea of individual possessiveness. Gone were the days of tribal ascendancy; collectivism no longer held sway. Individual rights to hold a farm, a small herd of cattle, and to build a home became paramount. Thousands of acres lay fallow at the south end of the reserve, while the Agency and school were at the north. A juggling of politics, both political and departmental, soon developed.

The demand for more efficient educational methods was being pressed home. A modern system of hospitalization demanded immediate action. The north end of the reserve was in the drought



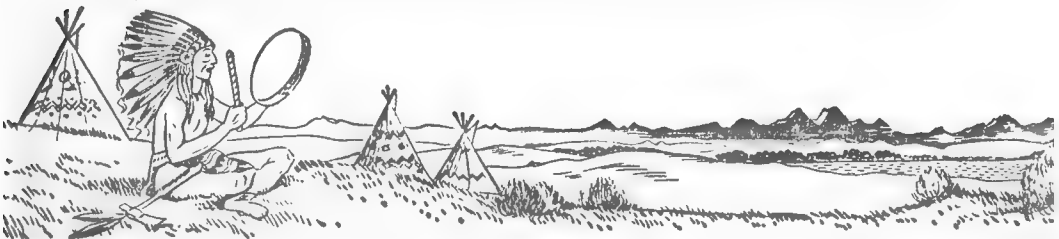
area, while the south was well watered in the foothills. Sensing the application of an age-old principle to settle in a locality where the elements were favourable, the Indian Department finally decided to move the entire administration of the Blood Indian Reserve to the vicinity of Cardston.



St. Mary's Residential School

Before the signing of Treaty Number Seven in 1877 Fort Macleod had always been the headquarters of the Blood Indians. Now the realm of politics came into action. To leave Macleod out on a limb was not exactly playing square, especially after those pioneer days when the old historic town had succoured Indians during their days of poverty and transition. Now that they were becoming enriched by their own efforts Macleod merchants were eager to reap the benefits of seed sown through so many years of unproductive effort. Being an old Macleod man, having arrived there back in 1905, I must confess that I strongly favoured adhering to the old camping ground. Numerous petitions were forwarded to Ottawa; delegations and deputations became the order of the day, all pressing the claims of Macleod.

But all to no avail. The Department in its wisdom, or otherwise, issued an official proclamation that a southern trek of the Indians was desirable and, for their future development, inevitable. After much discussion, many preliminary heartaches and political imprecations, the Government edict became absolute. The new St. Paul's School was built in 1924; the Agency buildings in 1925; the Roman Catholic school in 1926, and the new departmental hospital in 1927. All, figuratively speaking, within a stone's throw of the town of Cardston. Thus, within the span of four years, a million dollars had been expended in moving the Blood Indians to the extreme southern confines of their reservation.



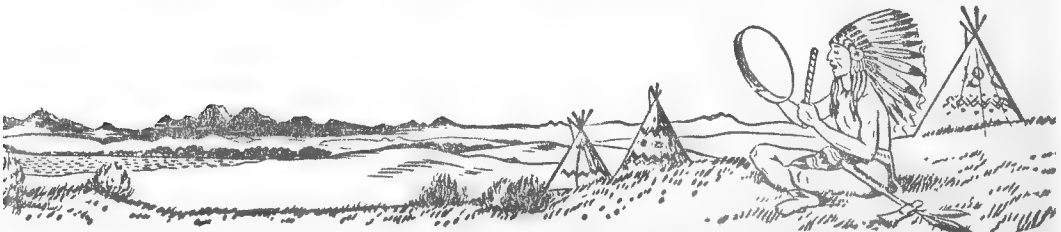
Today the "Old Agency" stands derelict on the banks of the Belly River, forgotten and forlorn, its past glories now in the limbo of forgotten things. During its heyday it saw the Bloods throw off the swaddling clothes of infancy and don the garments of maturity. If only rocks could speak the rough stones scattered around the ancient foundations could tell of historic gatherings and councils held on that venerated spot, and of the sonorous words of ancient chieftains long since gone to the Sand Hills.

I recall one amusing incident which occurred at this spot. A legal case had dragged on endlessly from day to day due to the large number of witnesses called upon to testify. Several interpreters had resigned owing to their inability to give a correct translation of complex legal terms used by opposing counsels. At last a new interpreter, Joe Eli, was sworn in. Suddenly that famous barrister and Crown Prosecutor, W. Campbell of Macleod, aroused the Court by demanding of the interpreter: "Ask the witness to reiterate his former statement and to test his validity of truth by informing us whether by imputation or design, and in the presence of" The sentence was left unfinished as Joe Eli electrified the Court by growling "This is where I quit! I thought I knew English, but I find I'm still in Grade 1. That last piece was too much for me!"

The dignity of the Court surrendered to a wild outburst of laughter. Eagerly another interpreter was sought. Rosie Davis, daughter of Scout Joe Healy, a master of Blackfoot idioms and English prose, was duly summoned. The trial proceeded. Mr. Campbell, under such an unexpected handicap, vainly attempted to simplify his language. Sensing his difficulties, Rosie interjected sweetly: "Speak naturally, Mr. Campbell, I understand your position!" Needless to say, my old friend won the case.

As stated elsewhere, the signing of Treaty Number Seven in 1877 was the most decisive feature in the history of the Bloods. For centuries past the Indian had ruled, owned, and fought over a small empire. Throughout this vast area roamed thousands of buffalo which afforded him adequate food, shelter and clothing. The white man decimated the herds of buffalo and thus left the Indian a stranger in a far stranger land. Before he placed his mark on the Treaty he was a warrior, a hunter and a plainsman. After signing he was reduced to a mere suppliant minor dependent on Government relief. His era of romance had come to an untimely and lamentable end. During two decades or more he was derelict, having nowhere to go - and nothing to do!

At the turn of the century the West was quite young and frontier simplicity still prevailed. All unconsciously the Indian was being transplanted from primeval traditions and background to the complexities of a modern civilization for which he was totally unprepared.



The unbounded prairie and wide open spaces which had been his heritage were fast being restricted and circumscribed by barbed-wire fences. Shacks were being reared on every half section. No longer could he ride straight as the crow flies but was forced to travel over devious trails marked by section lines. Small towns were rising at every vantage point, and railway lines were piercing his ancient domain.

In the past the limit of his geographical boundaries had been from Fort Edmonton on the North Saskatchewan to the Yellowstone River in the south. But, since the signing of the Treaty, he had been confined to the limits of a reservation all too small as a natural habitat; and now the outside territory was being minimized by sectional confines, all of which tended to confuse the mind of an indigenous nomad. He was not prepared for this avalanche of white penetration with the ensuing restrictions of law, legalities and personal rights. And, in consequence, being an enforced member of a small minority, he retired to his lawful reserve and pondered with his confused tribesmen over the eventual outcome of his ever-darkening and oppressive future.

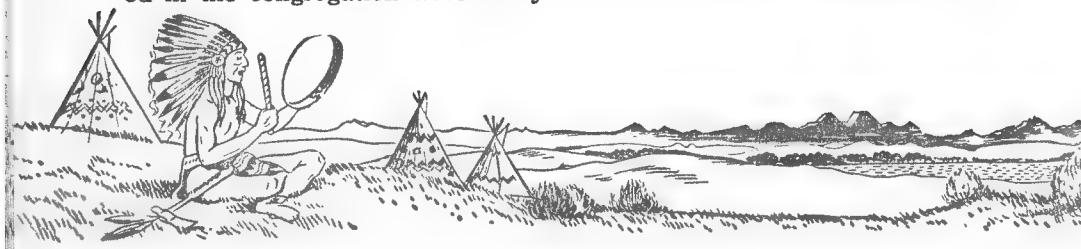
Such was the state of the Indian's mind when I first met him in the spring of 1905. From the outside he was suspicious of every move; from the inside he remained adamant to the traditions of his people. Education, religion, progress and advancement were foreign to his mental understanding as all savoured too much of the white man's doctrine. He became wary, watching carefully every suggested move and pondering rigorously the validity of every progressive endeavour.

When writing this, almost half a century after my first reactions, I am convinced that the tension is by no means lessened but rather intensified owing to the spasmodic, yet systematic, incursions into his personal heritage made by his white guardians during the past several decades.

During those early days I sat by the hour with the Indians in their tepees and rude log houses. I listened patiently to their story of the bygone days; of their feuds with other tribes; the glamorous details of the buffalo hunt; the thrilling and hair-raising escapades of the war trail; the courageous exploits of young braves in capturing maidens from the Crows and Kutenais. Permeating all this was the soothing aroma of *kinni-kinnik* as the pipe passed around the circle when many a former brave would recount his sacrificial deeds at the Sun Dance. Always one heard the lament over the end of those days of untrammelled freedom, and of the passing of their friend the buffalo.

The well-worn truth: "Man shall not live by bread alone" was forced upon me by close observation of the Indian life and character.

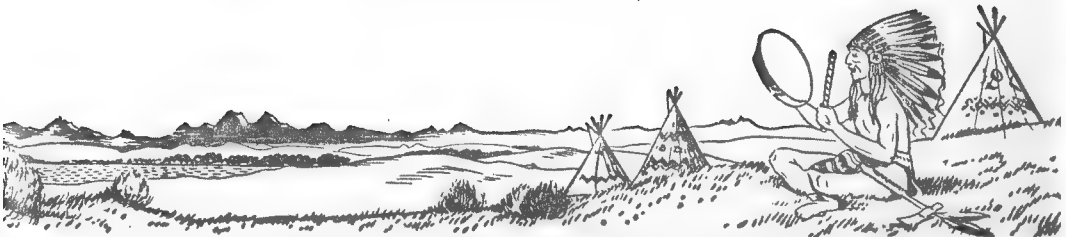
On one occasion I preached about the Ten Commandments. Seated in the congregation were many of the old timers - Yellow Bull,



Weasel Fatt, Three Guns, Hind Bull, Mountain Horse, Brave Rock, Standing Alone, Calling Antelope, and many others. During the course of the sermon, I noticed several were smiling, and thought that probably my Blackfoot was poor, or that my grammar might be more or less confused. At the close of the service I asked Yellow Bull what caused him to smile while I was preaching. He replied: "We had to smile." I asked, "Why?" I was just commencing my work amongst the Bloods, and wanted to gain their confidence, therefore, I asked him to give me the reason. Turning to his colleagues, he said: "Shall we tell Chief Mountain (that's my Indian name) about our Commandments?" They all nodded in agreement, and after the accustomed ceremonial with the pipe, he proceeded. "We listened to your words about the Ten Commandments, which you said God wrote on two tablets of stone. He may have done that, but long before you Holy White Men (clergymen) or any white man came here, we had five laws of our own; and while you white men have your ten commandments, from what we can judge we keep our five better than you keep your ten." I was interested - breaking fresh ground, so to speak. Eagerly I cried: "Tell me about your five laws." Here is the story told ever so simply:

"Ukaisumoyi - In the long ago our forefathers were wise men. They taught their children songs, games, rituals, dances, prayers; what they ought to do, what they ought not to do; and amongst these things were five laws which governed the tribe." Holding up his left hand (indicating with his fingers) he continued: "The first was murder; we always demanded a life for a life. Two - theft; the thief had to restore the stolen goods. Three - adultery; an ear was cut off for the first offence, both ears and added punishment for subsequent offences. Fourth - cowardice; the person was clothed in a woman's garb, made to do the menial tasks around the camp, and not allowed to marry. Fifth - treachery; brought back to camp, and shot at sight."

Such primitive lisplings may sound rather romantic, but, to me, as I heard the old Indian expounding the philosophy of his people, it was very realistic, and its effect left an impression which will never be effaced.



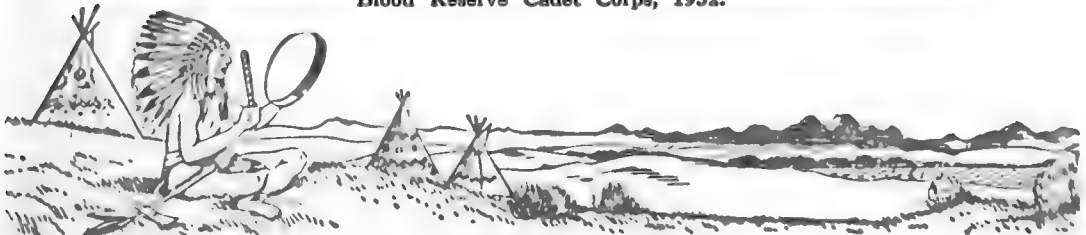
CHAPTER No. 8

The Modern Indian

The Blood Indian is not very different from his white brother. In his natural state he is kind and affectionate to his family; is hospitable, honest and straightforward with his fellows. He is intensely religious. No people pray more earnestly, or more frequently. He is neither a monster of inhumanity nor a marvel of cunning but a being imbued with like feelings and aspirations to our own. Because his customs and habits of thought differ from ours he has been charged with all manner of crimes and offences with which he has, in general, nothing to do. In the march of progress these Indians are, today, taking places of honour and emolument side by side with their white fellow citizens. Let us hope that the ancient virtues of courage and endurance, which have stood the Indian people in such good stead of old, will assist their descendents in the even more strenuous tasks of adapting themselves to civilization to which they are now called. Civilized and educated the Indian of the better class is not less intelligent than the average white man, and he has every capacity of becoming a good citizen.



Blood Reserve Cadet Corps, 1952.



After four decades of intensive specialized teaching they have attained the height of modern sophistication. The only hope for students in the past was "back to the blanket" but now, owing to Church, Departmental and personal influences, evolution has become their accepted policy. When visiting throughout the reserve quite recently I saw in one house a well-stocked bookcase containing several interesting volumes such as *This I Remember*, by Eleanor Roosevelt, and *New Worlds to Conquer*, by Haliburton. In another was *The Book of Etiquette!* When glancing through this American edition one of my school graduates of early years remarked in a perfectly cultured voice, "Tell me, which is correct? This book says the fork should be used in the right hand but, in the school we were taught to use the fork with the left, and the knife with the right." "Stay with your British teaching," I said. "The fork is a left-handed instrument."

Current literature and daily newspapers are read and discussed in many homes. In one I was happy to find the regular edition of "*Hansard*". Electric lights and shower baths have long since entered into their domain, the latter contrasting strangely with the original tepee, buffalo robes and willow-roofed sweat baths.

Today the Blood Indian is still forging ahead, mentally and physically. Graduates from the schools on the reserve are now scattered across the continent, holding positions of trust and responsibility in Toronto, New York, Minneapolis, Calgary, Edmonton, Victoria, Bermuda, Sault Ste. Marie, and even in far-flung New Zealand. Nurses, stenographers and artists have measured up to the standard of potential Canadian citizenship. Several have already been crowned as champions in the athletic world.

Reactionary tendencies never gained credence with the Bloods. While retaining the whole of their original reservation, they recently leased to white communities some forty thousand acres, for which they receive one-third crop payment for the whole leased area.

The largest wheat field in the Empire, comprising 39,000 acres, all within the confines of a single four-strang barbed wire fence, is situated at the north end of the Reserve, closely adjacent to the City of Lethbridge. To date (1952) on this Reserve there are 69,284 acres of land being farmed; 30,284 under cultivation by the Indians, and 39,000 acres by white men. Grazing leases occupy a territory of 30,000 acres. Two coal mines, in production, add to the general activity.

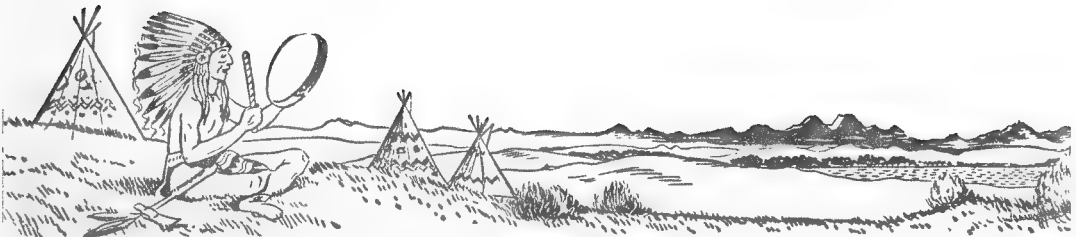
The population is registered as 2093 and is steadily increasing. The Bloods own 4600 head of purebred Hereford cattle.



In 1952 their Reserve attained an all-time high standard, comprising \$122,427.33 for beef cattle; \$675,000.00 for cereal grains; \$75,000.00 for hay and grain feed, and \$3,500.00 in furs, making a grand total of \$925,427.33 (almost a million dollars) representing an average income of \$442.15 for every man, woman and child on the Reserve, in the year 1952.

In addition to the above, Family Allowances represented a sum of \$43,000.00, thus rendering to the personal financial equation a higher standing.

With the continued application of the Bloods' activity and mutual assistance from Government and Lease holdings, their future economic security becomes an assured fact of domestic independence.



CHAPTER No. 9

The Blackfoot Language

The Bloods have no written orthodoxy other than their simple primitive pictographs. The few letters used in writing the language are obviously definite while others remain quite arbitrary, depending chiefly on the punctuation and accent. The following code will supply a key to the spelling, and pronunciations, of Indian words:

A as 'a' in Father
E as 'e' in Eat
I as 'i' in Pit
O as 'o' in Know
U as 'u' in But
AI as 'i' in Kite
AU as 'o' in How
KH indicates the hard guttural sound

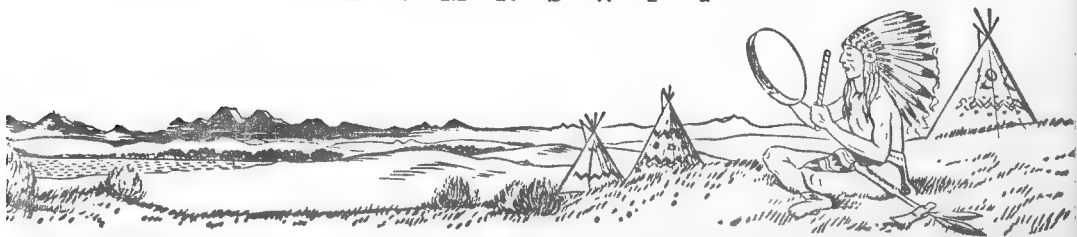
Many books have been written about the Cree, Sioux and other Indian languages, whereas there is a paucity of material concerning the Blackfoot tongue. There are two reliable publications, however, one being *The Philological Notes to Blackfoot Texts*, by C. C. Ublenbeck, and the other *Linguistic Classification of Algonquin Tribes*, by Truman Mickelson.

The most authentic book on the Blackfoot language was written by my old friend, the late Archdeacon J. W. Tims, who commenced his life's work amongst the Blackfeet in 1883. We both experienced the same difficulty when learning the language. As he wrote many years ago: "I felt greatly the need of a grammar and dictionary but, as none had ever been published, I was obliged to learn word by word from the Indians themselves and pick up the grammar of the language little by little."

I commenced my labours amongst the Indians on St. Luke's Day - October 18th, 1909 - and, on Christmas Day of the same year, I preached, or rather attempted to preach, my first sermon in the Blackfoot tongue. It was a very feeble effort yet it proved to be quite effective. I had followed the Tims' dictum by learning "little by little" from the Indians.

During the early '80's and '90's a system of syllabics was formulated whereby certain written characters would become eligible to those interested in writing the language. The whole vocabulary was incorporated under eight distinctive symbols representing the letters:

K T M N S W P Y



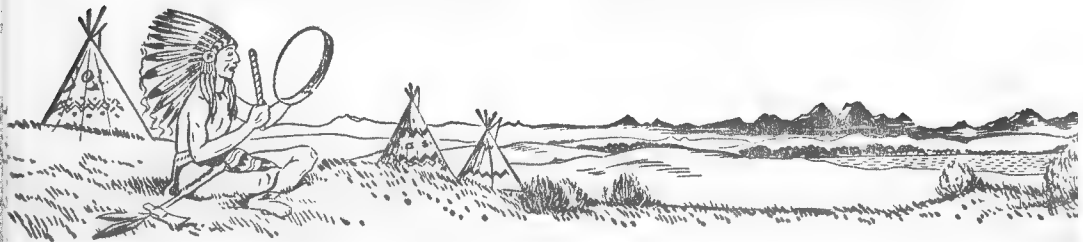
each bearing four similar accents such as 'KAR', 'KAY', 'KE', 'KO', Blackfoot syllabarium. Prayers, Hymns and portions of the Holy Bible were subsequently reduced to syllabarium form and distributed throughout the Blackfoot speaking peoples. Owing to the incursion of education in their midst it soon became apparent that a poor knowledge of English was more advantageous than a smattering of primitive strokes and dashes. Thus the syllabics have long since been confined to the archives of the past.

Blackfoot Syllabarium.

	CONSONANTS & FINALS	a	e	i	o
		ᑭ	ᑭ	ᑭ	ᑭ
P	ᑭ	ᑭ	ᑭ	ᑭ	ᑭ
T	-	ᑭ	ᑭ	ᑭ	ᑭ
K	ᑭ	ᑭ	ᑭ	ᑭ	ᑭ
M	ᑭ	ᑭ	ᑭ	ᑭ	ᑭ
N	ᑭ	ᑭ	ᑭ	ᑭ	ᑭ
S	ᑭ	ᑭ	ᑭ	ᑭ	ᑭ
Y		ᑭ	ᑭ	ᑭ	ᑭ
W		ᑭ	ᑭ	ᑭ	ᑭ

-
- / i in diphthongs, ai, oi, ui.
 - \ o in diphthong, au.
 - " guttural.
 - ! aspirate.
 - s read in middle of preceding character.
 - < y read in middle of preceding character.
 - x full stop.

It is passing strange that so few white men have been able to acquire the Blackfoot language. The only two white men of my acquaintance who spoke fluent Blackfoot were the late R. N. Wilson, Indian Agent of the Blood Reserve, and my revered friend, the late Canon W. R. Haynes, missionary to the Peigans for several decades, who had a remarkable facility of translating the Holy Scriptures into



Blackfoot when reading at sight. He was essentially a "Parish Priest". Unfortunately, he left no manuscript of the language in which he was so fluent a speaker other than *Hymns and Prayers*. His daughter, Mrs. W. Betts of Calgary, is, by far, the best Blackfoot scholar of recent times. My son, who was born and reared amongst the Bloods and, later, inducted into the tribe as *Omoksine*, acquired their language as a child and is now the only exponent of a dual language 'midst the daily routine of the Blood Reserve.

From observation, and careful classification, it appears that there are eight parts of speech in the Blackfoot language:

Noun	Adverb
Pronoun	Conjunction
Adjective	Preposition
Verb	Interjection

A more exhaustive research into the language would undoubtedly reveal further intricacies to the average student.

The following examples, as quoted by Tims, are authentic and literally correct and have been proved by my own use and observation.

Personal Pronouns

Plural	Singular
Nestunan - We	Nestoa - I
Kestoau	Ksestoa - You
Osto-au-ai - They	Ostoyi - He

In conjugating the present tense of the verb 'say' the following is an example:

Nitani - I say
Kitani - You say
Ani-u - He says

Adjectives consist chiefly of particles which have no place apart from the nouns to which they are prefixed, as:

Ok-sianikopi - Good young man
Mani-pokau - New born child
Ap-ai-pis-tsi - White blanket

Verbalised adjectives

Examples of animate and inanimate forms:

Animate - man-sui - It is new

Tenses

Present tense: Nitukome-teki - I love
Kitukome-teki - You love
Okomet-eki-ai - He loves



Plural: Suffix - Pinnan - We
 'op' (inclusive)
 Present: Nit-ai-okou - I sleep
 Nit-ai-ta-po - I go there
 Past: Nit-ai-simit - I drink
 Past: Nit-sit-si-puk-si-pu - I did come
 Kit-sit-an-is-tau - You told him
 Perfect: Ni-kau-anis-tau - I have told him
 Ni-kai-kok-ko-tau - I have given to him

Negative (Ni-mat)

Past tense: Nit-sit-si-ta-po - I did go
 Negative: Nit-mat-sit-ta-po - I did not go

The Interrogative

There are two or three ways of asking a question. The simpler manner is to affix "ats" to the positive form of the verb:

Kitai-tapo - You go there
 Kitai-tapo (stai) - Do you go there?
 Kut-ai is often used

Negative: Stai
 Kitak-stai-tapo-pats - Will you not go?

Future Tense:
 Nitaki-tapo - I will go
 Nitak-a-kai - I will go home
 Kitak-o-ko-to - I will give you

Imperative mood:

Pin-itapo - Don't go
 First person, plural:
 Nok-stai-to-pok-pinan

Conditional mood:
 Sau-ai-tapo-ie - He didn't go

The sexes in the Blackfoot language are differentiated, as:

Nin-na	-	Man
Ake	-	Woman
Na-pim	-	Male animal
Ski-im	-	Girl
Sok-u-mapi	-	Boy
Ake-ku-un	-	Female

Referring to tribes and nationalities, Ku-un and Ake indicate the Male and Female, thus:

Siksi-kai-ku-un	-	Blackfoot man
Siksi-ka-ke	-	Blackfoot woman



Kai-nai-ku-un	-	Blood Indian man
Kai-nake	-	Blood Indian woman
Pekun-e-ku-un	-	Peigan Indian man
Pekun-ake	-	Peigan Indian woman
Napi-ku-un	-	White man
Napi-ake	-	White woman

The terms of relationship are:

Nin-na	-	My father
Nik-sistsa	-	My mother
No-koa	-	My son
Nit-una	-	My daughter
Nu-ma	-	My husband
Nota-ke-man	-	My wife
Nis	-	My son-in-law
Ni-im-sa	-	My daughter-in-law
Nin-sta	-	My elder sister
Nis-kun	-	My younger brother

Relative pronouns:

Singular animate	- an-nok	- who
Plural animate	- an-niks-isk	- Who
Singular inanimate	- an-nik	- which
Plural inanimate	- an nists	- which

"What" is expressed by the suffix "pi" attached to the verb, as:
I told him "what" you said. (Kitanistau-kit-an-i-pi) - I hear "what"
you said. (Kit-ai-okh-to kit-an-an-i-pi).

Time

An-nok	-	Now
Aki-sum-mo-yi	-	A long time ago
Mat-to-mots	-	Formerly
Sak-ko-okts	-	Afterwards
Usks-sai	-	Always
Tum	-	Then
Sa-k-yai	-	Still - Yet
Kyi	-	Go ahead

Place

An-nom	-	Here
Om-im	-	There
Spots-im	-	Above
Ksui-okts-im	-	Beneath
Un-is-tup	-	On one side

Quantity

Un-na-to-si	-	Few
Akai-yim	-	Many



A few Nouns acquire a change in euphony, as:

Nin-na	-	My father
Kin-na	-	Thy father
Un-ni	-	His father

The exactitude of Numeral Adjectives follow the nominal unit:

One	-	Ni-tuks-kum
Two	-	Na-to-kum
Three	-	Ni-oks-kum
Four	-	Nis-so-yim
Five	-	Nis-it-to
Six	-	Nau-yi
Seven	-	I-kit-si-kum
Eight	-	Nan-is-so
Nine	-	Pik-so
Ten	-	Ke-po
Twenty	-	Nat-sik-o-put-si
One hundred	-	Ke-pip-po
One thousand	-	Omok-si-ke-pip-po (This,

properly translated, means a "big hundred")

The adverb ranks under two classifications:

- (1) Those separate from the verb
- (2) Participles prefixed to the verb

Interrogation

Tsan-is-tsi	-	When was it?
Tsan-is-tsis	-	When will it be?
Tse-ma	-	Where?
Tsa-au	-	How?

Quantity

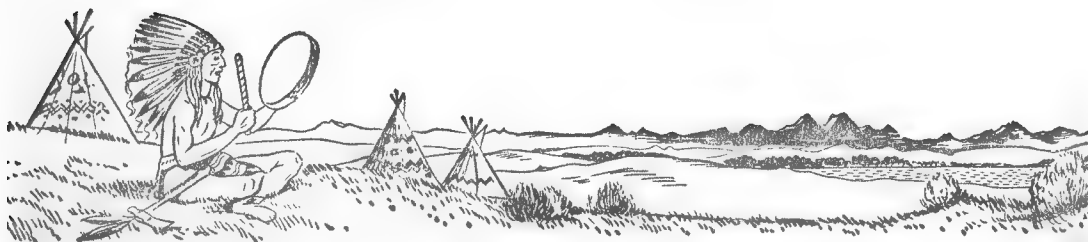
Kon-ai-ta-piks	-	All the people
Un-nai	-	Enough - finished

Manner and Quality

Ne-to-yi	-	The same
Nok-yts-sim	-	Different
I-kin-si-siu	-	Slowly - gently
Kip	-	Quickly
Sim-si	-	Secretly
Nit	-	Alone
Pak-tsi	-	Wrong

Affirmation

A-a	-	Yes
Ea-muni	-	It is true



Negation

Sa-a	-	No
Mat-ats	-	No
Pin-mini	-	No
Sau	-	No
Aks-stai	-	Doubt

Preposition

Is-tsispts-siu	-	Within
Sau-okts-tsim	-	Outside
As-tokts-sim	-	Close by
I-taksi-kok-tsim	-	Middle - centre
Is-soks-sim	-	Ahead
Ap-a-tokts-sim	-	At the back
Ki	-	And



CHAPTER No. 10

The Sun Dance - Medicine Lodge

and

Okon of the Blood Indians

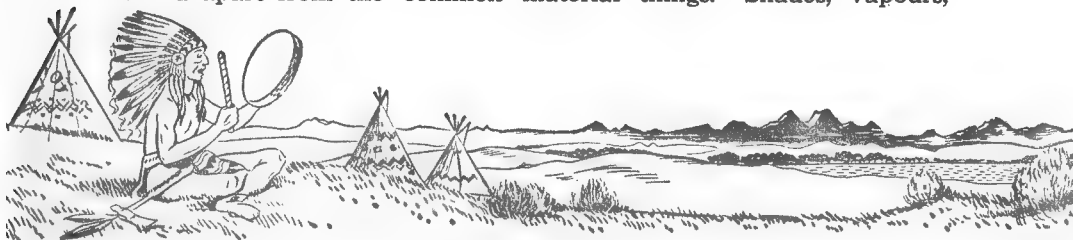
ANCIENT RITUAL

The present day Sun Dance, or *Okon*, as practised by the Blood Indians is an entirely different ceremony from the annual gala display of war-paint and feathers so eagerly sought by the white man. It is, however, closely akin to the astral beliefs taught by ancient Peru, Assyria, and the mystic rites of the Egyptians. The worship of heavenly bodies, with the Sun as the chief god, has followed in the realm of nature worship to all points of the compass, and among all native peoples. The Sun Temples of Peru vied in splendour with those of Babylon.

Astral Theology, with the Sun God as chief divinity, was carried to gorgeous heights by the Babylonians and Assyrians. In the ritual of worship and study of nature the Babylonians created a trinity, the Sun, the Moon and the Evening Star, known as Canas, Sin and Istar. Their earlier history records that the three gods, Anu, Bel and Ea, governed the universe. With the advent of astral theology, absorbing all previous beliefs, these three gods became the three "ways": Anu the power presiding over the heavens; to Bel was assigned the earth and the atmosphere immediately above it, while Ea ruled over the deep. The ancient Egyptian trinity, Osiris, Isis and Horus, the Father, Holy Mother and Son, is another striking suggestion of an accepted trinity.

The Bloods, of speculative origin - oriental or occidental - yet essentially of western prairie culture and background, proclaim affinity with a Pantheistic doctrine and created, in the long ago, a trinity of celestials for their system of worship: the Sun - Father; Moon - Mother, and Morning Star as their offspring. The very close similarity between the trinity of the Bloods and that of ancient Babylon opens a wide vista of mythical speculation.

The *Aekotose*, or supernatural power, reflected from the Sun's influence, of heat, light and power, form a trinity of the Indian cycle of prayer. The true Indian is a devout mystic; mysticism is, to him, a world apart from the common material things. Shades, vapours,



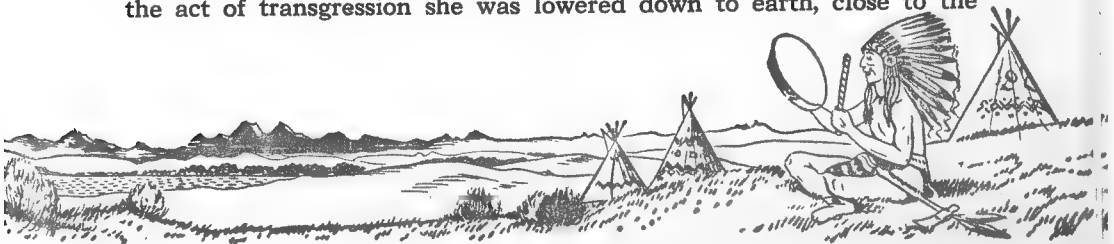
dreams and visions caught up from the figment of thought tend to mystify the idealistic from the governing factor of realism. From time immemorial these tribal Indians have preserved, unsullied from extraneous influences, the inner and intricate mysteries of their annual Medicine Lodge.

A mystic *Aekatose* of the triune Godhead - Sun, Moon and Morning Star - refer to His Supreme Deity as The Great Spirit, whom he recognizes as being identical with the God whom the white man worships. The Indian, however, has developed an accretion to his Deity by recognizing the Great Spirit in all things. His diestical tendencies converge towards Pantheism by his submission to the supernatural in the trees, the animals, and the very mountains themselves. Nature, to him, is a part of the Godhead. He does not worship the Sun, as many are led to believe, by the name of his supreme religious festival the Sun Dance. The Indians regard the Sun as God's greatest manifestation, the nearest thing to the Great Spirit that man can see with the eye, because the Sun is the cause of all life. It causes the grass and trees to grow; the animals to grow which feed on the grass, and causes man to live who feeds on the animals. Therefore, the Indian directs his prayers to the Great Spirit through the medium of the Sun.

In order to understand the true significance of the Sun Dance one must hark back to the days of yore. Many propitiatory ceremonies of solar worship are practised by the Indians, but when one of hoary age is asked why such rites are offered in honour of the Sun he instinctively replies: "Because Scarface taught us so!", referring to a mythological person of whom more hereafter.

In the complex mythology of the Bloods there are several stories and legends concerning the origin of the Sun Dance, Medicine Lodge or *Okon* as the several names imply. The term "Sun Dance" is simply a colloquillism invented by the white man to fit the mystic pageantry of ancient dances 'midst the display of ermine and feathers adopted for ornamentation. "Medicine Lodge" is anomalous to the *unknown* as it indicates a lodge, or abode, wherein medicine of primitive sources may be practised. The Indian appellation *Okon* is correct and decisive. The Indian does not dance to the Sun, nor yet does he visit a lodge to obtain medicine, but he does attend the *Okon*, which is a correct Blood appellation for this ancient festival. Thus the Indian makes an annual pilgrimage to renew his vision of the ancient mysteries of his tribe. He is never guilty of going to the Sun Dance, or of visiting the Medicine Lodge, but with pride and due solemnity he openly states, "*Okon Nitaakitapol!* I am going to our dream vision!"

One legend concerning the origin of the Sun Dance refers to Tail Feathers Woman who became wedded to Morning Star and indiscreetly dug up the sacred turnip, or painted root, in the Sun's abode. After the act of transgression she was lowered down to earth, close to the



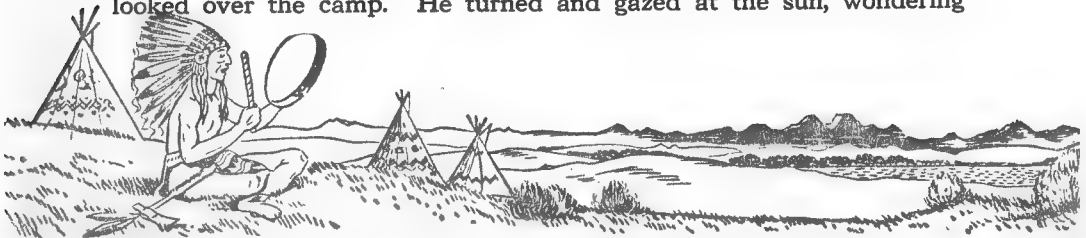
camp of her people, by the aid of a spider web tied under her arms. Carrying out the instructions given to her by the sun she communicated the various rites and ceremonies to her family, which were subsequently adopted throughout the tribe. The main origin, however, of the Sun Dance is based upon the Scarface legend.

Ages ago a young girl, a virgin, lay on the ground at sunset looking up at the heavens above. She became entranced by the beauty of the star Venus and said in her heart: "I am going to marry that star. It belongs to *Natose* (sun). I will be a Sun-Person!" Being the daughter of a chief she was much sought after by the younger braves. Many asked for her hand in marriage but she always refused. Her parents tried to persuade her to accept the offer of the most eligible suitor but to no avail. Chiefs sent their sons with proposals of marriage but all met with a negative response. At last her father demanded a reason for her refusal of the many offers to which she answered that a sacred covenant had been made and that she had pledged, and given herself into the Sun's keeping. The chief, being a wise man and knowing the power of the Above Person, acquiesced to his daughter's request and nothing more was said about a possible marriage.

During this period there was an outcast living amongst his people, an orphan who was very poor. He was marked with a scar on his face and for that reason was named by the tribe as Scarface, or *Uk-ski*. Owing to his abject poverty he became the butt for every witticism, and was often taunted by the fact that if he had enough courage he might ask the Sun Girl to marry him. Scarface determined to make an end of the constant ridicule. One day he met the chief's daughter down by the river and, without hesitation, offered his proposal of marriage. The Sun Girl replied: "Many chiefs have wanted to marry me but I have said no to them all. I belong to the Sun, but I will marry you if you will agree to carry out one request. You must travel to the Sun's lodge and there seek his permission, and also demand that he remove the scar from your face as that will be his token and sign."

After hearing the Sun Girl's ultimatum Scarface's heart fell to the ground. He was sad and distressed. He wandered away out on the prairie, far from the camp, to fast and dream - hoping such a vigil would remove the scar from his face since he was very anxious to marry the girl whom the sun had adopted.

Despite his vigil and sacrifice nothing happened. The scar still remained as a facial disfigurement. He returned and approached an old medicine woman who had been kind to him in the past and asked her to make for him four pairs of moccasins and give him some pemmican as he was going on a long journey. He then climbed a hill and looked over the camp. He turned and gazed at the sun, wondering



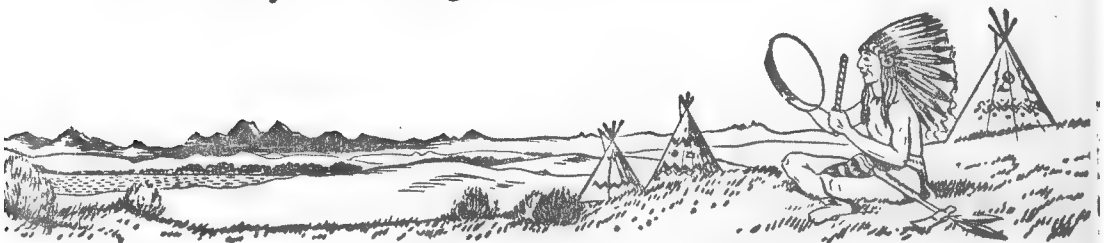
if he would ever return home again. In fear and trembling he offered a prayer to the sun to whose shrine he commenced an historic pilgrimage.

Scarface travelled east for many moons, crossing rivers, prairies and mountains. His food became scarce and he resorted to the berries found by the wayside. He met a wolf and asked him to point out the trail to the sun's lodge. The wolf replied that it was a long way and no one had ever been able to wend the trail, but he advised that he see the bear, who knew all trails. To the bear he went, and met with the same reply. Again he was directed elsewhere, this time to the badger who told him to go and ask the kit-fox who guided him to a great water which had to be crossed before getting to the sun's lodge. Early next morning he went to the edge of the big water and was dismayed when he saw the wide expanse of rolling waves. Once again, metaphorically, his heart fell to the ground and he cried aloud with fear as he could not see the other side. His moccasins were in tatters; his food was gone, and he was almost at the point of physical exhaustion. Surely, he thought, this is the end of my quest. My dream of the Sun Girl has led me to my doom!

As a final gesture and symbolic rite he offered a prayer to the sun, seeking guidance. Immediately two swans came swimming up to him and asked why he was sorrowful. "I have come to die," said Scarface. "Far away in my country is a very pretty girl whom I want to marry but she belongs to the sun. I need from him a token and sign signifying her release. I have travelled through many moons and all my food and clothing are gone. I cannot return as I do not know the trail so here I must die."

The swans replied that they would take him across the big water where he would find the sun's lodge. This assurance gave Scarface renewed courage whereupon he straddled the swans' backs and they swam away together. It was a perilous journey as there were a number of creatures and Under Water people living in the deep which he had not seen before. But the swans took him safely to the other side. There he saw a trail and his feathery benefactors told him to follow it. He had not gone far when he saw scattered all over the road bows and arrows, war instruments, and many fine samples of exquisite beadwork. He saw them all but was afraid to touch. In thought he was entering his dream world of long ago. Just around a curve of the moon he suddenly met a very handsome young man clothed in strange skins and wearing moccasins sewn with feathers. The brightly-clad stranger asked where he was going and requested his name.

Scarface told him the reason of his search and adventures, after which the reply came: "My name is Morning Star. The Sun is my father and the Moon is my mother. My father is not here now but I will take you to our lodge."



On arriving there Morning Star's mother gave him a hearty welcome and asked the reason for leaving his people. Scarface then told the Moon his story. Deeply interested, she replied: "Wait here while I make incense." He heard her singing while she made incense with sweet grass. He then entered the lodge. Shortly afterwards they heard someone approaching and shouting: "Our home is defiled. It smells like people!" Morning Star, recognizing his father's voice, went out and said to the Sun: "It is only my friend Scarface that you smell." "Then make incense. Make incense and I will enter," cried the Sun. After incense had been made as before he entered. Morning Star and his mother explained that Scarface had just arrived. The Sun remarked: "It does not matter. Let him remain. He will be a companion for our son!"

Looking around the lodge Scarface saw numerous white buffalo robe, otter skins, ermine, eagle tail-feathers and all such articles of nature the Indians long to possess were piled on all sides of the lodge. War garments and many Indians treasures were there in great quantity.

Turning to Scarface the Sun said: "Take off your clothing, your garments smell of people. Throw them outside. Why did you come here?"

Scarface replied that he had made the journey to keep covenant with a woman, and related in detail his experience with the chief's daughter.

"It is well," said the Sun. "Go outside and build four sweat lodges. Place them in a row from east to west. Paint the northern half of east lodge black and the southern half red. Place a square hole in the centre of each to receive the stones. Morning Star, go and help your friend to build the sweat lodges as I have instructed."

Morning Star of the Sun's sphere and Scarface from the earth built the sweat lodges as outlined.

The Moon then heated the stones. The Sun, Scarface and Morning Star entered the eastern lodge by going in at the south side. The Sun sat in the middle, facing the centre of the sweat lodge, with Scarface on his right and Morning Star to the left. The Moon handed in a coal of fire which the Sun placed at the west side of the square hole. Another burning ember was put at the east side and incense was made on them both at the same time. The Moon then took a small hot stone from the fire outside and, carrying it on a pronged stick, placed it carefully at the south-east corner of the square hole in the sweat lodge. She deposited a second similar stone at the south-west corner after passing it over the first time. A third and fourth were placed



according to ancient ritual. A large stone, hot like all the others, was laid in the centre of the hole and incense (sweet grass) was dropped on all four.

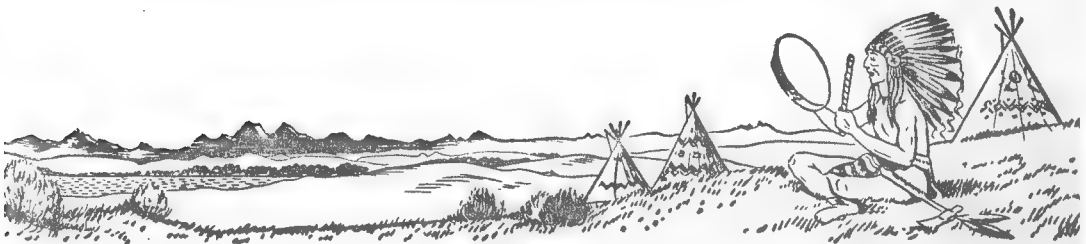
The Moon handed to her husband, the Sun, his pipe and all three in the sweat lodge smoked while the incense was burning. All the hot stones were now tumbled into the shallow hole and, after the Moon had handed in a bowl of water, the hides covering the sweat lodge were all drawn together so that it became quite dark inside. Singing his songs, the Sun poured a little water on the stones, causing a dense steam to arise. From the outside his wife lifted a portion of the cover at the east end. He then told her to close it again. When he had more steam he asked her to open a space in the west. Again all was made dark; more water was applied to the stones and the same performance was repeated at each end of the sweat lodge, making four times that light had been admitted. The Sun completed his songs, after which they all went outside. The Sun peered into the face of Scarface and found that the scar had lost much of its strength and colour.

Entering the second sweat lodge they repeated the ceremony. Upon coming out the scar was found to have been nearly removed. When the third sweat bath was entered the scar could hardly be seen. After they had finished with the fourth the Sun made Scarface and Morning Star change places. When the hides were removed from the sweat lodge by his wife he said: "Which is your son?" She pointed to Scarface saying: "This is our son!"

The boy's face was completely healed that he closely resembled Morning Star. Scarface was greatly pleased when the Sun remarked: "You will remain here until next summer. There are many things I want to tell you."

Next morning the two young men went hunting. Morning Star was sometimes very unruly and disobeyed the Moon so she told Scarface to prevent him from going near the big water. On this occasion Morning Star was persistent and went out into the water and was only saved from drowning when Scarface swam to his rescue. Carrying his companion back to the lodge Scarface told the Moon what had happened. Greatly annoyed at her son's disobedience she told the Sun of the water adventure and of how Scarface had rescued their son from drowning. The Sun replied that he would not forget the bravery of Scarface, and would reward him with mystic rites and symbols.

The outgoings and the incomings of both Sun and Moon were set by regular periods during which Scarface received definite religious instruction from the Sun.



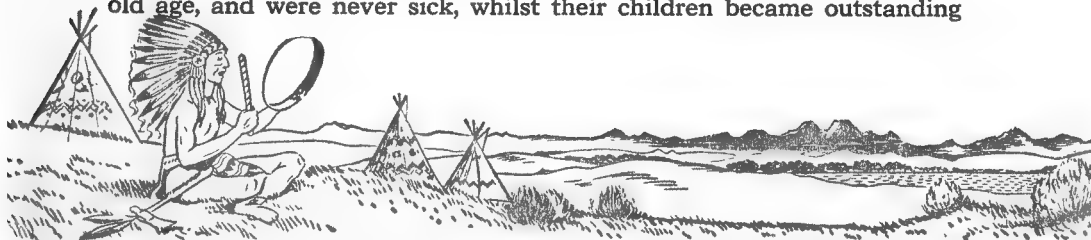
In the fulfilment of time Scarface felt he must needs return to his own people. A yearning for the lisp of his native tongue became strong and expressive. The Sun, with his sagacious wisdom, saw and understood the signs and emotions of the stranger. As a final gesture the Sun said to him: "No foolish (immoral) woman may covenant the *Okon*. I will not pay any attention to her prayers. I will only hear the prayers of wise (virtuous) women. Remember the things I like best: buffalo robes, beaver hair, war clothing, eagle tail-feathers, the engraved patterns of north, south, east and west - the triangle of my lodge. Tell your people that when their prayers are accompanied by these things they will be granted. Remember, also, my favourite food is the tongue of the buffalo!"

Eventually he took Scarface to the edge of the sky and told him to look down and see the world from which he had come. Looking down intently the Sun said to Scarface: "Everything you see is mine; the mountains, trees, prairies, forests and animals - all belong to me. I am the only chief. I can never die. The winter makes me old and weak but I grow young again every summer. And, now, I am going to give you the sign by which my people are known. If any person is sick, or in danger, promise me to build a lodge if the person recovers. The lodge is to be built like the world, round with arched sticks; one half to be painted red, for me, and the other half to be painted black for the Moon." He then gave Scarface two crow feathers (as the sign by which the Sun-girl would recognize his allegiance to the Sun) to be worn by the husband of the woman who took the vow for the making of the Sun Dance, or *Okon*.

Scarface was now ready to return home, and, after the Sun, Moon and Morning Star had given him many presents, the Sun showed him the short way to the earth by following the Milky Way through the heavens. He followed this "Wolf Trail" - *Mokhoy I Okhsokoyi*, as the Indians call it - and soon arrived back at his camp. Sitting on one of the surrounding buttes he watched his people moving around their tepees. At last he was observed by the Indians. A chief sent a messenger, requesting his presence. He made his way to the chief's tepee and there was recognized as the derelict and outcast *Uk-ski* of long ago - now a different person.

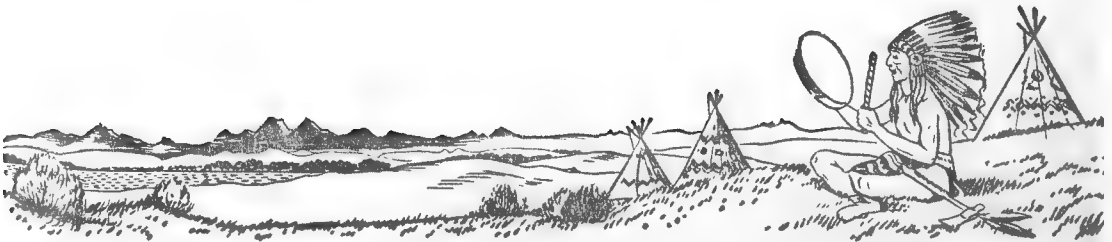
The Sun-girl was told Scarface had returned clad in fine skins and feathered raiment. They met and embraced with mutual happiness. She noticed that the scar had disappeared from his face and that he was very attractive, that all his clothing was of strange make. He showed her the two crow feathers and told, in detail, of his visit to the Sun's lodge and of the mysteries into which he had been initiated.

All the Indians proclaimed with loud accord that he should be their chief. Next day he married the Sun-girl. They lived to a ripe old age, and were never sick, whilst their children became outstanding



examples of piety and goodness. After giving to his tribesmen the mysteries taught him by the Sun both he and his wife passed away to the Sand Hills where their spirits reposed in safekeeping for they had had gone to the place ordered by the Sun.

This concludes the Scarface legend upon which all the mysteries and observances associated with the Sun Dance have been founded.



CHAPTER No. 11

Development of the Sun Dance

The main religious ceremonies of the Bloods, having first been performed under the direction of Scarface, were thus handed down through countless generations. These legends and traditions became the cultural background and environment around which their religious ceremonies were held. Judging from the amount of ritualistic detail, which is supposed to have originated with the journey and adventures of Scarface, the myth was probably, at one time, much more extensive than as now related. Yet, there is reason to doubt that it has undergone any curtailment during the past century.

The vow to build the sacred lodge according to the Scarface ritual must always be taken by a virtuous woman. In case of extreme sickness of any member of her family she would offer a prayer to the Sun, vowing to build a Medicine Lodge as a thank offering for the recovery. The pledge, or covenant, must be loudly proclaimed from a high eminence so that all may know the sacred vow had been taken.

Braves who wished for good luck in their undertakings would test the efficacy of their prayers by sacrificing their bodies with physical torture and, often, laceration of the breasts.

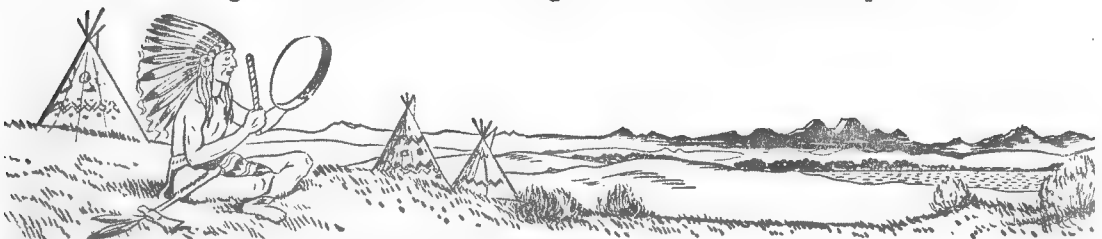
The actual ceremony of initiation into the mysteries of the sacred rites of the Sun Dance is very elaborate, and is surrounded by many details of symbolic reference to the historic pilgrimage of Scarface to the Sun's lodge. The tribal religious ceremonies are directed by men who have made a special study of things sacred. Nothing profane must be encountered during the ceremony, which covers a period of from six to eight hours. All other minor rituals lead to this climax.

When the pipe is passed from members to candidates it follows the sun-wise circuit, so aptly named by ethnologists. Each person receiving it blows one whiff of smoke upward to the sun, and one downward to the earth. Then follow the sacred chants peculiar to the ceremonies.

The burning of incense is a "preparatory" rite for the cleansing of mind and body. This act of purification is carried out with amazing rectitude and only those who are well-trained, and qualified in the lore of mysticism, are allowed to officiate.

THE SUN DANCE CAMP

The great movement of the Blood tribe to the scene of the Sun Dance begins before dawn on the eighth sun of the Berries Ripe moon



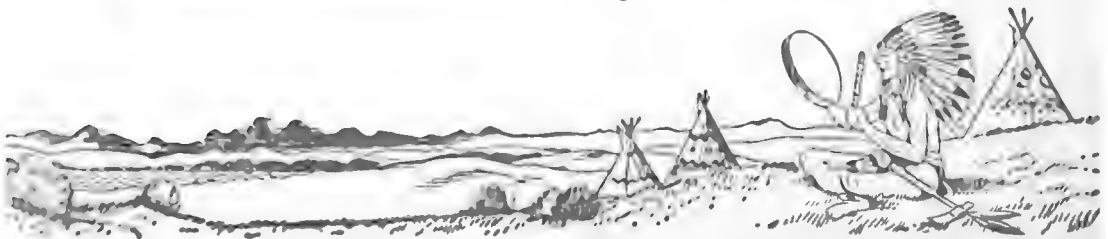
July. For several days the prairies for miles around tremble under the thudding hoofs of their ponies as they head for the Belly Buttes, a high, peaked eminence of prairie land overlooking the Belly River.

To the distant eye the bald, yellow prairie suddenly becomes a moving mass of colour - a thrilling sight even to those born into that life. The braves, their faces painted red and yellow, their white buckskin clothing decorated with colourful beadwork, are mounted on greys, buckskins, roans and pintos. As they come galloping across the plains with the clear morning sun glinting on their lance tips they present a bold and barbaric spectacle.

The women folk bring up the rear of each contingent, driving buckboards laden with folded tepees, blankets and the inevitable conglomeration of camp equipment and supplies. Trickling in small contingents Blackfeet from Browning, Montana, and Crees from the north set up their camps on the outskirts of the Sun Dance encampment. A few years ago the Crees and Bloods were the deadliest enemies. Today, the Bloods treat these guests within the gates with the utmost friendliness.



Sun-Dance Camp at the Belly Buttes, 1951. Note the two ceremonial tepees in centre of the camp circle.



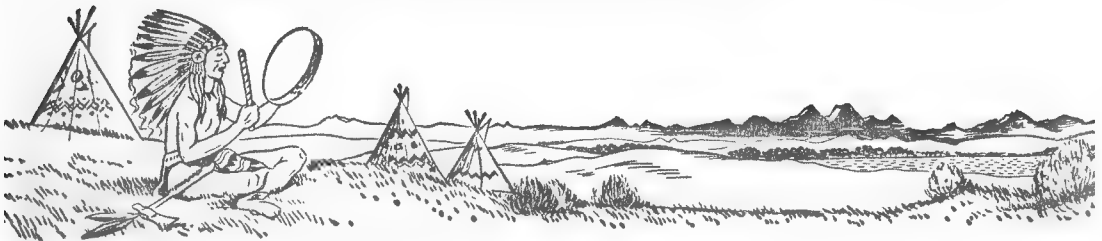
By nightfall the camp, consisting of several hundred tepees and a thousand Indians, is completely settled. The tepees have been pitched in a large circle in the centre of which the framework of the Sun Dance lodge has been arranged. A week later, at the hour when the Sun Dance begins, this circular structure is completed, being covered with a wall of evergreens left open at the top to admit the sun. As the long series of correlated ceremonies are carried out day after day - during which time the Sun Dance Woman is fasting in her tepee - the camp is all noise, excitement and - mystery! Mysterious chants and dances are carried out to the muted throbbing of tom-toms day and night all through the camp as the various secret societies of the Bloods group together performing their ancient rites. The Brave Dogs Society weave through the intricacies of a strange snake-like dance which takes them all over the open circle of the camp, their stripped bodies adorned with painted symbols, their heads plumed with eagle feathers. As they weave this way and that they are heavily guarded by mounted warriors who ride around them, their war lances held high in their right hands. The famous Horn Society which is limited to a minimum membership, and whose secrets are most carefully guarded, carries out its ceremonies behind the walls of a large secret tepee. In the southeast corner of the camp is a huge lodge composed of two tepees conjoined, opened up and spread over poles. This is the *Motokyiks* - Holy Women's Society. All the older women of the tribe are eligible to join this society by virtue of their character and witchcraft. They meet in this lodge during the first days of the Sun Dance after which they tear down their medicine lodge and disperse to their own tepees. These women are the guardians of tribal morality.

The nights leading to the first ceremony are made uncanny by the weird rites of the Medicine Pipe Society who are guardians of the seven famous pipes of the Bloods, which have ceremonial antiquity of the long ago.

SACRED RITES - CEREMONY OF THE TONGUES

In the old days the sacred food of the Sun Dance was buffalo tongue, in accordance with the information given to Scarface during his visit to the Sun Lodge, and the ceremony of preparation, and blessing the tongues, occupied a period of four days under the supervision of two medicine men and two holy women.

In the early spring the "Vow Woman" would call upon her relatives to provide one hundred buffalo tongues. Today, the tongues of cattle are substituted. At the beginning of the ceremony each tongue had to be sliced, before being boiled and then dried. Prayers were offered up, and a few chants were sung. Owing to the change in conditions today's ceremony is greatly abbreviated although the sanctity of a holy period dominates the whole proceedings. The men sit



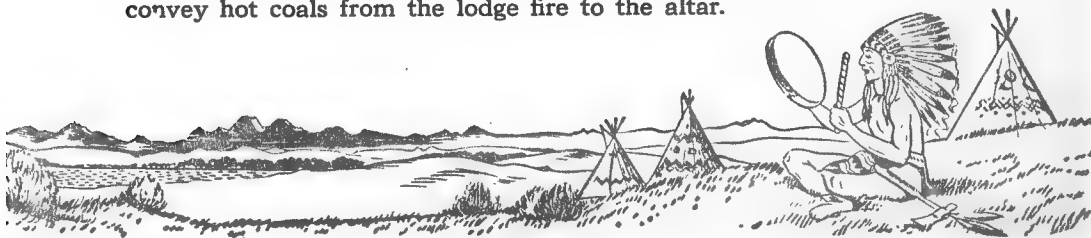
on the north side and the women on the south. When the guests are assembled one of the tongues is painted black on one edge and red on the other, then it is given to the woman who made the vow as a symbol of the darkness of the night and the brightness of the day. The other tongues are handed to the women for skinning and slicing. During these manoeuvres there is praying and singing. The tongues are then boiled. The ceremony proceeds with ritualistic observances, and no medicine men or holy women may have any metal about them. Brass rings, earrings and all such trinkets must be discarded. Even the knives with which the tongues are cut are taken out. At this stage prayers are offered up for the good health and wealth of the entire camp. Meanwhile the parfleches containing the tongues are kept in the Holy Woman's tepee to be sung and prayed over whilst awaiting final consumption.

At the conclusion of the fourth day the parfleches are carried behind the Medicine Woman by her attendants, who pray for themselves and their relatives, then distribute the sacred tongue, after which there is a general distribution of tongues among the people.

Many years ago I was present during the actual partaking of the tongues when *Isipekiake*, the Holy Medicine woman, drew me into the charmed circle and gently pressed into my hands a small portion of sacred tongue. It was a great moment. I felt then as I feel now - that I was one of them!

SACRED RITES

At the appointed time the altar is formed and arranged according to ancient tradition and custom. The actual ceremony of preparation is held in a special tepee which stands aside from the others, the entrance facing east. The common central fireplace is surrounded by a circle of stones. The completed altar of *Okon*, on which burns the sacred flame, is symbolic of mystic significance and is directly opposite the entrance. To the west a piece of the sod floor, about two feet square, is cleared by cutting away the grass level with the earth. Over this is spread, to the depth of half an inch, or less, some light-coloured clay taken from a nearby cliff, then more clay is piled in a conical heap in the centre of this patch till it reaches a height of from six to eight inches. Along the western edge of the clay square four large discs of dried cow-dung are placed in a row - a substitute for the buffalo chips of the long ago - then a quantity of the artemisia plant is spread on top of the chips. Three small bags containing red earth, pulverized charcoal and yellow ochre, a braided and dried bunch of sweet grass, or holy *Kutoyis*, a portion of the root of the *masse* (turnip), a small piece of fat and four eagle tail-feathers are also placed upon the artemisia for future use along with a forked sarvis berry fire-stick which is used in all ceremonial rites as a substitute for tongs to convey hot coals from the lodge fire to the altar.



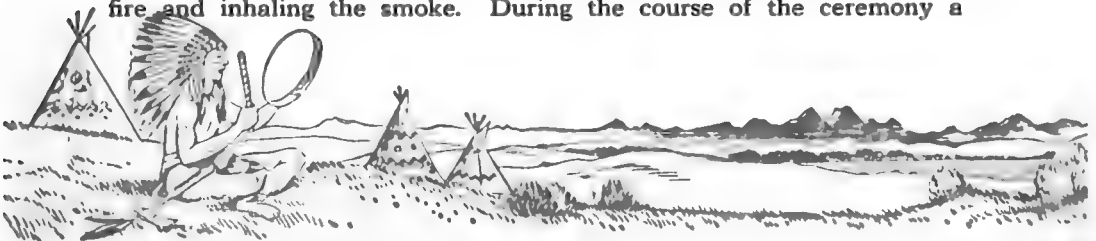
The central circle of the altar represents the Sun; the crescent the Moon; the eastern disc the Morning Star, and the two oval marks at the side the Sun-Dogs. Black represents Night and yellow Day. Since it is never visible by daylight the Morning Star alone is without a yellow border.

All is now ready for the ceremony. The guests arrive, each man accompanied by his wife and bringing a present, or sacrificial offering. The men seat themselves on the north side, the women on the south. The Medicine Man sits at the west, facing the altar, with the Medicine Woman who has taken the vow at his right hand. The pipes are produced and laid near the altar together with the tobacco which is mixed, according to custom, with the leaves of the bearberry. Because Scarface did so originally a moccasin is used in making figures, but it must belong to the right foot since the right hand and foot are considered stronger than the left and more to be depended upon.

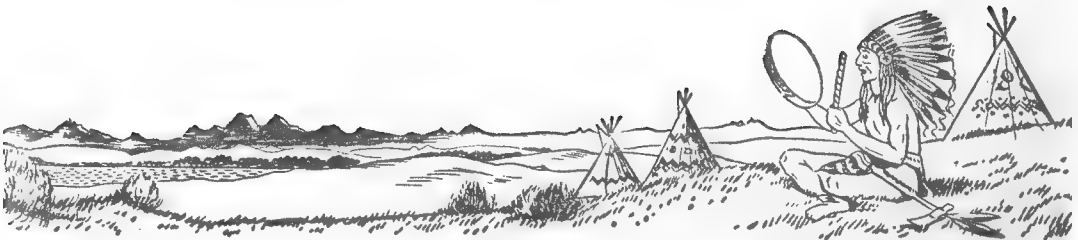


Taken 70 years ago. Symbolic heraldry painted on teepee.

In the aforementioned arrangement of the altar the "buffalo chips" represent the ancient fuel of the prairie Indians. No satisfactory explanation is available concerning the artemisia which is used extensively in the Blood ceremonial observances. The conical mound of clay is said to represent a light cloud in the sky which is symbolized in the square patch of clay on the ground. Ceremonial decoration of the face and body is supposed to protect the subject from evil. The *masse*, or turnip root, is a favourite of the Indians since they consider it good medicine. A drink is sometimes made from it by boiling it in water, while it is also used as incense by sprinkling pieces on the fire and inhaling the smoke. During the course of the ceremony a



number of songs are sung, there being a separate song for almost every incident connected with Scarface's mystical journey to the Sun Lodge. The ceremony is terminated with a last prayer by the medicine man wherein he calls upon the Sun, Moon and Morning Star to bear in mind the number of importance of the sacrifices he has personally made to them in the past. He enumerates the great religious services he has held during his lifetime and beseeches the deities for due reward by giving him wealth, health and happiness. The sacrificial feathers are lowered four times in the final song until they touch the crescent and other figures. The song ended the feathers are swept over the clay until every trace of the painting is completely obliterated, symbolizing the obliteration of the scar on the face of the legendary Scarface. Four bunches of artemisia are now placed, at equal distances apart, from the altar to the door. Taking his offering in his arms the one who has made the sacrifice stands up and, using the fire-stick to steady himself, steps from one bunch of artemisia to the other and departs. Walking past the south side of the lodge he conveys the offering to some conspicuous place where it is permanently exposed to the elements. With the exit of the host the proceedings terminate and the guests depart for their respective lodges.



CHAPTER No. 12

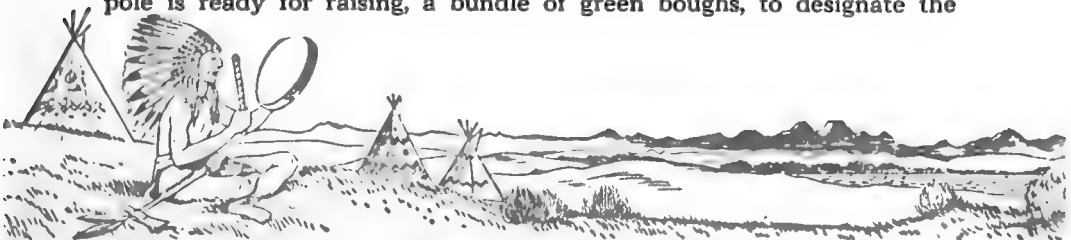
Making Braves

On the fourth day of the ceremonies, by which time the Medicine Woman has her teepee in place and the camp circle has been fully formed, the construction of the dancing lodge takes place. Nine forked trees about nine feet in height are set in a circle. Across the top are laid stringers, about fifteen feet in length, of the same material. Then follows the search for a suitable cottonwood tree to be felled and converted into the sacred centre pole, or Sun pole, of the medicine lodge. When the sun reaches the zenith there is a sudden commotion as a procession sets out for the hollows in search of this important requisite. Reaching the spot an outstanding member of the tribe lifts his axe and strikes the tree that he has selected. As the cottonwood commences to fall all hurl themselves upon it with shrill cries, shooting into the tree, tearing off the branches and waving them in the air as though they were trophies taken from a fallen enemy.



This photograph, taken 60 years ago, depicts the initial act of a sacrificial brave.

With wild whoops a score of painted and befeathered horsemen come plunging into the camp dragging behind them the cottonwood trunk denuded of all its branches. The hole for the Sun pole is dug without ceremony by relatives of the medicine woman, and when the pole is ready for raising, a bundle of green boughs, to designate the

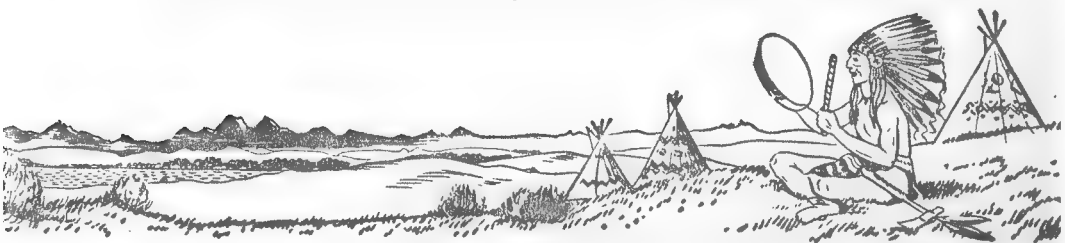


Thunder Bird's nest, are tied in the fork. As the medicine man gives the signal for the erection of the pole, pandemonium breaks loose. While a score of half-naked adherents erect a circle of willow-leaf boughs around the lodge to house the dancers, hundreds of whooping warriors come thundering into, and around, the open lodge; the bystanders adding to the din by firing off their guns, shouting, singing and shaking strings of bells and rawhide rattles.

In earlier days the Sun Dance culminated with the ceremony of making "braves", a rite long since banned by the white man's law. My old friend, the Reverend John McLean - who established the first Methodist mission on the Blood reserve, witnessed such a ceremony in the late '80's, of which he gives the following description:

"Two young men having their whole bodies painted, wearing the loincloth only, and with wreaths of leaves around their heads, ankles and wrists, stepped into the centre of the lodge. A blanket and pillow were laid on the ground and one of the young men stretched himself upon them. As he lay an old man came forward and stood over him and then in earnest speech told the people of the brave deeds, and the noble heart, of the young man. In the enumeration of his virtues and noble deeds, after each separate statement, the musicians beat applause. When the ancient orator ceased the young man arose, placed his hands upon the old man's shoulders and drew them downwards as a sign of gratitude for the favourable things said about him. He lay down and four men held him while a fifth made the incisions in his breast and back. Two places were marked on each breast, denoting the position and width of each incision. This being done, the wooden skewers being in readiness, a double-edged knife was held in the hand, the point touching the flesh; a small piece of wood was placed on the underside to receive the point of the knife when it had gone through and the flesh was drawn out the desired length for the knife to pierce. A quick pressure and the incision was made, the piece of wood removed and the skewer inserted from the underside as the knife was taken out. When the skewer was properly inserted it was beaten down with the palm of the hand of the operator that it might remain firmly in its place. This being done to each breast - and long enough to hold the lariat fastened to the top of the sacred pole - a double incision was made on the back of the left shoulder to the skewer of which was fastened an Indian drum. The work being pronounced good by the persons engaged in the operation the young man arose and one of the operators fastened the lariats, giving them two or three jerks to bring them into position.

"The young man went up to the sacred pole and, while his countenance was exceedingly pale and his frame trembling with emotion, threw his arms around it and prayed earnestly for strength to pass successfully through the trying ordeal. His prayer ended he moved backward until the flesh was fully extended and, placing a small bone



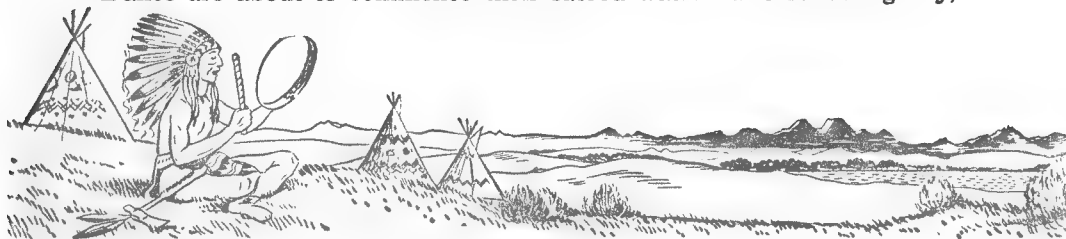
whistle in his mouth, he blew continuously upon it a series of short, sharp sounds while he threw himself backward and danced until the flesh gave way and he fell. Previous to his tearing himself free from the lariats he seized the drum with both hands and, with a sudden pull, tore the flesh on his back, dashing the drum to the ground amid the applause of the people. As he lay on the ground the operators examined his wounds, cut off the flesh that was hanging loosely, and the ceremony was at an end. In former years the head of a buffalo was fastened by a rope on the back of the person undergoing the feat of self-immolation but now a drum is used for that purpose.

"From two to five persons undergo this torture every Sun Dance. Its object is military and religious. It admits the young man into the noble band of warriors whereby he gains the esteem of his fellows and opens up the path to fortune and fame. But it is chiefly a religious rite. In time of sickness, or danger - or in starting upon some dangerous expedition - the young man prays to *Natos* for help, and promises to give himself to *Natos* if his prayers are answered. Upon his return, when the annual Sun Dance is held, he fulfills his vow, gives himself to his god and thus performs a two-fold duty. Of course, the applause of the people and the exhibition of courage are important factors in this rite but its chief feature is a religious one. Instead of being a time of feasting and pleasure the Sun Dance is a military and religious festival in connection with which there are occasions for joy, and the feast enhances the pleasure.

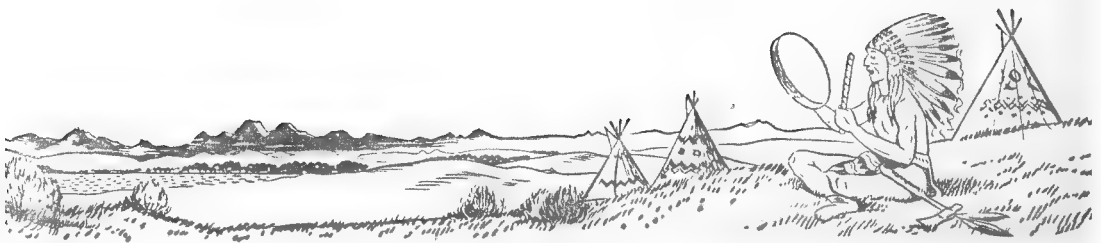
"As I stood outside the lodge," the Reverend McLean continues, "a young Indian friend of mine went to the old medicine man and presented his sacrifice to *Natos*. During the year he had gone on a horse-stealing expedition and, as is customary on such occasions, had prayed to *Natos* for protection and success, offering himself to his god if his prayers were answered. He had been successful and he now presented himself as a sacrifice. The old woman took his hand, held it toward the sun and prayed, then, laying a finger on a block of wood, she severed it with one blow from the knife and deer-horn scraper. She held the portion of finger cut off toward the Sun and dedicated that to him as the young man's sacrifice."

During my early years with the Bloods I witnessed several similar scenes. One old lady, still living, bears such evidence in the absence of a little finger. The last man on the reserve to bear the scars of lacerated breasts was my old friend of many years standing, Heavy Head, who passed away to the Sand Hills in 1951.

According to ritual, on the last night of the Medicine Lodge the Horn Society meets in solemn assembly. The Camp Crier circles the encampment announcing in sonorous tones that members of every family must remain in their tepees as the holy people of the Sun Dance are about to commence their sacred walk. The following day,



within a few hours of sunrise, the picturesque setting is reduced to the level of the prairie and the tepees are gone. The lodge of boughs with the forked centre pole alone stands like a gaunt sentinel as the Indians trek back to farms, ranches and hayfields, carrying with them the memories of this tribal assemblage, while the newly-initiated matron holds fast to the mystic symbolism of the *Okon* and the sacred root which, throughout the year, will be a source of strength and courage.



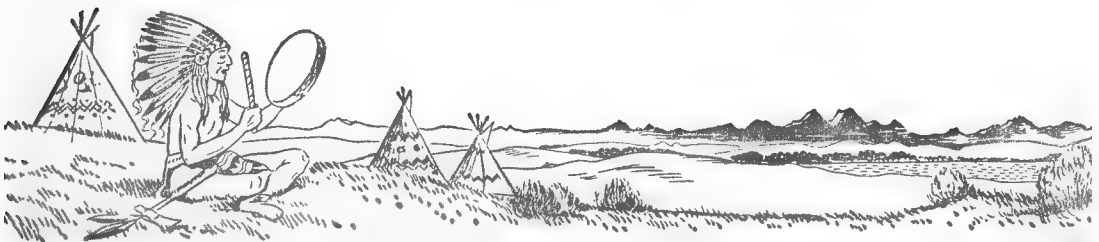
CHAPTER No. 13

Blackfeet Crafts

"In the early history of the Northwestern Plains the Blackfeet figured primarily as warriors. They were not only the most numerous and powerful Indian people of the region, but they were the most aggressive. Through a hundred years of conquest prior to the mid-nineteenth century the Blackfeet drove back their enemies until they were able to lay claim to a vast area east of the Rockies, extending from the North Saskatchewan River in Canada to the present Yellowstone Park. For a quarter of a century, in the early part of the nineteenth century, the active hostility of the Blackfeet prevented American fur traders from trapping and from developing the Indian trade in Montana east of the mountains. Until the middle 1880's the Blackfeet continued to send out raiding parties in quest of horses to the camps of enemy tribes west of the Rockies, and to those living southward and eastward on the plains. Rarely did these war parties return empty handed. Their constant aggressive action made the Blackfeet feared by all their enemies, white as well as Indian. They were the warriors par excellence of the Northwestern Plains.

"However, it is not only as men of action that the Blackfeet are worthy of our interest. They have also earned a reputation in more peaceful pursuits - as skilled artists and craftsmen. Descriptions of the Blackfeet by early fur traders and explorers tell of their love for ornamenting their native costumes and equipment with simple but colourful and attractive designs, of their painstaking care in manufacturing even the most common household objects with the most primitive of tools, and of their ingenuity in utilizing native materials in their decorative arts. Early in the historic period they learned to adapt some of the European-made materials from the traders' stores to use in their arts and crafts. Despite the alien origin of these materials, the Blackfeet employed them in a traditionally Indian manner.

"The observations of early writers are confirmed by the appearances of old objects of Blackfeet make in museum collections. Yet, if we would try to understand the significance of the decorative arts in Blackfeet life, we must not be content to see them only as static, sharply outlined, raw coloured articles in electrically lighted museum cases. We must picture them in use among the hardy, restless, mobile Indians living in the bright sunlight of the open plains. In motion in the out-of-doors the outlines seems to become less harsh. In brilliant sunshine, and against bright blue sky, the intense colours seem very appropriate.



"The arts and crafts of the Blackfeet, generally, were similar to those of neighbouring Indian tribes. Nevertheless, differences in detail gave to most of them a distinct tribal character.

PAINTING

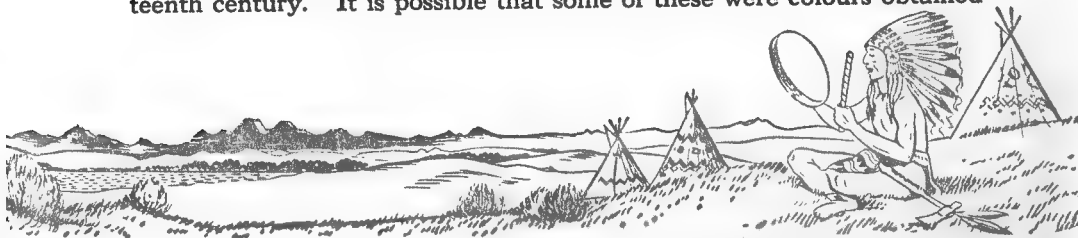
"Next to the dressing and sewing of skins, painting is probably the oldest of the major Blackfeet arts or crafts. Certainly it dates back to prehistoric times. Early traders and explorers found the Blackfeet living in painted lodges and wearing painted buffalo robes. The materials used in painting were readily obtained in the Blackfeet country.

PAINTS

"Native paints were both numerous and ingenious. They were derived from animal, vegetable and mineral sources. Earth paints were most common. The Blackfeet employed a half-dozen different reds, providing colours of several hues and intensities. Red paints were prepared from crimson coloured earth, and crushed, pale, reddish-yellow rock. A reddish-brown was obtained by baking a gray or yellowish clay over ashes until it turned red. In the spring of the year the buds of the pussy willow were picked, kept over night, and made into still another red paint. Yellow was found in the form of coloured earth especially common beside the Yellowstone River. Buffalo gall stones provided another yellow. For blue they used a duck manure from the lakes of their country where wild ducks were plentiful. It was dried in the sun and then mixed with water. Old full-bloods still are inclined to use the same colour names for both blue and green, although they readily recognize the difference between the two colours on sight and affirm their people used them both in their painting in the old days. They say green came from a coloured mud or from plants growing near lakes. Some say Blackfeet also knew how to mix native blue and yellow to make green. White paint was obtained from white earth. Lewis and Clark named the present Beaver Creek near Helena, which they passed in 1805, White Earth Creek, because they learned that the Indians were accustomed to dig white paint beside that stream. Both charcoal and black earth furnished black paint.

"Of all colours, red was most commonly used in painting by the Blackfeet. Red earth was applied liberally to the surfaces of sacred objects used in ceremonials. Blackfeet ceremonial bundles usually contain numerous sacred objects completely covered with red paint.

"The trader, Alexander Henry, listed ten different pigments employed by the Peigan division of the Blackfeet in 'painting and daubing their garments, bodies and faces' in the early years of the nineteenth century. It is possible that some of these were colours obtained



from the traders even at that early date. Certainly in more recent times commercial paints have replaced native colours to a very large extent in Blackfeet painting.

PAINTING ON SOFT SKINS

"The most remarkable and awe-inspiring of Blackfeet paintings are the larger than life size murals of animals painted on the conical outer walls of their lodge covers. The painted lodges of the Blackfeet were first mentioned by Alexander Henry, the fur trader, in 1809, who stated that both beasts and birds were represented in the paintings and that buffalo and bear were frequently delineated. Painted, canvas-covered lodges may still be seen in the circle camp at Sun Dance time. Photographs of Blackfeet lodges taken a half century ago suggest that little or no change in these figures has taken place in the last fifty years. It is possible that some of the animal figures may be represented today just as they were in Henry's time or even earlier.

The paintings on Blackfeet lodges are no mere decorations. To the Indian who is versed in the traditions of his people, each painting is as replete with religious symbolism as is a madonna in a stained glass church window to the pious Christian. For each painted lodge there is a fascinating legend of origin relating how its first human owner obtained it. Many painted lodges, according to these legends, were given to their first Blackfeet owners in dreams or visions. Such a dream was a stirring religious experience. In it the original animal owner of the lodge appeared to the sleeper and promised to give him his own painted lodge and other sacred objects which were the sources of his supernatural power. The animal instructed the man how to paint the lodge and to make up the other sacred objects associated with it. When he awoke the man proceeded to follow these instructions. Thus each painted lodge is not an entity in itself but part of a complex of religious objects belonging to its owner. The owner has certain rituals to perform and taboos to recognize as long as he is in possession of these sacred objects. When he sells his painted lodge to another an elaborate transfer ritual must be performed. Painted lodges have been and still are frequently transferred from one owner to another within or among the three Blackfeet tribes. Only the rightful owner is permitted to make use of the animal figures that belong to his lodge. No other man would dare copy them.

When a painted lodge cover became old and worn the paintings on it were transferred to a new one. This was generally in the fall of the year, just after new lodge covers were made. A man first called upon the owner of a lodge and told him of his desire to transfer the decoration to a new cover. The owner in turn called upon someone in the camp who was known to be a skilled artist and asked him to help. When all was in readiness, the new lodge cover erected and stretched into shape around the lodge poles, the painting began. The



former owner instructed the artist exactly how to mark out the animal figures on the lodge cover, and the artist proceeded to draw the outline of the forms in black earth paint, using red willowsticks for rulers and a bone paint brush. This outlining was done while the lodge was standing, and the old, worn, painted lodge, which was to be discarded stood nearby where the size and arrangements of its paintings could be referred to if need be. The outlining of the forms was the only part of lodge painting that required the services of the most able artist.

Many lodges decorated with animal paintings, and a number of others not so decorated, employ a similar composition of the upper and lower portions of the cover into two fields for geometric painting. At the bottom, a banded area two or more feet in height usually is painted red to represent the earth. Within this red area are one or two rows of unpainted disks representing fallen stars. A row of triangular or rounded projections upward from this band appears on a number of lodge covers, representing rounded hills or sharp mountain peaks. A banded area at the top of the cover, including the projecting ears, generally is painted black to represent the night sky. Two arrangements of unpainted disks within this area, one on each ear flap, represent the constellations of the Great Bear and the Peiades. A Maltese cross on the west side of this top area is said to represent the morning star, or butterfly, believed to bring powerful dreams to the lodge owner.

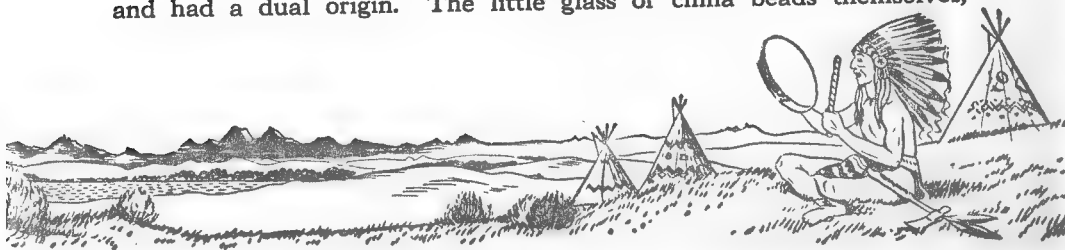
In the old days only a small proportion of the total number of lodges in a camp were painted, and some of the painted ones employed symbols of power other than animal figures. However, from the point of view of aesthetic interest, the lodges painted with animal figures are outstanding. Their great size, and their simple, primitive, decorative quality command attention and admiration. It is in the painted animal figures on lodge covers that we find the finest expression of Blackfeet religious art. Certainly they represent the highest achievements of traditional Blackfeet painting.

QUILLWORK

The Blackfeet Indians have a wonderful legend explaining how the first porcupines were given to one of their ancestors by the powerful Thunder spirit. The same legend states that Thunder taught this person how to do quillwork. This is said to have happened a very long time ago. Certainly porcupine quillwork is one of the Blackfeet decorative arts that originated before these Indians met white men. In historic times quillwork always has been women's work.

BEADWORK

Blackfeet bead embroidery originated within the historic period and had a dual origin. The little glass or china beads themselves,

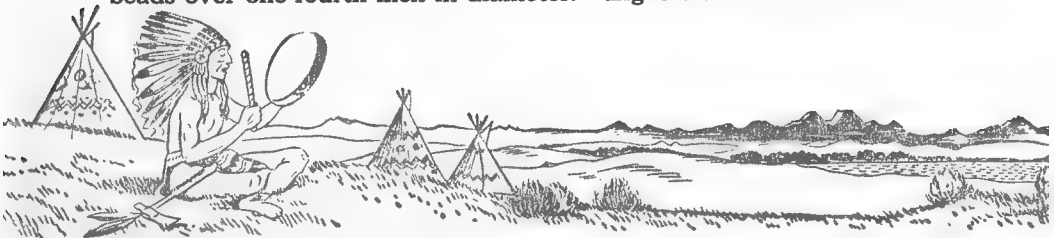


made by Venetian craftsmen in far-off Italy, were introduced by white fur traders. For ways to use these beads the native women turned to their traditional Indian craft of quillwork for inspiration. In the selection of articles and areas for decoration and in the choice of designs, Blackfeet beadworkers followed the traditions of the older craft. Like quillwork also, beadwork has been a woman's craft.

HISTORY OF BLACKFEET BEADWORK

The history of Blackfeet use of beads may be divided into three periods. The first period may be termed the Pre-embroidery or Bead Necklace Period, during which large beads were used to make necklaces, bracelets, fringe decorations and hair ornaments. Before these beads were introduced the Blackfeet probably employed native materials in much the same way. They made necklaces of fish vertebrae, roseberries, silver berries, a certain sweet-smelling root, shells, pendant bear or eagle claws, and the teeth of the buffalo, elk, or horse, strung on a buckskin cord. Early in the eighteenth century fur traders of Hudson's Bay Company and their competitors, the French from Montreal, offered beads in trade to the Indians east of the Blackfeet. A trade list for the several factories of the Hudson's Bay Company in the year 1748, lists "Large Milk Beads" valued at one beaver skin for a half pound of beads, "beads of colours," at three-fourths of a pound for a beaver skin, and "beads of all sorts," at one pound of beads for two beaver skins. A few of these trade beads may have reached the Blackfeet indirectly through trade with the Indians east of them.

By the 1780's however, white traders were in direct contact with the Blackfeet and were able to offer them beads in trade. These early trade beads vary in size, colour and shape. Most of them were over one-fourth inch in diameter. Many were considerably larger than that. Some were monochrome, while the surfaces of others were covered with patterns of various colours. Indians learned to introduce a few of the new trade beads at intervals on their necklaces of claws, teeth or other native materials. By 1833, these necklace beads were still expensive. Maximilian said the Blackfeet bought them from the American Fur Company in that year for the equivalent of three or four dollars a pound, and that they were highly regarded by the Indian women. Embroidering beads by that time were in use among the Blackfeet, but they were not intended to replace the larger necklace beads. The latter are still worn by some of the older Indians. Elderly Indians say that in their youth a large blue bead with a raised pattern of meandering lines and flower buds in white and red was considered a very old type of necklace beads. These "Skunk beads", as they called them, were then rare. A necklace of them was worth a good horse and a robe. "Crow beads" were a more common type of necklace bead, they say. These are irregular, monochrome, china beads over one-fourth inch in diameter. Light blue "Crow beads" were

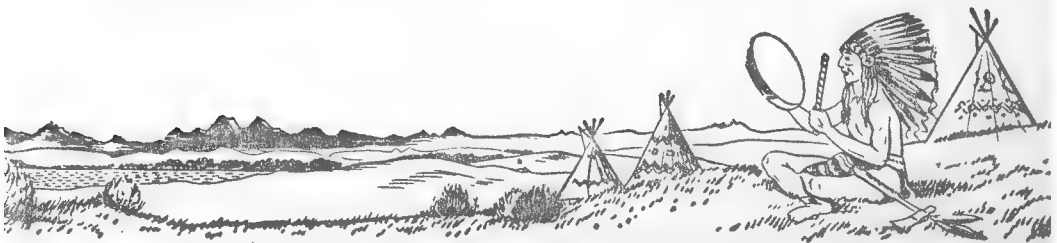


most popular, although they were available in medium blue, pale green, light red and black as well. Large brass beads, which the Indians termed "iron beads", were also popular. A smaller bead, three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, transparent red on the outside with a lining of opaque white, was used primarily for children's necklaces. Older Indians call these "under white beads".

The second period opened with the first use of embroidering beads among the Blackfeet. It may be termed the Real Bead Period, for the Blackfeet called the bead type characteristic of this period "real bead". Real beads were considerably smaller than the majority of necklace beads, but larger than the seed beads used in Blackfeet embroidery in more recent times. The beads are irregularly shaped, about one-eighth inch in diameter, made of china. They are monochrome. The colour range includes light blue, dark blue, dark red, deep yellow, white and black. The blue and white beads seem to have been most favoured by the Blackfeet. These beads were sold by the bunch or hank. Each hank consisted of ten strings, all about eight inches long. About the year 1870, eight hanks of different coloured "real beads" were worth a good robe. In earlier times they were probably much more expensive.

Maximilian in 1833, was the first writer to mention Blackfeet bead embroidery. He noted their preference for sky-blue and white beads in the decoration of women's dresses and men's suits. Alexander Henry, in his detailed description of Blackfeet clothing two decades earlier, made no mention of the use of beads in its decoration. It is probable that very few embroidering beads were used by the Blackfeet before the American Fur Company opened its trade with them in 1831. "Real" beads were most commonly applied in narrow bands to articles of costume, women's dresses, men's shirts, leggings, and mocasins. The older technique of quillwork was never replaced by beadwork throughout the "real bead" period, save possibly for the decoration of women's dresses. Rather the two crafts existed side by side. Some costumes were decorated with beads, some with quills. The areas of decoration and the designs were much the same in both techniques.

The real bead period came to a close with the adoption of smaller sized seed beads by the Blackfeet about 1875. A few Blackfeet women married to white men may have begun to use the smaller beads by 1870. Seed beads seem to have been employed by the younger women in the 1870's, while some of the older, more conservative women continued to use the older "real beads" in the 1880's. Women's dresses continued to be decorated with "real beads" until near the end of the century. Thus the change from "real beads" to seed beads was gradual. We may date the Seed Bead Period from the year 1875, by which time seed beads were in fairly common use among Blackfeet beadworkers.



Seed beads are made of glass or china. They were supplied by traders in a number of sizes, all of them quite small. The largest are about one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter, about half the size of "real beads". The older seed beads were generally irregular in size and outline, and opaque. More recent ones are even, and some of them translucent. Beadworkers had a choice of a wide range of colours and hues in seed beads. For a brief period of a little more than a decade, following the opening of traders' stores in the new town of Browning in 1896, a large, transparent bead, three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter and either three-sixteenths or one-half of an inch in length, known as the basket bead, was very popular with the Montana Blackfeet. It was commonly used in the decoration of women's dresses made during that period. However, its popularity waned almost as quickly as it had grown. The little seed bead is still favoured by modern Blackfeet women in their bead embroidery.

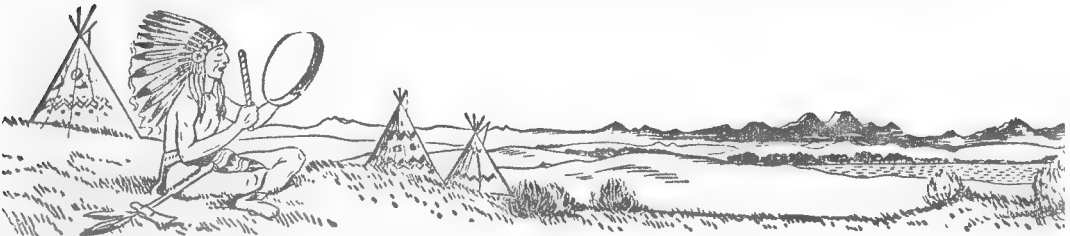
The last quarter of the nineteenth century witnessed a florescence of Blackfeet beadwork and a decadence of quillwork. Most of the articles of soft skin or cloth used by these Indians were decorated with beadwork. Beadwork was applied liberally to dress clothing (men's shirts, leggings and breech cloths, women's dresses and leggings; moccasins, blanket bands, and feather bonnet headbands); to many kinds of containers (awl cases, gun cases, quivers, and tobacco, paint, toilet and shot pouches); to horse equipment (women's saddles and pad saddles; saddle bags, martingales and cruppers); to cradles, to the cloth edges of willow back rests, and to a variety of religious paraphernalia. Many specimens of traditional Blackfeet beadwork made during this period are preserved in museum collections.

THE DECORATION OF MOCCASINS

The pattern of Blackfeet moccasin construction underwent a change in the nineteenth century. Older Indians refer to the earlier one-piece, soft-soled moccasin as "real moccasin". It survived to the end of buffalo days as the typical, hair-lined winter moccasin. The typical Blackfeet moccasin of today is said to have come into use among them in the early or middle nineteenth century. It is of two pieces - a hard rawhide sole, and a soft upper skin. The upper is decorated before it is sewn with sinew to the rawhide sole.

DECORATION OF WOMEN'S DRESSES

It is probable that the Blackfeet woman's dress style was also changed during the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Before that time the characteristic woman's dress may have been simply a long slip fastened by bands over the shoulders, with separate sleeves tied together at the neck in cold weather. There is considerable evidence that this was the characteristic dress of the tribes to the east of the Blackfeet on the Northern Plains as far south as the Mandan



Villages before 1800. However, the typical Blackfeet woman's dress in Maximilian's time (1833) and since, has been fashioned with a cape pieced to the body of the dress, extending over the shoulders and upper arms, fitting rather close to the neck. In pattern everyday dresses and those worn for special occasions were the same, but the latter were elaborately decorated, whereas those used for rough wear were not. Maximilian observed that the best dresses of the women were ornamented with "dyed porcupine quills and thin leather strips, with broad diversified stripes of sky-blue and white glass beads".

DECORATION OF MEN'S SUITS

Men who had taken scalps or killed enemies in war were privileged to wear hair lock fringes and horizontal painted stripes on their shirts and leggings.

A man's dress suit was a precious possession. Great care went into its manufacture and decoration. It is said that the fastest Peigan beadwork, in the late years of the use of "real beads", required nearly three weeks to complete a man's shirt, leggings and moccasins. In the more recent seed bead period women have been known to work for months on a suit. Such a suit was worn only in ceremonials or on other special occasions, and was carefully preserved so that the owner might be buried in it.

DECORATION OF ROBES AND BLANKETS

Some buffalo robes, worn by wealthy men or women on dress occasions, were decorated with porcupine quills in narrow, parallel bands running the long dimension of the hide, about a foot apart. There was generally a block of red quills in the centre of each line flanked by sections of quillwork in other colours. A robe of this kind also had a triangle of quillwork about eight inches high, pointing inward from each of the hind leg areas of the hide. This robe known simply as "quilled robe". It was valued at more than two horses.

Bands of quillwork or beadwork formerly were placed along the centre of buffalo robes or blankets. These bands generally were divided at intervals in their length by rosettes.

DECORATION OF CONTAINERS

Many soft skin containers made in the last 75 years by the Blackfeet have been decorated with beadwork. It is not known to what extent quillwork was formerly used on these articles. In the decoration of small containers such as awl cases and paint pouches the beaded designs are composed generally of stripes, elaborated by transverse bars. The typical Blackfeet pipe and tobacco pouch was formerly decorated with geometric designs. Those made in late buffalo days



generally employed mountain designs and stripes in the pattern of the nearly square beaded area immediately above the fringe. Later flowered patterns were extensively employed on these soft skin pouches.

SYMBOLISM

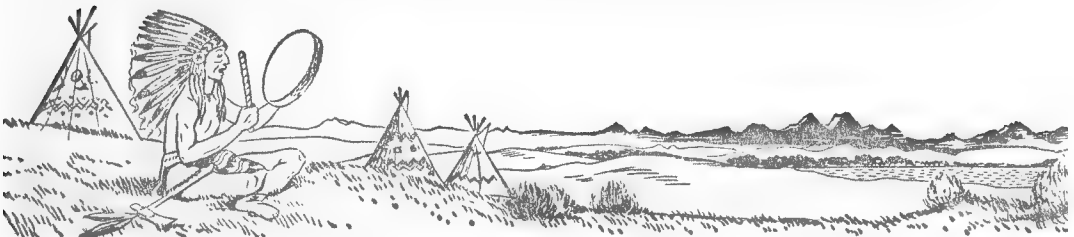
Many white people believe that every Indian design is endowed with some symbolic meaning to the Indian. In reality most Blackfeet designs in painting, quillwork and beadwork and purely abstract, decorative forms as devoid of meaning as the pattern on the average white man's necktie or on his wife's dress. The Indian names for most of the common Blackfeet designs are descriptive rather than symbolic. Even in the case of the "mountain design" it is most probable that the name was given as an easy means of identification after the design form was developed. There is little likelihood that the design was devised to represent a mountain. It is only in the religious painting of the Blackfeet, that a high degree of symbolism is present. It is most complex in the decoration of Blackfeet painted lodges.

SOME MINOR CRAFTS

The Blackfeet practised a number of traditional crafts in which they made use of basic materials other than animal skins. These were specialized crafts, unrelated to one another or to the four major crafts that have been described. We may speak of them as the minor crafts. Five of the most common of these crafts in the old days were the manufacture of pottery, tobacco pipes, horn spoons, wooden bowls, and feather bonnets. They reveal the degree of ingenuity and skill of Blackfeet craftsmen in shaping native materials other than skins into useful articles.

POTTERY MAKING

No specimen of genuine Blackfeet pottery is known to exist. Nevertheless, there is a considerable body of traditional evidence to indicate that these people formerly made crude earthen cooking pots. Each one was encased in a laced rawhide container and secured on top of a horse's pack for protection when travelling. The vessels were fragile and were replaced by unbreakable metal trade kettles at an early date. Very little Blackfeet pottery has been made for more than a century. Although no Blackfeet now living has observed the process firsthand, several of the older Indians have heard descriptions of the methods employed from members of their tribes who were old people fifty or more years ago. According to those descriptions the vessels usually were made of wet, sticky clay tempered with sand or pulverized rock. They were either shaped with the hands or molded inside or around a stiff rawhide mold. Then they were dried in the sun, rubbed all over with fat and hardened beside or over a fire. The cooking vessel was cylindrical in shape, flat bottomed, with two holes



on opposite sides near the rim for the attachment of a rawhide or sinew handle. The vessel was probably suspended over the fire from a tripod by means of a long wooden hook supporting the handle. The cooking vessel probably had a capacity of at least two gallons. There is some evidence that a flat pottery serving dish, and a straight sided ceremonial serving beaker was also made. Women were generally the potters among the Blackfeet, although the ceremonial vessel was said to have been fashioned by a man. Blackfeet pottery was heavy, thick, undecorated, and certainly very crude in comparison with that made by the Mandan and neighbouring village tribes on the Missouri.

TOBACCO PIPE MAKING

The typical Blackfeet tobacco pipe in the days before they obtained metal tools is believed to have been a hollow tube of clay or stone in one end of which a short, straight wooden stem was inserted. However, since the early years of the nineteenth century a more elaborate form of stone pipe has been made with the aid of metal tools. It is known as the "real pipe". The stone most commonly used was a grayish, calcareous shale quarried from several sites beside the eastward flowing rivers of the Blackfeet country. The Peigans claim that the site longest used by their people is a cliff overlooking the Two Medicine River, about two miles above its junction with Badger Creek, on their Montana reservation. They refer to the site as Pipestone Cliff.

In making a pipe a block of stone about three or four inches square and an inch and a half thick was selected. On one flat side the desired outline of the pipe was marked out with a sharp piece of metal (more recently with a pencil), and the desired location of the bowl and stem holes also were marked. Then these holes were drilled. In the old days the drilling was begun with a metal tool about six inches long and as thick as a lead pencil. The working end was flattened and shaped much like a sharp edged screwdriver. The holes were drilled by turning this tool back and forth by hand. The inside of the bowl was then enlarged with a second metal tool similar to the drill except that the working end was rounded and expanded. After the holes were completed the outside was shaped with a file or a more primitive tool of hoop iron with holes punched in it to make a simple rasp. The surface was finished with a knife and smoothed with a piece of sand rock. When the drilling and shaping was completed the pipe was in the form of a large acorn resting on a heavy, blocky base. This form is commonly termed Modified Micmac, since it is a variation of the form of pipe common in the east among the Micmac of Nova Scotia and neighbouring tribes. It is possible that this kind of pipe may have been suggested to the Blackfeet by pipes used by Iroquois or other eastern Indians employed by whites in the early fur trade of the Blackfeet country.



After the Blackfeet "real pipe" was shaped, the next step was to blacken its grayish exterior. A fire of green buck-brush (*Symphoricarpos*) was built. A stick was fitted into the stem hole, by which the pipe was held in the smoke of the fire, and turned until it was thoroughly blackened all over. Either before or after it was placed over the fire the surface of the pipe was greased with animal fat. After blackening, it was allowed to cool, then it was polished vigorously with a piece of skin or rag. The finished pipe was a lustrous, shiny black.

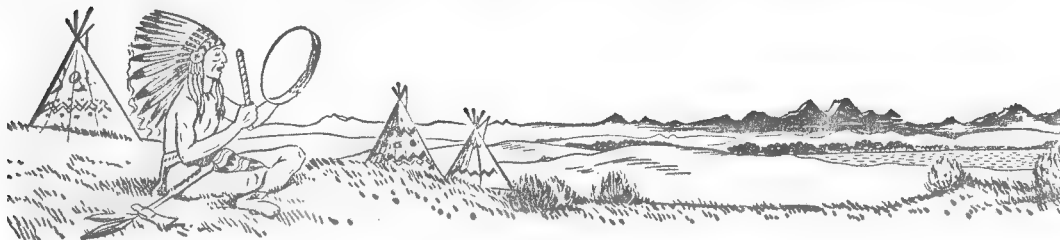
It is said that before the Blackfeet had iron tools they made short pipestems of rosewood by cutting a dry branch lengthwise with a stone knife, digging out the pith with the knife, fitting the two sections together again, glueing them, binding the stem at intervals with sinew, and finally glueing the sinew in place. In more recent times long stems of willow or preferably ash have been used. A piece was cut and allowed to dry partially in the sun. Then it was heated over the fire and bent perfectly straight. The worker took a piece of wire about a yard long that had been heated red hot in the fire. He said a little prayer that the wire might pass straight through the centre of the stem, and not burn out the side. Then he made three passes at the end of the stem with the wire, the fourth time he started the wire on its way to burn out the pith and make the stem hole. If the wire burned out the side and ruined the stem, it was considered very bad luck for the maker. After the stem hole was burned out, the exterior of the stem was sanded smooth with a piece of sand rock.

Pipe making was a specialized craft, in which a few skillful workers excelled. Most men did not attempt to make pipes but purchased them from one of the well known pipe makers. A finely carved, evenly blackened pipe was worth a good horse. The pipe makers also fashioned smaller bowls for women's use. These were either miniatures of the "real pipes" smoked by men, or shaped in a simple L form.

Pipe making is one of the traditional minor crafts that is still carried on by a number of men. Modern pipe makers now drill holes with a carpenter's drill set in a brace and bit, employ a hacksaw to cut away much of the stone and to save time and labour in shaping the block, and use sandpaper to smooth the surface. Otherwise the process has changed very little over the years. The pipes are used by the Blackfeet themselves in ceremonial smoking and by some Indians for pleasure smoking. They are sold also to interested whites.

WOODEN BOWL MAKING

The Blackfeet formerly used wooden bowls of their own manufacture for serving and eating food. "Wooden dishes of different dimensions are made of aspen or poplar knots," wrote Alexander Henry of the Peigan in the first decade of the nineteenth century. Older Indians have stated that a woman who wished to make a bowl first



located a large burl on an ash or cottonwood tree, cut it off with an axe and carried it back to camp. She began to hollow it out with an axe and finished the inside by carefully removing little chips from the surface with her metal-bladed skin scraping tool. Some workers were satisfied to allow the chipping to show in the finished bowl. Others went over the interior with a sand rock to smooth the surface. The bark was removed from the outside with a knife, and that side also was chipped with the skin scraper by some workers. After the bowl was permitted to dry out in the sun, the entire surface was greased with animal fat. Later the surface was polished to bring out the grain of the wood.

Bowls of ash were preferred because of their beautiful grain pattern. Smaller knots were made into cups.

Some wooden bowls are still used in ceremonies, especially in the ritual of the medicine pipe. However, these are generally bowls of white manufacture that have been turned on a lathe.

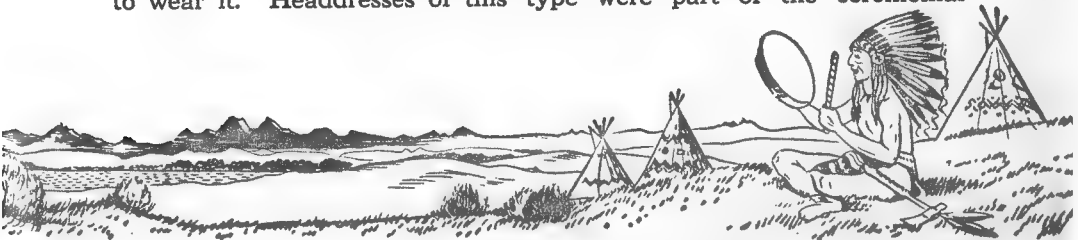
MAKING HORN SPOONS

Cups, dishes, ladles and excellent spoons were made by Blackfeet men and women from the horns of the buffalo or the big-horn sheep. David Thompson, the earliest trader to describe the Peigan, stated that in the 1780's, small parties were accustomed to travel to the mountain valleys in the fall "to hunt the Big Horn Deer as their horns make fine large bowls and are easily cleaned."

To make a horn spoon, a horn of a buffalo or bighorn was thrown into a fire to dry out the gluey matter. Then it was taken out and, as soon as it was cool enough to handle, it was trimmed with a knife to the desired size and outline of the article for which it was intended. Next the horn was softened in boiling water to make it pliable. A stone of the desired shape was inserted in the bowl, and the handle was bent at the proper angle or arc and weighted down with rocks. The whole spoon was wrapped in skin or cloth until cool. Then the weights were removed, and the properly shaped, rigid spoon was nearly finished. All that remained to be done was to smooth the surface with a sand rock, grease it all over and polish it with the hand until it shone.

FEATHER BONNET MAKING

The old style feather bonnet of the Blackfeet has a crown of vertical feathers, in contrast with the Dakota type of feather bonnet in which the feathers point upward and backward from the wearer's head. The traditional Blackfeet type is known as the "straight-up bonnet." In former times only acknowledged leaders were privileged to wear it. Headdresses of this type were part of the ceremonial

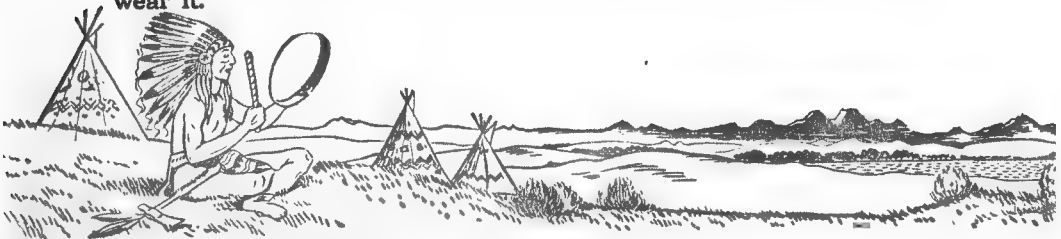


paraphernalia of a society of older men known as the Bulls. Other "straight-up bonnets" were known to have had their origin in the dreams of powerful men who therein received instructions to make them. They were worn in ceremonies, on dress occasions, and in war. It took a very brave man to go into battle in a "straight-up bonnet," for his conspicuous headdress made him a marked man, a desirable target for enemy fire.

In making the typical "straight-up bonnet" a piece of thin rawhide was used for the base of the headband, cut into a length equal to that of the wearer's shoulders, and several inches wide. The piece of rawhide was folded on the long dimension. At evenly spaced intervals holes were cut in the rawhide along the fold for the insertion of the feathers. The feathers were cleverly attached to the headband so that the method of attachment was concealed from view after the bonnet was finished. Each feather was inserted in a hole in the fold of rawhide, and a small willow pin, grooved in the middle, was wedged tightly into the hollow end of the feather for nearly half the length of the pin. The pin was attached to the inner fold of rawhide (the fold that would be nearest the wearer's head) by means of a buckskin cord passed around the groove in the pin, through the rawhide and tied on the other side of the rawhide strip. A second method of attaching feathers to the headband, sometimes preferred, was to cut away about half of the end of the feather, bending the remaining portion back and tucking the end of it into the hollow of the feather. The feather was tied to the headband through the loop thus formed.

After the feathers were secured, the outer surface of the folded rawhide was covered with red flannel and the inner surface (next to the head) with white cloth. The two pieces of material were then sewn together. The band was tied together around the head by two buckskin strings at the back, each string passing through a hole in each end of the band. The headband was decorated with small brass disks sewed to the flannel. The tail feathers of the golden eagle, white with black tips, were preferred for this bonnet and from 18 to 30 were used. Most bonnets were further decorated with porcupine quill-wrapped pieces of thin rawhide sewed to the ribs of the feathers, with short plumes at the bases of the feathers, and with strips of white weasel skin attached to the headband.

Very few "straight-up bonnets" are now worn. About the year 1895 the Sioux type of bonnet was introduced among the Blackfeet. It has become so popular as to replace the traditional Blackfeet style almost entirely. Elderly Indians say that one important reason why the "straight-up bonnet" rarely is seen today is because it is considered a very sacred thing, and very few people have the right to wear it, whereas the Sioux type of flowing feather bonnet has no such religious meaning to the Blackfeet. It is just a picturesque hat. Anybody can wear it.



CHAPTER No. 14

Chief Mountain

*"No mountain of Olympus, framed to be the habitation
of the immortal gods, can be more beautiful."*

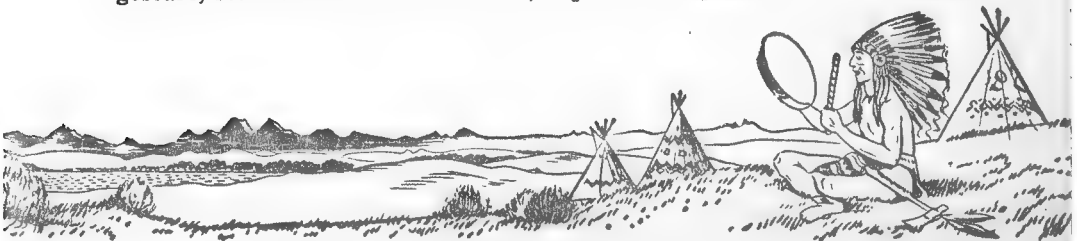
I first saw Chief Mountain in the spring of 1905. During the autumn of that year, I was camping with a group of Peigan Indians in the Porcupine Hills. The hunt had been successful, as game and birds were there aplenty.

Seated under the pines at noon, and looking southward, the hoary and famous summit of Chief Mountain was clearly visible. We were all comfortably tired after the morning shoot. The ceremonial pipe had been passed around its ritual circle. Big Bull turned to me, and said, "*Manikopi kitsenspi pekani kimatsinan niteitapi otsinishkosinm.*" (Young man, you are one of us, yet you have no Indian name.) Pointing to the south, he said: "Away in the distance you see Chief Mountain. It is famous in our history. Few have climbed it; yet those who attained the summit returned with strong medicine. We now give you the ancient and honoured name of "*Ninaistoko*" - (Chief Mountain) by which all the Indians will know you."

As "*Ninaistoko*" I went to the Bloods in 1909. Several months after my arrival, they asked that I accept the name of "Running Rabbit," as a group had seen me catch a "Cotton Tail" while on the run. Owing to my cordial affiliations with the Peigans, I reluctantly declined their kind offer. Years later, in 1940, to be exact, after having spent thirty years with the Bloods, I was made an Honorary Chief of the Blood Tribe during the ceremonies of the Diamond Jubilee of St. Paul's School, and was again honoured to receive as their choice, the well known name of "Chief Mountain."

Covering a period of forty-five years, I have been known throughout the whole Blackfoot Confederacy as "Chief Mountain." With a sense of pride, yet tinged with humility, during all these years I have endeavoured to emulate the ideals and aspirations of Indian tradition of so noble a mountain. It is very significant that in the year 1919, when H.R.H. the Prince of Wales paid his first visit to Canada, he was initiated as an Honorary Chief of the Bloods by two of my old parishoners - *Potaina* (Joe Healy) and *Mountain Horse* - and given the name of "Chief Mountain."

In the southern Rockies, Chief Mountain is the monarch of all it surveys. It has been named and re-named through a long course of history by explorers, adventurers and trappers. Fables of incipient gesture, stories of historic romance, exploits of alpinists, have all added



their concourse of conjecture to its fame and notoriety. Yet cold, austere, primordial and sacroscant, it holds adventure for the adventurer, height to the climber, and satisfaction to the mountaineer. It is one of the best known landmarks in the park.

Situated five miles south of the International Boundary Line, it stands far out to the east of the main chain, appearing to rise from the plains very abruptly. In addition to harbouring the secret of a lost gold mine, there is woven around this Chief Mountain, more wealth of Blackfoot Indian legend and mysticism than is associated with any other mountain in what was formerly their exclusive hunting grounds. Locked in the bosom of this old mountain is the secret of fabulous wealth; of wild adventure and bloody encounter in a day when the bow and arrow constituted, for the most part, the arms of the original western Indians, and when white men, cast only in heroic mould, dared to venture into the fastnesses of that vast region which has recently been created as an International Peace Park, and which has become a popular playground for the world sightseers.

Ever since I first saw the hoary, rectangular structure of rocks piercing the southern skyline, I vowed a mental covenant to make it mine by knowing it, climbing it, and planting my feet upon its proud summit. Through the years I have scaled almost every high peak within the Peace Park area, traversed over its numerous glaciers, camped beneath cascading Falls, and slept under pines in the moonlight, on a dozen of historic passes.

If you need a thrill, travel Ahern Pass; if you desire peace and solitude, pitch your tent under Shepherd Glacier. If you appreciate Arctic conditions, make perilous Blackfoot Glacier your habitat, and then continue adventure to the precincts of Sperry Glacier. Heaven's Peak and Bowman Lake give a tinge to an age of romance. You will be well rewarded by taking a glimpse at Gunsight Pass, and your attention will be rivetted by the beauteous fascination of the shimmering lake at its base.

I was privileged to spend an unforgettable night in Gunsight chalet during the summer of 1914. (A mountain slide has since wiped this rendezvous of beauty off the map.) The evening darkened slowly; an elusive remote stillness pervaded the valley, and a point of orange flickered from the camp fire as several tourists gathered around. Gradually, softly and motionless the melody of song was heard. Quite unconsciously, by accident and not design, renowned singers were squatting, humming and singing the old folk songs of bygone days. A sense of holiness permeated the stillness, and true companionship wedded each to the other. Meanwhile, the stars curved in a great dome over the mountain side; nearby rock walls glinted grayly through the snow slopes, where they became lost in the hovering darkness.



With a sense of gratitude and gentle relaxation, the songsters gave evidence of trained voices. Unconsciously, we realised that guardian angels had been our guests.

The hidden mysteries of "Saw-tooth" - which forty years ago had five fingers, and now has a bare thumb to retain its name, were revealed when we made the ascent in 1921.

The intervening years took us through the limits of Hell Roaring Canyon - Mt. Citadel - Grinell - Crandell - Cameronia - Goathaunt Ice Berg Lake - Kintla - Swift Current Pass - Sleeping Indian, and many more peaks.

Throughout these regions, we found empty, bare plateaux; a wilderness of unscaled rocks - sombre crags and glittering snows - tumbled debris, shallow troughs, serrated ridges; and lakes innumerable, carpeted with a hidden sanctuary of floral garlands. The crunch of pebbles, climbing high boulders - the abysmal void of a thousand foot precipice - the undulating, twisting stretches and glistening ice - the gray gleam of battlements above, oftentimes frozen, always slippery; while glaciers and peaks gleamed with iridescent splendour, giving zest and glamour for further exploration whenever possible.

At long last, in August, 1939, my cherished ambition to climb Chief Mountain was consummated. The annual Summer School of St. Paul's Church was being held in the valley adjacent to the noted peak. One moonlit evening, when seated around the camp fire, tales and legends of Chief Mountain became a point of discussion. I related the story of the hazardous climb of Henry L. Stimson in May, 1894. This was eclipsed by stories of Indian chiefs who had attained the summit and spent four days and nights thereon in vigil, fast and meditation. All was conjecture and fantasy. Why not climb the mountain and ascertain for ourselves the secrets and mysteries of this hoary structure and ancient pile of rocks? We accordingly planned to make the ascent the following morning.

At sunrise, a party of six - three whites and three Blood Indians - approached its western base. It was easy going through timber and over rocks. By noon the shoulder of the summit had been attained, and several members of the party were "all in," and physically unable to proceed to a higher altitude. Two of the group, however, were made of sterner stuff, Joe B. Shields, a Chief of the Bloods, and I, determined to capture the summit.

From a standpoint of geology, Chief Mountain is unique. There is no peak in the Southern Rockies with which it bears close affinity. The peak is a stranger, obtruding itself in a strange land. The summit of Mount Cleveland is true to its base. A solid, natural, rock formation of igneous origin, bared through the course of centuries, covers a flat, smooth territory of several hundred feet. Sofa Mountain has a



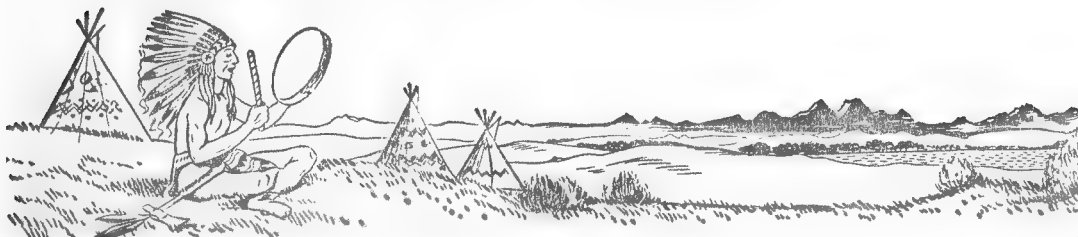
peak somewhat resembling a child's disordered playground; immense rocks are piled high, obscuring the skyline. Goathaunt forms a miniature path on which only skilled climbers may take a chance. The summit of Chief Mountain consists of a series of serrated pinnacles.

Following a decline to the northeast, we clambered over a narrow promontory, which took us to a snow filled depression. "Snow in August," said Joe, "reminds one of Christmas." Gully and chimneys, elemental with an eerie stillness lay ahead. Gazing at the square-topped peak from a vantage point in the southwest, the picture "Ruins of Pompeii" wrought a mental comparison. Huge blue gray fingers of rocks, rising vertically, blocked our upward march. Square jagged crests, with incredibly deep yawning precipices, fortified an approach with danger. Away to the east was an unbroken expanse of tumbled rock, jutting upwards and tapering into a tower-like rampart. Over this we wended our way. The summit was now attainable. One formidable obstacle, however, barred our immediate approach. A vertical shaft, somewhat akin to "Cleopatra's Needle" had to be scaled. We reconnoitered a protruding buttress along the curving flange of a cretaceous ridge. A short pitch of precipice, clinging to the mountain side, extended in an unbroken footway to the top and ended in a broad jutting platform of rock above. We forged ahead and at last, with Chief Mountain under our feet, and miles of blue sky overhead, we were happy. Just two lone individuals; one white man - one, chief of the Indians of the Plains.

A dream! A vision! A passing apparition of the night! A mere vaporous figment, conceived in the year 1905, had now in 1939 (after a thirty-four years' interlude) become a stern reality! Chief Mountain of the Blackfoot Confederacy, in person, was standing on the summit of Chief Mountain - 10,004 feet above sea level - a huge mass of gray, drab, antiquated, yet famous and legendary rocks.

An aurora of sanctity permeated the rarity of the atmosphere. Members of the party were resting far below. Two adventurous souls were enjoying the elation of accomplishment. A blazing sunlight flooded the vast panorama of distance. The mountain surrounded us; the hot sun was overhead. To the northeast we turned our eyes, looking over a featureless and boundless space, searching for the tents of a Summer School somewhere in the valley below. By a pre-arranged signal, on reaching the summit "Joe" was to communicate with the members under canvas. It was an awe inspiring moment, when with the aid of a small mirror, and deft Indian manipulation, flashed greetings were given and reciprocated from our stand on the summit.

There on the top of the world, amidst grandeur and sheer isolation, utter loneliness of stark primeval chaos - "far from the madding crowd" - the ancient Indian tradition was again sustained by mutual spiritual exhortation and visions of a rarified devotion.



"Chief Mountain" had long ago, and now has, become a veritable "Mount of Transfiguration."

The descent was easy; just a matter of going straight down. At the base, a late afternoon tea was served, where congratulations and regrets were mutually accorded.

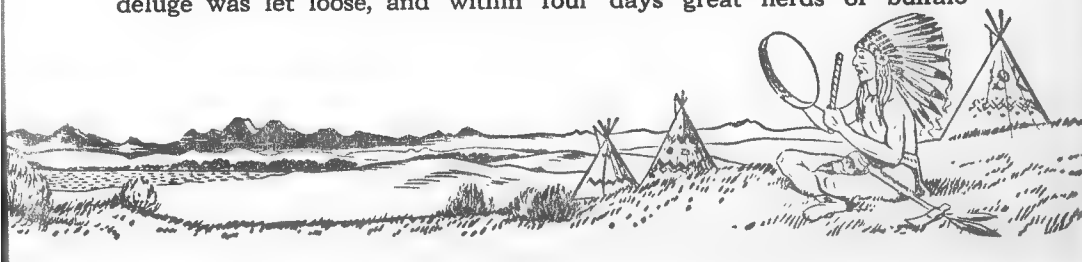
Chief Little Dog, a chief of the Bloods, probably the most renowned authority of his tribal myths and legends, related to me some years ago the follow version concerning the origin of "Chief Mountain."

"Long years ago, when only Redmen and buffalo roamed these western plains, the Indians were camped on the Two Medicine River and were faced with starvation. The buffalo had vanished, and the only food they had was vegetable roots and small game. They appealed to their Sun priests for assistance. These Medicine Men prayed to the Great Spirit to send relief to the starving Indians. One night a member of the *Motokyiks* (Holy Women) had a dream. She dreamed that a spirit came to her. He had been sent by the Great Spirit. The Spirit told her that the Indians must make a Sun Dance before any help would be given. Next morning she told her husband of the dream, and he then informed all the medicine men. The Sun priests had no buffalo tongues with which to prepare the Sun Dance ceremony, so they knew not what to do. Yet they decided to hold the Sun Dance. The ritual and ceremonies were hurriedly prepared, as the people were starving. But no relief came, and the pangs of starvation became intensified.

"The Sun lodge maker experienced another dream, when the same spirit appeared to her again, and told her to prepare another Sun Dance more carefully, and perform all the necessary ceremonials. She informed her husband of this version, and he then passed the word around the camp.

Again the Sun Dance was held, and shortly afterwards the same spirit appeared one night to the husband. He told him that he must take the best braves of the tribe and climb the big, square-topped mountain off in the distance, and there he would be shown his duty. He thereupon chose the best warriors, and went to the top of the mountain where he prayed all night, while the braves kept watch. Toward morning there appeared before him the same familiar spirit who, with arms outstretched, pointed eastward towards the Cypress Hills.

"The spirit told him to move the whole tribe to these hills, and he would send a great rain which would drive the buffalo to their camp. The message was quickly relayed. Soon all the Indians were hastening towards the Cypress Hills. Then the rain began to fall as though a deluge was let loose, and within four days great herds of buffalo



appeared on the horizon. The Indians were thus enabled to get all the meat and buffalo robes they needed. They were then happy and satisfied.

"Yet another Sun Dance was held wherein the combined rituals of the *Motokyiks* (Holy Women), the sacred symbols and ceremonies peculiar and known only to members of the *Okskinaiyiks* (The Horn Society) were performed with elaborate ceremony. Since that time, the mountain has been known by all the tribes as Chief Mountain.

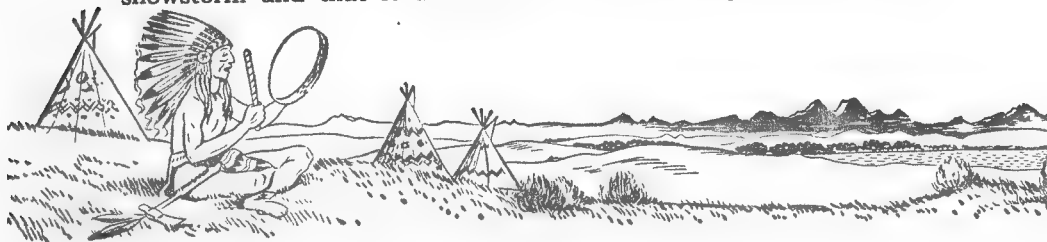
Another version. "Long, long ago, there was of the Blackfeet a young man who was known for his bravery in war. He was made a chief, and later fell in love with a girl of the tribe and married her. They were greatly in love with each other, and she was his only wife. Soon the Blackfeet and the Crows were engaged in bitter conflict. In battle the Crows were successful. Early morning the Blackfeet left for battle, the bride was very sad and desired to accompany her brave, but was forbidden that privilege. When the warriors returned to the camp near the base of Chief Mountain, they carried the body of their leader who had been killed in the thickest of the fighting.

"When the bride learned of his death, she became crazed with grief, or as the Blackfeet said 'touched by the Great Spirit.' She wandered everywhere looking for her husband, calling his name. The people watched over her, but one day she slipped away with her baby and was far up the side of Chief Mountain before anyone saw her. Runners were sent out, but she was too fleet of foot and gained the top, where she signalled to those below in sign language that she had found her husband, and that they should not follow. She then threw the baby far from her out over the precipitous cliff that forms the face of the mountain. As the tiny form hurtled downward to the cruel rocks, the mother leaped to her death hundreds of feet below.

"The tragedy was witnessed by almost the entire band from their camp below, and now the women, wailing and singing a tribal death dirge, climbed to the point where the battered bodies of the mother and the little boy lay, and carried them to a beautiful point on the side of the mountain, where they buried them after the Indian custom. The body of the chief was also brought and placed beside them." The mountain was called from that time *Nin-nai-stoko* - Chief Mountain.

THE THUNDER BIRD OF CHIEF MOUNTAIN

The Bloods held Chief Mountain in superstitious awe because they believed that a great cavern near its summit was the home of the Thunder Bird, which caused the thunder and lightning. The Blackfeet have a legend that the Thunder Bird was overcome by a snowstorm and that it descended into their camp. It was taken to



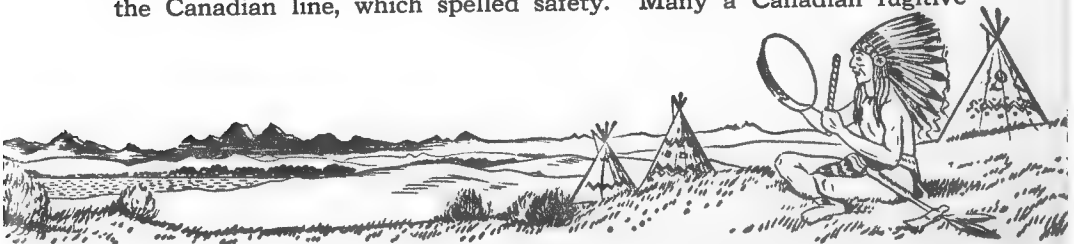
the lodge of the head chief, where many of the tribe assembled. The feathers had many colours like the rainbow and its claws were long and green. When it suddenly flew from the lodge, the Indians rushed out and saw it disappearing among the storm clouds. The Indians believed that the clouds were the vehicle of the Thunder Bird and that he moved behind them and through the air, making peals of thunder as he flapped his wings, and shooting forth lightning flashes by the blinking of his all-penetrating eyes.

THE BRAVE DOGS

Chief Mountain is prominent in a story concerning the Blood secret society of Brave Dogs. Qualification for membership in the Order was predicted on bravery in warfare. One of the traditions of the society was that a Brave Dog must always face the enemy, and must not turn back unless a blood relative got ahead of him and drove him back. For this reason many members of the society were killed in battle. They had, however, during years of tribal warfare, built up a reputation as great warriors, and in consequence their enemies came to know them as foes who would fight to the death. In the long ago, the Blackfeet were camped near Chief Mountain, when they were attacked by a war party of the Pend d'Oreilles. The first Blackfoot warrior to meet the attack was a Brave Dog named *A-koomskisisi* (Round Nose), and he raced far out ahead of his tribesmen. His mother - Red Flower - saw his peril, and knowing the rules of the society, realised that his only chance for escape from death was for one of his relatives to risk death by riding ahead of Round Nose, and turn him back. Red Flower quickly untied a cayuse that was picketed near her lodge, and in a few minutes was riding far ahead of her son, who stood far out shaking his war rattle, and taunting the enemy to send out their best warrior to fight him. The Pend d'Oreilles accepted the challenge and a dozen of them ran forth to get his scalp. It was a race between the Indian mother and the enemy - and she won.

Riding in front of her son, she struck him four times, as the rules of the society required, before he could turn back. He then jumped up behind her on the cayuse, and they dashed back to the line of the fast approaching Blackfeet. A concerted charge was formed on the enemy and the Pend d'Oreilles were soon defeated and scattered with heavy losses. Because of his bravery in the fight, this warrior's name was changed from Round Nose to *Ninaistoko* - Chief Mountain.

In later years, Chief Mountain stood as a beacon for many border outlaws, both Canadian and American, who were escaping justice from one side of the line to the other. Many a horse and cattle thief and whiskey trader hard pressed by a sheriff, has ridden for miles with Chief Mountain in view, knowing that it stood only five miles from the Canadian line, which spelled safety. Many a Canadian fugitive

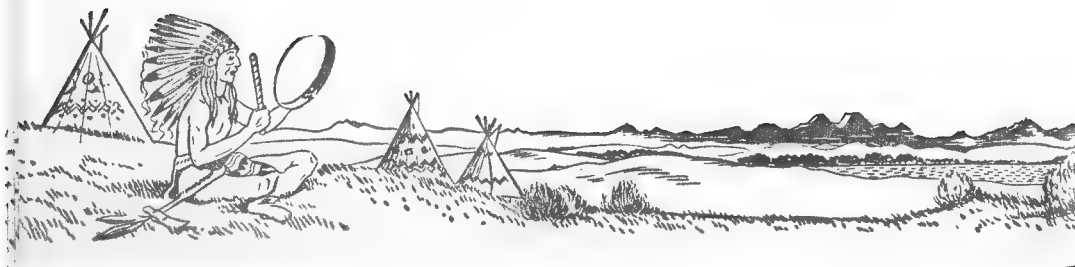


from justice has beaten the red-coated mounted police to the line in a desperate race for freedom within sight of this silent sentinel of the plains.

Today, bare and mysterious with its wealth of historic legends and traditions, Chief Mountain stands, as ever, a sentinel of the border, but instead of watching mounted red warriors of the olden days riding by with scalps dangling from lances, or wary outlaws urging weary horses towards the border, the eagles circling its peak, now watch tourists' automobiles streaking along the road leading to mountain cabins and luxurious chalets. It remains as yet a monarch on the edge of the great divide, holding forever sealed its many secrets, such as the lost gold mine, and the disappearance of the buffalo skull from its hoary summit.

Many White Horses, Chief of the Bloods, admonished me many years ago, on a school campus, with the phrase I shall never forget, and which has since become famous in many seats of learning on this continent - *Ninai-stoko, Mokokit ki Aekakimat*.

The echoes of tradition, Indian mysticism and adventure, are still ringing as a challenge from Chief Mountain - "Go ye into the ranges - seek - find and strive."



THE LIFE HISTORY AND ADVENTURES OF RED CROW

LATE HEAD CHIEF OF THE BLOODS
(BLACKFOOT CONFEDERACY)

Related to the late R. N. Wilson by Red Crow,
December 1891.

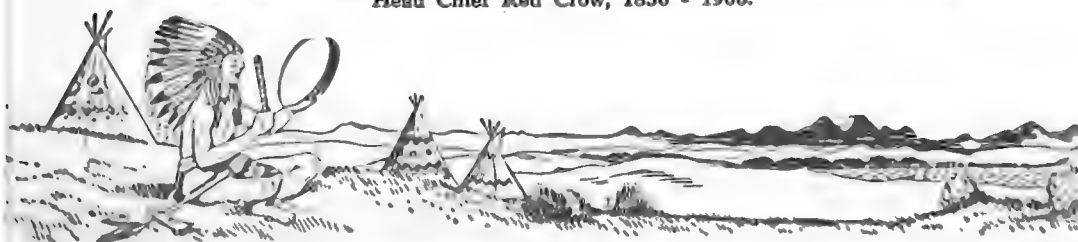
Mr. Wilson was one of the original members of the N.W.M.P.

(Authorized for publication in this volume by the Commissioner
of the R.C.M.P., Ottawa.)





Head Chief Red Crow, 1830 - 1900.



Mekeisto

(RED CROW)

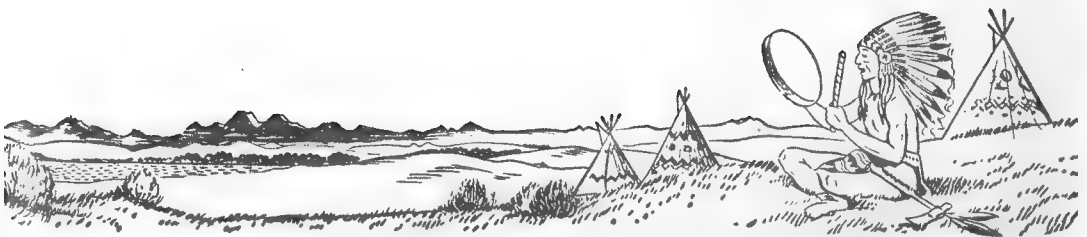
Renowned Blood Indian Chief - Born 1830; Died 1900.

A Memorial Cairn was erected and dedicated at Stand-Off, July 15, 1944, as a token of his fame and courage as leader and Chief of Bloods.

In company with Crowfoot of the Blackfoot Reserve, he signed the original Treaty in 1877. Owing to his influence, the Bloods refrained from joining forces with the Reil Rebellion. He was a dominant personality among his people, and held in high esteem by the neighbouring tribes.

As Head Chief, he was supreme and remained unswervingly loyal to the signed covenants of the Treaty made between the Great White Queen and his tribesmen.

By his acts of diplomacy, he was regarded as a prophet; his courage and steadfastness gave him the rank as a man amongst men - his kindness and interest for the gradual evolution of the Indians for education and potential citizenship, placed him high in the Councils of law and good order, thus earning for himself the coveted title of the "Father of his people."



Mekeisto

I was born somewhere close to the now famed Fort Whoop-Up about the year 1830. My father's name was "Black Bear", and my mother's was "Handsome Woman." My male parent was a great chief. I only knew two of his wives, my mother and another. I had three half-brothers, who were not my mother's children. I lost them all in the days of the small-pox, they all three being single at their death.

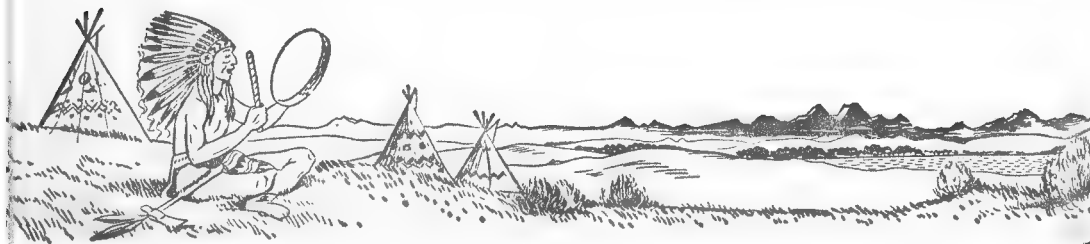
I also had two sisters, but they, too, are long since dead, and none of their children are alive now. The well-known Blood chief "Far Seer" was my uncle, for he was a younger brother of my father. My baby name was "Captures the Gun Inside": this name was given me in memory of an event in the life of my grandfather. When I first took the war trail, my name was changed to "Lately Tom", which name I greatly disliked, and did my best to throw off and repudiate; but in spite of my known disgust I bore the name for many years until I became known as "Red Crow", the former name of an old relative. When I returned from my visit to Eastern Canada in 1885, I acquired my present and fourth name ("Sitting White Buffalo").

1. My first war path was with a large party against the "Crees." I did not capture anything, but many of the elder men did so, and returned home at once on their new horses, leaving us unsuccessful ones to make the best of our way home on foot; this being the custom.

2. Next summer I made another attempt and was a little more fortunate, for although I captured nothing, I was presented with a horse by one who did, a relative of mine in the party. This last expedition was a very large one under the leadership of "Middle Painted Lodge", the old man who died last summer.

3. As soon as we returned home from that trip, off I went with a party under "Red Old Man" of our band. His party was not numerous, and the Cree Indians were the enemy. Upon this my third war path I captured two animals, a buckskin mare and a pinto gelding.

4. Next summer after that I joined an immense party of Bloods, Sarcees, Blackfeet, under the chief of the latter tribe "Sun Old Man" (Old Sun). This party was mounted and our direction was North to the Cree country. We started from camp in the Red Deer, and away off near the Saskatchewan we sighted three Cree hunters. Knowing well that they would run at sight of our large party, we hid ourselves in low ground, and some of our men turned the hair side of their robes outwards, and then went out on foot on a hill near by, and thus imitated the actions of buffalo. This trick succeeded for the Cree hunters came for them, and ran into the ambush. So, out we

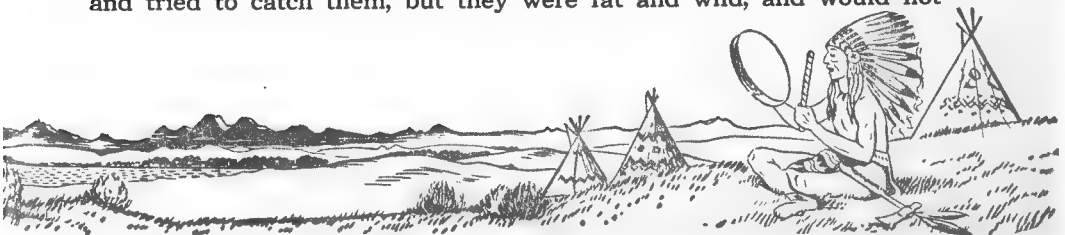


all rushed and killed them easily, but not before one of our men got a bullet in his shoulder, and another—"Big Plume"—a stab in the back with a broad dagger. Two of the Crees were armed with guns, which were captured by the Bloods. A Blackfoot took the weapons of the other Cree, which were a bow and arrows. I contented myself with capturing a white blanket (H.B.C. one—then very valuable), and relieved one of the dead Crees of his scalp.

5. Upon our return to camp, I became one of a small dismounted party that was about to start to the Crows, under "Morning Paper." This party was so small that we only required one brush lodge at nights; (about 8 or 10).

Upon our arrival in the country of the Crows, we, one moonlight night approached a camp of those people. I succeeded in getting three horses which I led some little distance from the camp, and tied them up in a clump of bush. Noting the place I returned, to obtain more, but before I could do so, the whole affair was bungled by a Blackfoot of our party, in this way. . . . One of the Crow Indians had a valuable horse, probably a racer, which was standing in a lodge, the front of which had been unlaced and spread out for that purpose. Our friend the Blackfoot saw this animal, and knowing that none but a good horse would be cared for in that way, he desired to ride that horse home to the Blackfoot camp. No sooner did this desire possess him than he attempted to carry it out, for the fearless fellow at once jumped on the horse's back, thinking to cut him loose and ride boldly out of camp. But the Crows were not to be deprived so easily of their favourite stud, for up in front of the horse sprang a Crow with gun in hand, and our Blackfoot being as nimble as he was reckless, slipped off and escaped to the friendly bushes, with only a bullet hole in his robe. Of course, the firing of that shot alarmed the Crow village, and all was confusion in an instant. I was at that time in another part of the camp, quietly looking for some horse to lead out, and now I left as fast as I could run, but could not get to the animals I had hid in the timbers, for the Crees were out, and I had to leave the locality at once. Away out in the hills I came across first one, then three others of our party, some of whom had taken many horses. We then started for home; our other companions had scattered from Crow camp and gone home by other routes. Upon our way northwards, we four met a war party of Crows, chased and fought them to no purpose in a running contest in which no one was hurt. We arrived home without other adventures, and found our missing friends there before us.

6. Three days only did I remain at home, when I left again for the same country with a party led by "Red Old Man." Away down in that southern country, we struck a trail of a camp of Snakes, and myself and four others followed it. The remainder of our party went in another direction. Before we had gone far, we found three horses and tried to catch them, but they were fat and wild, and would not



let us near them, but ran away over a hill and continued grazing. We noted the place and continued upon the trail of the Snake camp, and in two days overtook it and saw that it was a large village. But they were taking down lodges and preparing to move when we found them, so we were soon in possession of the vacated camp ground near which we found a stray horse. As he might come in handy we caught him and led him along with us, following again the fresh trail of the Snake Indian, which led away over the mountains. The cayuse we used to scout with. One of us would ride him on ahead of the other two.

When the Snakes camped again, we were close behind, and at night I was told to go and make the first effort to take horses. I went alone and in the darkness caught one unbroken colt in mistake. The wild brute stampeded to the camp with me. I hung on to my rope and was dragged close to the village, so close that my heart was away up in my throat, when to my great relief the animal dropped, choked by my noose around his neck. I quickly unfastened my rope and got away without disturbing the sleeping Indians. I now cut off a small bunch from the large herd that was grazing some distance from the lodges. These I quietly drove away, as rapidly as I could, on foot. Before I had gone far, I heard an Indian come out from one of the lodges and round up all the rest of the horses, and drive them in between lodges to the space in middle of camp. He had not noticed anything, and was not giving any alarm, but was doing what Indians often did in those days for safety. As he drove the herd through the camp he kept shouting something. I guessed that he was telling the people that they should hobble or picket more of their animals at night, so that the herd would not stray so far from the village. I soon had my little herd of horses a safe distance away, so caught and mounted one and went to find my four companions. They were not where I had left them, so thinking that they had mistaken the shouting of the noisy Snake Indian for an alarm, one herd stampeded in consequence, I struck off at a run to find them, taking a course that I thought might intercept them.

On the top of a ridge I saw the head of a coulee, which I started to ride down, and in the darkness ahead of me heard voices. Upon approaching the speakers I recognized my friends' voices, and heard one say "here comes a rider," at which they all scampered off. I followed at a gallop, and as the hostile village was far out of earshot, I shouted and stopped them. After explanations I guided them to where my horses were, which upon counting we found to number about 40. I told them to help themselves and divide up the band between them, I reserving one fine horse for my own use.

We at once began our retreat homewards, but our good luck was only of short duration, for when driving along at a fast pace, a flock

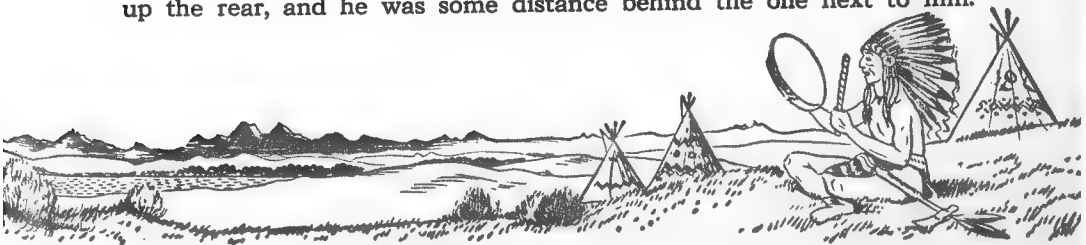


of grouse flew up in front of our horses and frightened them to such an extent that they stampeded in the wildest order, and were soon lost in the darkness. It being still a long time before daylight, I proposed to return and make another trail to the village, but my comrades would not hear of it, and a long argument resulted in I and one companion returning to make an attempt to rescue the lost horses or capture other ones. We gave our mounts to our friends, and went back on foot; but before parting we named a place where we would overtake them should we be successful.

When we reached the camp again, we saw that our band of horses had returned to the main herd within the circle, so we crossed the river behind the village and went around to the opposite side, thinking to enter from that direction and lead or drive horses from the herd. But we stumbled against a guard who was warming by a small fire in a little brush shelter, and we beat a retreat from his locality without being seen. I proposed to my friend to take a trip out in the plain on that other side, and should there be no animals grazing there, to the centre of the camp we would go. He agreed to this, and we separated to search the prairie. I found three; one ran away to camp, but a mare I caught although she nearly dragged me into the village before I could get her bridled. The third horse was her foal, so when I mounted and rode off he followed. I found my comrade who got up behind me and we continued our search.

We were rewarded with nine more, one of which was a big brown—a fine animal with eagle feathers tied to his mane and a rope on one foot. This one I mounted, turning loose the mare, and as soon as my friend had mounted also, we drove away our captives and kept on all that night and the next day in the direction our friends had gone. It was near sundown when we approached the place where our companions were to wait for us, and were glad to find that a glass was flashed at us from a bunch of pine timbers nearby. This we knew to be our three men whom we soon rejoined, and just as the sun went out of sight we divided up the horses and began preparations to continue our flight northward. We were soon on the way again and rode that night until just before daylight, when we reached the first place of safety and were able to have the sleep which we so much needed.

Before the sun was high next day we mounted again and continued the retreat. That day we found a place where a fire had been made and some cooking had been done. There was also a place where people had passed the night. After closely examining the signs, we saw that it had been the camp of our main party. Upon making this discovery we took up their trail and next day we came in sight of them, and they were starting out on their day's work, for they had been unsuccessful and were going home on foot. We were far behind them, so that they did not see us at first. A Blackfoot was bringing up the rear, and he was some distance behind the one next to him.



Thinking to scare him, we quietly rode along behind him until, when quite close, we suddenly began to sing and made for him. He did not turn to see who we were, but simply went at the greatest speed his legs were capable of, to our great amusement.

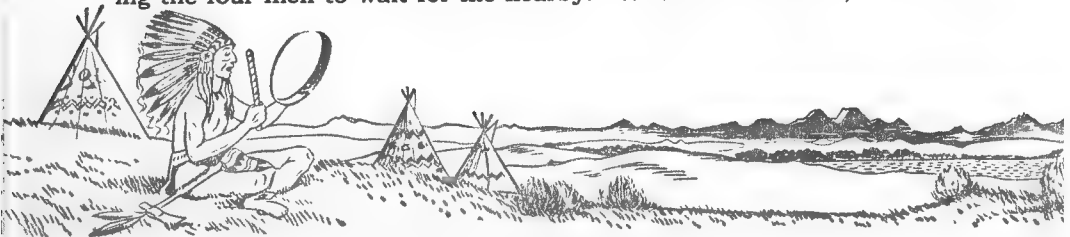
We five dismounted and drove our horses ahead, not caring to ride and leave the others. When we came near to the place where we had seen the three wild horses on our road south, I and my chum mounted, and went and found and drove them in. They were a valuable addition to our stock of horses, for they were fat and good.

During that same day a heavy rainstorm came upon us, but we could not afford to camp, and went on through the mud and wet. Travelling in this state, we came to a river which we crossed, and one of the men ascended the bank, on that side to look about, although the rain was falling so thickly that they could not see far. The scout had no sooner arrived at the top of the hill than he came running down to us, and informed us that we were in the immediate vicinity of a large camp of Indians, which was situated on the same river just below where he stood. We mounted and quietly went up the river bottom to a safe distance, when we halted, and I proposed that we should all go down and get some horses under cover of the heavy rain. My companions would not agree to this; the elder ones said that the risk was too great in broad daylight. They argued that the storm might clear away at any moment, and the people in the camp, whoever they were, would then be able to see us at their horses. The idea was too dangerous to consider, they all said. But I was determined to try once, so I set out alone. My chum, "Big Plume" ran after me with the intention of persuading me to turn from my purpose, but I persuaded him instead, and he came with me on my errand.

Our party took their departure at the same time as we did. I and "Big Plume" soon were close to the strange village which we found to be of the "Nezperce" tribe with whom we were at war. As soon as we were satisfied on that point we turned our attention to their horses. I threw my rope at a buckskin, but missed and caught a bald faced bay instead, which turned out to be a good fast animal. "Big Plume" having now also roped a likely looking horse, we mounted and left the locality, being satisfied with one each under such dangerous circumstances.

It was considered a rather clever feat to go close to a hostile camp and capture horses in daylight. We overtook the others, and our success tempted the leader "Red Old Man" who remained with most of the men, to take Ny Peron horses. My four successful friends and I started to go home, but I became separated from them in this manner.

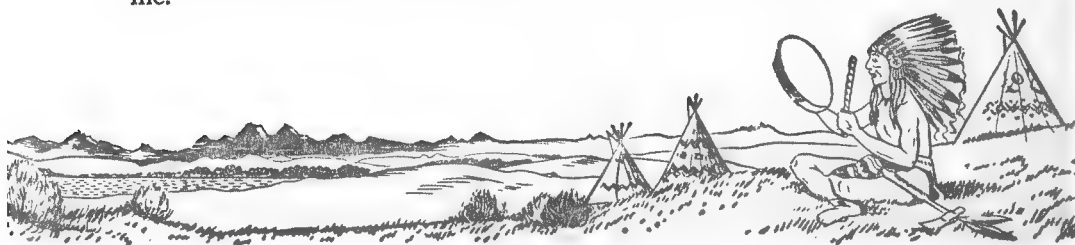
One day passing near some buffalo I went over to kill one, leaving the four men to wait for me nearby. When about to fire, I noticed



a large number of buffalo running towards me from over the nearest ridge, and upon hearing gun shots in that direction, I immediately turned loose my horse and got in cover, for I thought the herd was being run by Indians, who in that country were likely to be hostile. Presently a mounted Indian came over the ridge running a buffalo which he killed not far from my hiding place. A squaw and a boy joined the man, and they skinned and cut up the beast and took away the meat. When they were safely out of sight, I left my cover and went to examine the carcass. By the way it was skinned, I at once saw that the butcher was one of our nation. I ran after the hunter and was seen by him, who returned and approached me. He was a South Peigan, and I mounted behind him and he took me to his camp, but not before I discovered that my four companions had deserted me. No doubt they stampeded at the sound of the Peigan's gun. I remained with the Peigan family one night, leaving the next night for the north. That place was on White River; the Peigans were camped all along the stream in groups of two or four lodges, etc., hunting buffalo.

After travelling eight days I arrived at Benton, and there found my friends with my horses. I gave one horse to Mr. Culbertson, and received some tobacco and other goods. Not approving of the way in which my four comrades had left me, I parted company with them by taking my horses and starting for home alone. I found a camp of Blackfeet on Milk River and was directed by them to some Bloods, my relatives, whose lodges were pitched lower down the same stream. While resting at that Blood camp, the other four of my late companions turned up, and with them I went over to the Cut Bank to visit some Peigan friends. My horses, seven in number, I left with my Blood relatives, as I wished them to fatten up. After remaining there a few days we came home.

7. When I set out upon my next trip it was from my home in the Kootenay, for my uncle's lodge was pitched on that stream near the "big stone," the main body of our tribe being away hunting in the south. I led this party myself. My followers were four in number only, and our object was as usual to take horses from the Crows. It was in the fall of the year, and we went to the Bear River and followed it down to the Missouri. Here I had a dream. I dreamt that at a place I knew well—the "big hill"—there was a large herd of horses, and after telling my dream to my friends, we set out to find them. Going towards the "Big Butte" we discovered a large camp of the Crows. I went in alone and took a gray mare. We all went up into some pine timbers on a hill and made there our little brush camp. Three nights we laid low, then I visited the Crows again and brought back two animals, a black stallion and a pinto. Four more nights we remained in camp, then all of us went to see our neighbours, but we only succeeded in capturing two horses, one of which was taken by me.



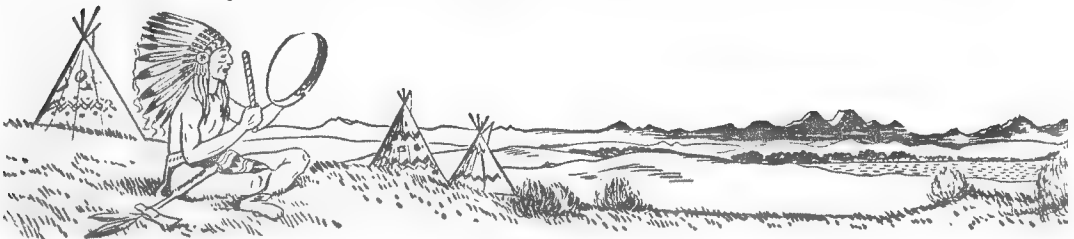
Having now horses for all our party we left the place and went to the "Big Butte" and we ascended to look about. From there I saw the identical big herd of horses that I had dreamed about. We descended and went in the direction of the horses, but to reach them it was necessary to cross a river which was covered with slippery ice. While busy carrying dirt, making a path on the ice upon which our horses could walk, a large party of Blackfeet came along and joined my party. A few of them being on foot, crossed the river without any trouble, and went ahead and stole a great number of the big herd we were after. I and the others finally crossed, and in approaching the balance of the coveted horses, I came across one of their owners, and was just about to shoot him when I discovered that he was a Blood. He informed me that he was one of a party of Bloods and Peigans who had taken the big herd of horses from the Crows, and that he was now looking for more than half of them, which had lately disappeared.

I explained that mystery by telling him that some of the Blackfeet of my party had relieved him of some of his horses, and that they were now on the road north with them. Our party now split up; five went back to the Crow camp we had just left. Some went home with the lucky Bloods and Peigans, and I took the opportunity to send back my four horses by a young man to whom I gave one of them for the trouble of delivering the other three at the Blood camp.

One horse I sent to my uncle, one to a female relation, and the other I sent to a woman who had supplied me with moccasins when I left home on this trip. I also sent a message to my relatives to the effect that, when I had captured many horses, I would return home and not before, even should it take me until the next summer to do so.

Five of us started out on a new expedition and were soon joined by 12 more, making a good party of 17. For many days and nights I slept and fasted by myself seeking for an indication as to what to do. One night at last I received the sign. I dreamt that at a certain mountain were a great number of horses. We at once went there and found the dream to be true, for in the neighbourhood was a large village of Snake Indians, their horses grazing in every direction, arrived in camp. The first night I captured six, and sent them home by two young fellows. Two of our men went away to see what they could do, and I and one other went again for horses.

Eleven remained in camp to await our return. I was not unsuccessful this time, for I returned with a large herd, as many as I could drive. Upon my reaching camp, I found only five of the party waiting for us; two had gone away in one direction and another party of four, all Blackfeet, had gone out to get horses. The former soon returned, but not the four. One of the party who was waiting for us was "Eagle Ribs"—my friend, and a chief afterwards. I said to him, "take your



choice of all the horses, my friend, for you are a married man and I am single." When he had done so, I picked out two only, and told the people to help themselves and to divide up the band amongst them.

For our northern home we now started, and one day, I being on the lead, saw some horses hobbled. There was no doubt a camp nearby. Of these I took four, making in all six, which I kept and brought home safely, with one exception a black, which played out. We made quick time out of that country, for we kept up a fast pace for three days and four nights without any sleep to amount to anything, nor food. On our way, we found a late camp ground of the Snakes, so fresh was it that the fire places were still warm; but we had had enough and were anxious to see our people, so pressed on.

At the Red Deer, we saw a large village, which we avoided and circled, but our trail was discovered and followed by a numerous party who would have overtaken us had not a blizzard struck us; and in that friendly storm we made our escape without even losing our horses.

8. At the South Peigan camp I found my uncle who, with my other relations, had moved there during my absence. We were all very much played out and ragged when we arrived home. It was spring time; the ducks had arrived ahead of us. Nothing was ever heard of those five Blackfeet from that day to this, and I often wonder if they are wandering about in that distant country yet. One night only did I remain at home. A large party was about to start to the Crow country, again under the guidance of "Red Old Man," and I could not resist the desire for more adventure, so at once prepared and went with them.

Early one morning I was out scouting after we had reached the hostile country, and from a hill I saw away in the distance some buffalo running, and hearing in the distance a faint sound of gun shots in the same direction, I rejoined my friends, and communicated to them the news that we were in the locality of our enemies. Large parties like this were in the habit of travelling in the day time and resting at night, for many scouts would be thrown out in front and at each side, so there was not much risk of being seen. Good experienced men were generally chosen for that work. We at once painted up and prepared for battle, and set out to find the hunters whom we soon discovered busy skinning the animals they had killed. We approached them without showing ourselves, and on one of their horses (of which they had four) was a Gros Ventre saddle. We, judging from the saddle that the people were Gros Ventre friends, left our cover and went towards them, at which they fled in haste towards a hill. The five horses scampered off also, their owners not having time to mount. Over the hill disappeared the fleeing Indians, we in hot pursuit. Before we reached the hill, however, to our great

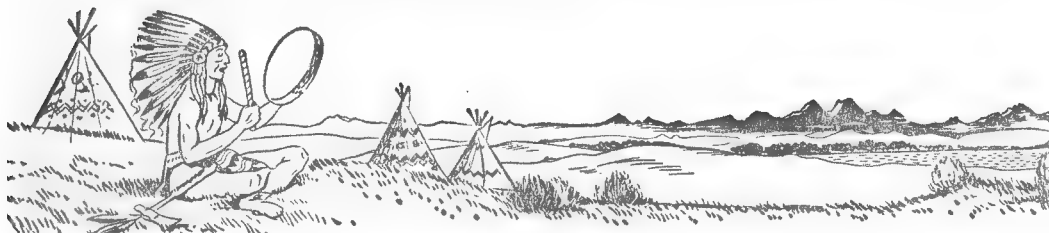


surprise and discomfort, a great crowd of people appeared upon it coming towards us. Seeing at a glance that we were vastly outnumbered, we turned and ran away at our best speed. Looking back, we saw to our consternation that the prairie behind us was black with people, a great many of them mounted and coming for us yelling like fiends. They soon overtook the hindmost of our men and killed them, two Bloods and a Peigan. Another of our party was about to suffer the same fate, but we heard him appealing to us for help, so ran back and rescued him.

Here, we made a stand, and a fight followed in which Red Old Man was shot through the thigh. The Snakes were, it seems, satisfied with having killed three of us without losing any of their own number, for they now withdrew and went home in great glee. We made a bier with willows and robes, upon which we laid our leader and carried him away homewards. Six men at a time would carry the wounded chief. With frequent shifts we were able to do fairly good travelling. At "Snow Mountain" we left Red Old Man with one attendant and pushed on, so that we could move quickly and get him assistance, and horses to bring him home. We had not gone far, however, before we met a very large party of Peigans. It was a war party with women and lodges. Some of them went away to the main camp of the Peigans to send, as I said, help to Red Old Man. The rest, with ourselves, turned in the direction of the Snake village. Being now so strongly reinforced, we were anxious to have satisfaction for our late defeat. When we discovered our enemies again they were on the move, and I with my field glass, followed and watched them all day and saw where they camped at night. I guided our men to the spot, but when we approached the camp fires, we discovered that the people had fled. They had made a night move thinking to evade any possible pursuit, and had left their fires burning. We now scattered our men all over the surrounding country in search of the fugitive camp, it being dark to see the trail. At last the searchers located the Snake village, neatly hidden on a creek, a branch of the stream it had been pitched on before. We captured an immense band of their horses, and did it in such bold style that we were seen, and the owners turned out in force to re-take them. When they saw how strong we were in numbers, they gave up the task, but not before one of their foremost braves had fallen a victim to our weapons. He was killed by a Peigan. We were then able to go home with blackened faces.

9. My chum "Big Plume" and I went away by ourselves from home at the South Peigan village. Our destination was the Crows. The day after we started, we were overtaken by a number of young men who were determined to go with us.

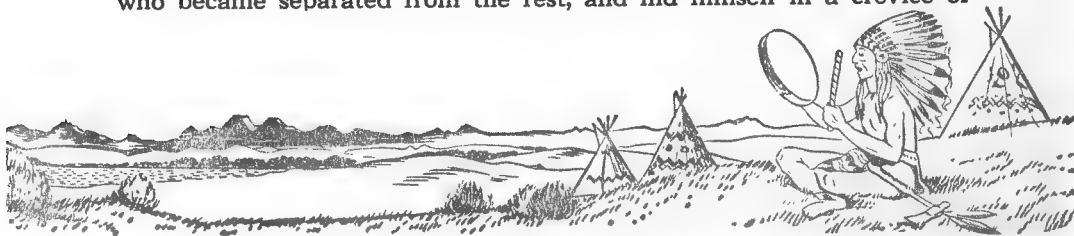
One day while scouting I saw a prairie fire start up. I went to high ground overlooking that vicinity, and discovered a moving camp of Indians. I kept them within sight and noted where they camped,



then returned to bring my party. That night the moon was at the full, and when we approached the hostile camp, we found that they had all their horses in the middle. While waiting and considering what we could do under the circumstances, I saw three bay horses out of the camp. When they were out a little distance, I caught two of them and my chum took the other. We had the horses away across the river and tied them in the timber, then returned to attempt some more. Presently five more animals came straying out, and as we went to catch them, up jumped a great crowd of armed Indians from the cover all about us. They had been doubtless lying in ambush for us all night, and were turning these horses loose as a bait. In the midst of a storm of missiles we managed to reach the river and crossed to the other side. We had fortunately tied our five horses a long way from the village so that we were now able to reach them and were soon mounted and away in safety. Our Peigan companions were not to be found; they had stampeded at the firing in the camp, so we went home alone arriving as the Sun-Dance was about to take place.

10. Under the guidance of the Blackfoot Chief "Big Snake," a party started out of which I was a member. The destination and object again were Crows and Crow horses. Our trip southwards was made without any event worth relating. We were not long in finding a village of the owners of the much coveted horses, but they were too much on the alert, so finding from the position and appearance of camp that they were apparently expecting an attempt upon their stock, we rode off and went in search of other villages.

Not being at all successful, we were returning to the locality of this Crow camp when early one morning just after we had butchered a two-year-old buffalo, we were attacked by a large number of our enemies. During the scrimmage, which ensued we lost four of our men, whose bodies of course fell into the hands of the Crows as we were retreating in search of a suitable position to make a stand and defend ourselves. We reached a hollow in the hills and there fought for some hours. Here someone of us killed a Crow from off his horse, a black, which we caught, and I mounted and left my companions to search for a better location. Our enemies were being constantly reinforced, and we knew that unless we gained a very strong position, we would have little chance of surviving. I dashed out on the black horse, and galloped here and there looking for a suitable nook. At last I found a natural fort and rode into it to inspect it. The Crows saw me and some of them made a rush at me, but I returned unhurt to where my friends were. I had some difficulty in persuading them to leave their hollow to occupy the other, on account of the risk in exposing themselves to the fire of the Crows, while doing so. Finally they all agreed, and we made a break, I leading on the Crow's steed. Our movement was so quickly made, and so unexpected by our enemies, that we all reached the point in safety, with the exception of one man who became separated from the rest, and hid himself in a crevice of

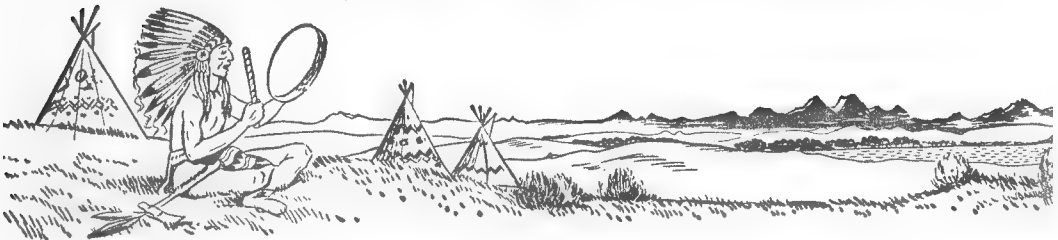


the rocks some little distance away. We were no sooner in our new hole, which proved to be a perfect stronghold, then the Crows closed in upon us, to so short a distance that our separated companion could not reach us without making himself a target for a hundred weapons. Fortunately for him, however, the Crows did not notice where he went to, and he was not molested, but remained out of sight all day amusing himself by singing, etc.

All that long summer's day the battle lasted. The Crows made four great charges upon our position, but were each time driven back with heavy losses. They came so close to us that we seldom missed a shot. Had they been half as careful, we would not have seen the sun rise very high that day. At one time our foe came within ten feet of us, and I sprang up on our rocky breastwork, drew my bow in a threatening manner, at which the foremost retreated. It was always with great risk that we showed our persons to them. Some of their men had moved a lot of stones to the top of a little hill near by, and from behind them they would fire a volley every time they saw one of our heads. A Crow called out in the Blackfoot language inquiring who we were. I replied that I was a Blood. He assured me that none of us would live to tell the story of this fight, for, said he—"we have you securely and you cannot escape." We laughed at this and taunted them to do their best, telling them that they could not hurt us, though they were as numerous as trees.

The fourth charge was made a little before sun down, and, as before, none of us were hit. Our position was almost entirely surrounded by big stones and rivers, with some fir trees affording us admirable cover, and making it impossible for a number of horsemen to ride in upon us. During these charges it was very exciting work for us, no sound could be heard but gun shots and yells; the Crows calling to each other to have courage and not retreat, and we shouting our yells of defiance.

At sun down they all drew off, and we could see them having a talk, after which there was singing, dancing, and more preparations for war. We, at this, thought that another charge was intended, but they had a different scheme. A circle of fires was made around us; the crafty fellows were not going to let us steal away in the darkness. The one who spoke our language, again called out with the pleasant intelligence that they were going to starve us out, because among the men killed was a great chief, a young man, who must be avenged. Our reply was as before—"do your best, you are quite harmless, and we have no fear of being hurt."—In truth, thirst was the only thing that was bothering us. As soon as it was dark, our man in the crevice made his escape, and we saw no more of him. Several times we attempted to get away; one of the men would remain in the fort and keep up a mock conversation with himself to make our foes think that we were all there yet. Then we would all crawl out, and try to pass

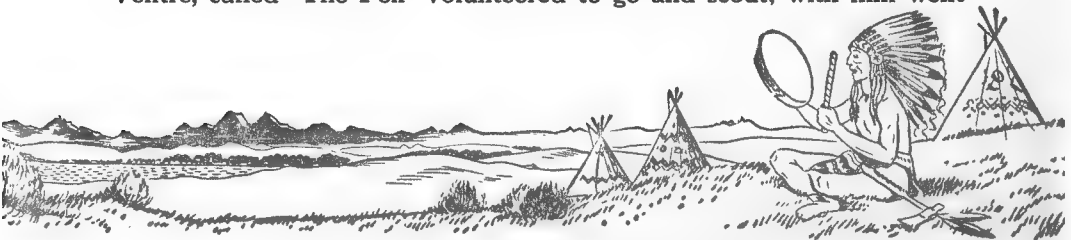


between the fires, for the Crows were not in sight. We were driven back each time. They had us so completely hemmed in, that a hundred seemed to spring up in front of us no matter which direction we started for. After half of the night had passed in this manner, I thought of an old trick, and desired to give it a trial. I set fire to a big pine tree which made a very dense black smoke. The prevailing breeze kept the smoke down in a large, black cloud close to the ground. We at once took our departure, and keeping well in the smoke, I leading, we all crawled past our watchful enemies the Crows, and reached the bushes unseen. I expect they watched our burning tree a long time before they guessed its use.

We arrived in safety at our main camp which was at "Bear Paw Mountain," and I heard that the other man had told in what a plight he had left us. The chiefs had decided to wait four days for us. They said no besieged party could hold out more than three days without water and little ammunition. But during those three days we were coming home, and arrived on the fourth. The people were very angry with "Big Snake" for making such a bungle of the expedition. All the chiefs accused him of cowardice and bad judgment, his life was even threatened, while I was given much praise for having saved the lives of the party. My coat was full of bullet and arrow holes, as were also the garments of many of the others. The first time after the escape that I unbraided my hair, a big lock of it came loose in my hand; it had been cut off by a Crow bullet. You can judge how busy we were defending ourselves when I did not notice that bullet.

11. This camp at "Bear Paw" was a very large affair, the lodges of almost all our nation being pitched there. I was not permitted to remain and rest myself, for "Big Snake" was very much ashamed of himself and asked me to go with him again on the war path, in order that he might redeem his lost honour. He pressed me to accompany him, so one night we quietly left the camp alone. Next morning as soon as it became known throughout the camp that we two were missing, a crowd of about 50 young men from the four tribes, packed up and followed us. They overtook us that day, all declared they would come, and "Big Snake" was their leader of a strong band of Peigans, Bloods, Blackfeet and Gros Ventres. On a hill called the "Owl Head"—we were resting one day at noon, having ascended to the top for that purpose, and to view the surrounding country. The whole district was black with buffalo.

While I was engaged in surveying the scene through my glass, my attention was drawn to a commotion amongst the animals on the distant hills. I looked closely and plainly saw two riders running a buffalo, which soon fell. I told my comrades, who took the glass and looked, but none of them could see anything. Their eyes were not used to the instrument, therefore I could see better with it than they. A Gros Ventre, called "The Fox" volunteered to go and scout; with him went



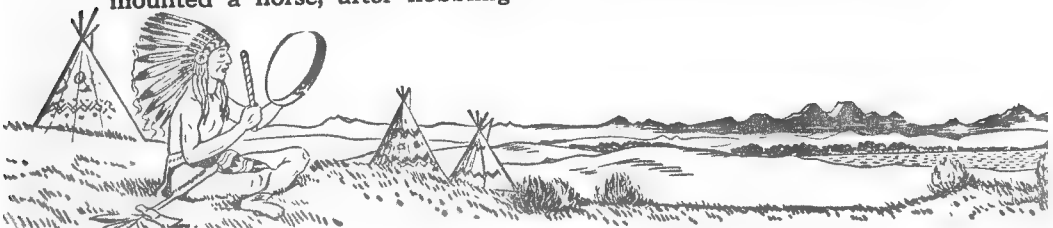
three others, a Peigan, a Blood and a Blackfoot. They returned, and at once accused me of lying to them. They said that there was not a sign in the locality I had mentioned. I made no remark, but became determined to find the man who killed the buffalo, and prove my truthfulness. An animal was now butchered, and all were soon busy making brush lodges and otherwise preparing to camp. I was sitting with some others on the hill, and a wounded buffalo passing in sight. I rid myself of my companions, by saying that I was going over to kill it, and that they had better go to camp. As soon as I was out of their sight, I changed my course and ran in a straight line to the point where I had seen the hunters at noon. I reached the spot and was not at all surprised to see the carcass of a newly killed bull, from which ran away a pack of coyotes at my approach. When I quit my companions, I did not bring my rope, because taking it would cause them to suspect my errand.

Having now found the carcass, I would be helpless in my next step, unless I provided myself with a rope. With my knife, I began cutting from the shoulder of the dead buffalo, the long hair which grows there and which can be easily braided into a fairly serviceable lariat. While engaged at this work I heard a voice like the panting of a running man, and after peering into the darkness for some time, I thought I could discern something passing near me, so I called several times in a low voice, "Come here; come here"—at which the something came cautiously towards me and proved to be "Big Snake" who had missed me, and guessing my motive he had followed to share my adventures. "Look at this carcass" I said. "This is what caused me to be called a liar." We now ran away through the darkness to find the camp of the hunters, stopping every little while to listen attentively for sounds to guide us.

Again and again we sped through the night; again and again we listened, when at last a most welcome sound reached our straining ears. It was the deep beating of a tom-tom. "What did I tell you?" cried I to my companion. "I lied, did I?"

"Big Snake" asked me to take the lead in what work was before us. He said that so many people at home had wished him bad luck, and abused him that he no longer had faith in his medicine. He knew that my medicine was strong, and that it would be better for us both for me to lead, which I did.

Guided by the sound of a drum, we soon discovered a large camp of Indians, who were dancing and singing in many of the lodges. We waited for them to retire, then went in nearer and circled the village. In a coulee we got five horses. I gave Big Snake three, he being a married man. The two best I reserved for myself. We each mounted a horse, after hobbling the rest. Continuing the circle we



found three more and drove them to the first three. Big Snake proposed that we content ourselves with what we had and go, to which I agreed. Not feeling well disposed towards those who had accused me of falsehood, I thought that I would pay them out, so we went straight home without going near them.

Big Snake carried on the trip one of the Medicine pipes, known as the "Black Cover," and on our return during the first day, he offered it to me for the big bay horse I rode. I accepted the pipe, and transferred it to my back. We afterward found some more horses and he preferred one of them to the others I had given him, so I allowed him it and retained the bay. My companion on our last day, before reaching home, kept driving his horses ahead of himself, because they were more easily driven than mine, which gave me very much trouble. They were continually running back in the direction of their old home. I nearly played out my horses in driving them against their will. I got off the tired animal I was riding, and leading him I walked ahead to where Big Snake was waiting for me. The seven horses I left behind where I had dismounted. I was very angry when I met my comrade, and said to him: "Here, take back your sacred pipe, I do not want it. I have, on this trip, given you four horses, and thought that you would help me drive mine; the animal I gave you is back with my horses, go and get him and give me the one you ride." He refused the pipe and promised to help me, but I was very much displeased with him, and made him take it back.

We continued our homeward travel the same day. He now assisting me, we crossed the Missouri near Bear Paw and I ascended a high hill, and from there I saw three people through my glass, and made them out to be a war party of Crees, knowing them to be of the tribe by their dress and manner. I signalled my partner who came up and agreed with me that they were three Crees. We went down out of sight of the others and cached our horses, all but the two we rode, in the brush. Our plan was to ambush the unsuspecting Crees.

We noticed that they were following at that time a buffalo track, and we posted ourselves in the brush at a point where their trail crossed a little coulee. Here we watched them coming straight towards us. Our two horses were standing in the bottom of the coulee, and the lariat of mine was in my hand so that I could quickly mount and be off, should it be necessary. Big Snake had tied his horse to a tree, but now went to untie him. I had grass and sage brush tied to my head to prevent our enemies seeing me until very close, then it would be too late, for our intention was to kill two of them at first fire. I had said to Big Snake, "if I kill, you take the arms, and if you kill, I will take arms." As I watched the approaching Crees, they were almost to us, and I turned to see what was keeping my companion. It was time to act. I did not see him at the moment, and upon looking again to the front, what was my surprise to see the three intended victims fleeing



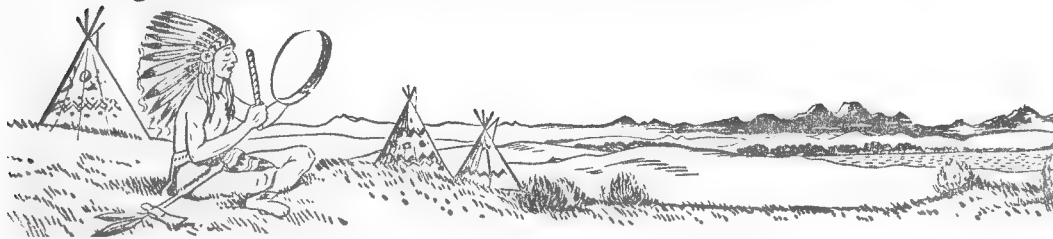
in the opposite direction as fast as their limbs could carry them. The clumsy Blackfoot, in returning to me with his horse, had popped up his head to the view of the Crees, who saw him and went off. I was on my horse in an instant and after them. They were running for a clump of timber, and I put my horse to his best speed in order to cut them off. The distance was too short, for the fleeing trio, throwing their bundles and blankets away as they ran, reached the edge of the timber and, after firing at me, they disappeared under cover. I looked behind expecting to find Big Snake at my heels, but the lazy fellow was just emerging from our late ambush and was starting his horse into a lazy lope; so the three Crees escaped that day.

We arrived home without further events, being absent eight days, five of which were spent in going down, and three in our return. I gathered up the thrown away goods of the Crees, and gave Big Snake a Hudson Bay striped blanket coat, moccasins and a rope. The medicine pipe I referred to was of the black-covered sort. It was given to Big Snake by the man who made it, a Blackfoot called "Many Knees." They are carried on the war path to use in changing the weather. Big Snake was very anxious that I should sell him my "medicine," but I had no confidence in his courage and refused.

12. On the Red Deer was pitched the lodges of the Bloods, Blackfeet, Peigans and Sarcees. The latter tribe had lately suffered rather seriously in war with the Crees, a favourite chief and many others had fallen. On an errand of revenge, large, very large, party was organized under the Blood "Bull Shakes His Tent." We set out all mounted; and travelling northwards, at a place called "Round Bushes" and "Round Timbers" we saw a distant Cree camp. Some of our wild, young men wanted to ride boldly to and attack it, but we wiser ones told them that they would certainly be killed if they did that, for the distance was so great that they would be overtaken if pursued, before they could return to us. Some of the unruly young fellows attempted several times to go in spite of our advice, but I headed them off and made them wait and listen to reason.

One of the chiefs called our attention to a road by which we could all ride almost unseen to within a short distance of our enemies' camp. We covered the fronts of our light horses with buffalo robes, and made the party look like buffaloes, and walked our horses towards a certain hill that was between us and the camp. Several times we had to take to open prairie, but walked slow like buffalos; and we lowered our heads and horses' necks, and reached the hill, behind which we pointed and were ready for action. I crawled to the top of the hill leading my horse, and saw the Crees run away like running buffalo.

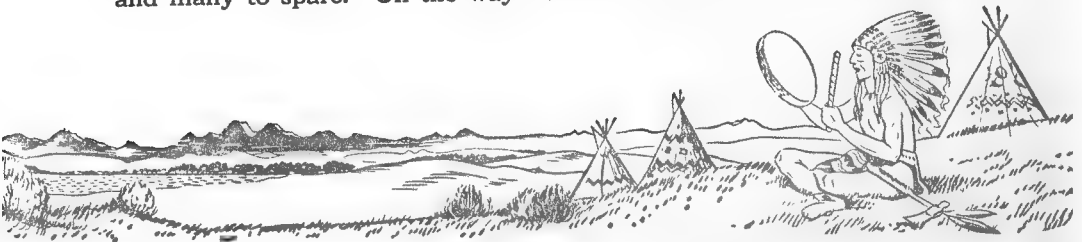
Near us and between us and the camp were ten people who had been getting water, and were now on their way back to the village. I signalled to the men, and continued watching the water carriers. There



were two women on ahead, then six women and a mounted man, and a single woman bringing up the rear, nine squaws and one man, all loaded with water kegs. As soon as I saw our party behind the hill mounting, I sprang on my horse, and started down the opposite slopes after the squaws. I had a good start of any of our party, and was soon close behind the water carriers, who had heard nothing and were slowly plodding along. Soon, however our big party came around the hill and in sight, and as they broke into a run all yelling, the squaws looked behind. Throwing water kegs in every direction, they ran for their lives. I was up alongside of the hindermost squaw, and shot her dead with my flintlock, and called to "Eagle Head" to take her clothes and scalp. The man who was mounted escaped to camp, but the nine squaws were all killed. That was not all—we were hardly through when we discovered on a bank quite close to us a great crowd of squaws, also getting water—who had been hidden from us by the high bank. To these we turned, and a massacre followed. Not a woman escaped, although there must have been a hundred there.

I did not kill any more, but contented myself with riding around, and heading off and driving back any who were getting away. When the last squaw was dead and scalped we started for home. The Crees were in hot pursuit; we went slowly, allowing them to catch up with us, then turned and charged them, killing their leader. We retreated; the Crees followed, and we turned to charge a second time, but they gave up the fight and went home to their dead wives. Home was reached in two days. There was great jubilation in our camps especially amongst the Sarcees.

13. "Wears His Head Ornament Behind" was the name of the leader of a rather large war party, which started from our camp on Bear River. At Dirty River, one day during a fall of snow, some of our men thought that they saw a herd of elk. I brought my glass into use and made out their elk to be a travelling camp of one lodge but many horses. We followed their tracks, and when close to where they camped, two men went ahead, stole some of their horses, and at once set out for home. A man of the strangers came over a hill nearby, driving the herd of horses. Our party, thinking it was a crowd of mounted Indians, turned and stampeded. I saw what it was, and went towards the herd to get a shot at the one, who saw me. He retreated towards the lodge; and just as I was about to fire at him, he threw himself from his horse and slipped over a small cut bank and escaped. I caught his animal, mounted, and drove away the fine herd of horses. I drove on and past my companions, who were strung out in a long line, just as they had fled, the fastest runners being the farthest away. Each, as I passed, asked me for a horse, but I appeared not to hear nor see them, and drove my horses right on past them all. Then I waited and gave each a horse as he came up. There was a mount for each one, and many to spare. On the way home we overtook the two who had



taken the first horses. The snow was so deep that most of the animals played out before we reached home.

14. At Fort Benton I met and joined a very large party of Blackfeet, who were going on a war expedition to the same favourite place—the country of the Crows. "Running Rabbit" was chief; one called the "Gambler" and I were the only two Bloods in the party. Somewhere about the locality where I had taken the horses on the last trip, we passed an immense war party of Crows. The two parties did not pass in sight of each other, but were some distance apart, one going north and the others—us—going south. The following day we saw their trail, and our leaders decided to let it go and push on south.

At about the same time, the Crows crossed our tracks and turned, and followed us for two days. They kept us in sight without our knowing it, and they let us travel on into their country until a suitable spot was reached for their purpose.

While going through a very rocky locality, we discovered that every stone, rock and bush ahead of us was hiding a Crow Indian. Running Rabbit had been told to go off and scout in front, also Rough Head, Flying White Buffalo and I. The other two had gone before me, and when I caught up to them, they were lying on the edge of a hill and closely examining the land ahead. I had taken out my glass, but found it of no use just then, and laid it down beside me. At the moment Flying White Buffalo called, "we are chased—we are chased," and sure enough, behind us, between us and our company was a great pack of Crows coming towards us. Fortunately between them and us was a big coulee which was full of soft snow and impassable. We ran around the head of the coulee and fell into another one. By the time we extricated ourselves, the Crows were close upon us. One of the Blackfeet with me was nimble and got away. The other was running behind me, when he stopped and told me that he was shot, and I went back. This prevented further running on his part, but he managed to walk. The bullets were flying thick about us, and I was anxious to use my legs, but the wounded man begged me not to leave him and I could not refuse his wish. I walked with him and helped him along as fast as I could. Again my companion was shot, this time through the hips, and of course he had to sit down on the ground; no more walking was possible for him. He still prayed to me not to desert him, and there I remained in his vicinity, dodging here and there to avoid the flying missiles. How I did long to try and race with those bullets. Our foes were now up to us. One short, black-faced fellow took courage at the sight of the wounded man, and came running up to him. The latter fired at the Crow but missed, and the gun was wrenched out of his hand in one instant, and up came a number of our enemies who seemed to pile themselves right on to the wounded



Blackfoot. I rushed at them, and fired a shot amongst them, which scattered them in all directions. Our men now arrived, and we chased the others away. They retreated past the place where they had been in ambush for us, and, I seeing a fancy young Crow standing up against a tree, ran to it thinking that I had a gun sure. But I was not so lucky; it was only the cover, inside of which were those two long sticks that Indians use as a rest in hunting.

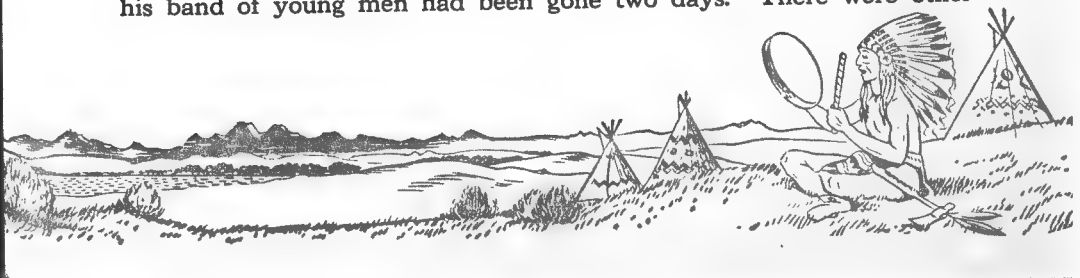
All were now engaged in a running fight with the retreating Crows. We shot one of them through the arm cutting an artery. The man fainted just as some of the Blackfeet reached him. He was deprived of his scalp, arms and coat.

Our adversaries next found good cover, and made a stand, and from every tree and rock they were firing at us. They had chosen the situation well, for at the time they ceased their retreat, we were in the open and quite unprotected. We were forced to fall back to cover ourselves, and that made the distance so great that the fighting was harmless. Before we retreated, we killed another Crow, but could not get at the body, so procured neither arms nor scalp. The Crows, though vastly in the majority now signalled to us to go home, and we made similar signs to them. When we returned to our Blackfoot wounded man, he was dead. We buried him where his body could not be found, hiding it under a pile of stones. We went home via Benton and to camp on Sun River. Although bringing back arms captured in war, and a scalp, there was no rejoicing for we had lost one of our party.

15. After a short rest I led a small party of Bloods upon a trip to the Crow country. We found on our way many stray horses, that had been ridden down and left behind by different war expeditions, and taking possession of these we returned homeward.

At Benton I met my uncle "Far Seer" and was told by him that a great expedition was about to leave against the Snakes, who had lately killed some of our tribe. I told my relative that I would be one of the followers of "Sam White Buffalo," for it was he who was to lead. The Bloods were at that time camped along the Missouri far above Benton, and were moving down to the place where they always procured their supply of red earth. The exact location of the camp was given to me, and leaving my companions I pushed on, being afraid of the war party starting before I arrived. When I reached the place, there was nothing but a deserted camp ground. I had only taken enough provisions to last me to that place, so was now obliged to search about the camp ground for scraps of meat, enough of which I found to do me. I followed the broad trail and finally reached the camp which was across the Missouri.

16. I was disappointed to hear that "Sam White Buffalo" and his band of young men had been gone two days. There were other

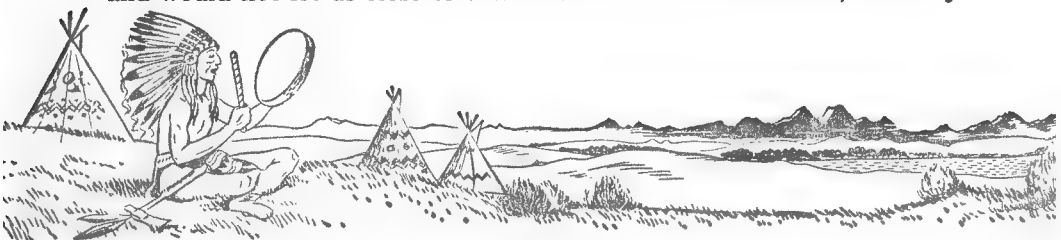


small camps of our people up the river in several different places. S. W. B.'s own lodge was at one of the most upper of these small camps. He had only come down to the main camp to get a following for his trip. I procured from my friends and relatives a supply of moccasins, and after eating a hearty meal, I started the same day that I arrived to overtake the others. This path laid up the Missouri, and that night I slept at one of the upper camps. Early next morning I was up and following the many foot-marks of the war party. Before the sun was high I arrived at S.W.B.'s lodge, and his people informed me that the ones I was following had been gone three nights. I now knew that unless I did good walking for a few days, I would be too late. The trail was plain and I at once set out upon it, and travelled all the rest of that day and well into the night without a pause. I laid down and slept at the spot on the prairie, where I happened to be when I felt so inclined, and was up and going before the sun next morning. That day I found some dried meat at one of the camping places of those in front of me, which I required to eat. On I went at my best gait and did more walking than sleeping that night, and at the close of the following day I overtook the expedition just after they had built their shelters and were about to repose. I had only been out two nights on their trail, which had taken them five to make. Of course, that was because they were many and not in a hurry. I was alone and very anxious.

When across the Elk River, a small group of us left the main party and took an easterly direction. We discovered the trail of some Crows and followed it up and took all their horses, some of which were good large ones. For home we rode and found our village on Bear River. I was very sorry that I had parted with the main party, for when we got in they were there before us. They had found a small camp of Snakes whom they had completely annihilated, and captured all sorts of goods, some horses and the much prized weapons. Our camp moved to a place called "Wide Bush" near "Snow Mountain," and from here I started upon my next war path.

17. This was a few men only, under one known as "Carries Tail Feathers Up The Hill." Near the "Elk," while I was out scouting with another fellow, I saw the two horses which I caught. They were probably stray animals. One of them, a black, I gave to my companion; the other I presented to our leader, who now having what he came for, at once turned and went home in company with another who rode the black which had again changed hands. Leaderless, the rest of us continued our search for adventure.

At a mountain known as the "Owl Ears," we found a camp of Crows. At night we went to their horses, but could not catch a single one, although we tried all night to do so. They were fat and mean, and would not let us close to them. While we were in cover, next day

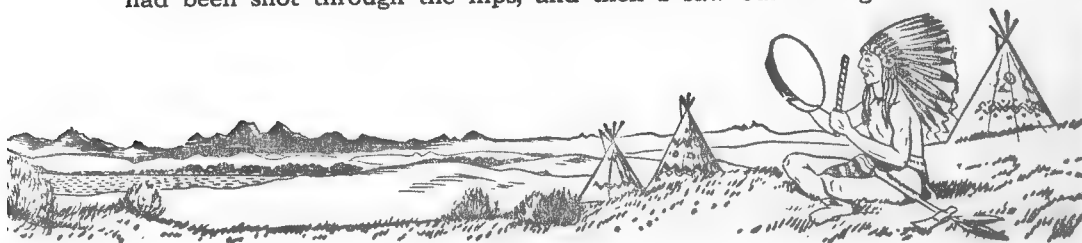


the camp moved away and some of us, being tired, we returned home to camp which was on the Yellowstone. One night only was I at home.

18. Next day while I was up on a hill looking about and resting, I saw what looked like a small war party which sneaked out of camp and went off in the direction of the mountains. I went to my lodge, gathered up some moccasins, my rope, etc., and ran after and overtook them. They were, as I expected, on the war path under the "Martin." We went over the mountains to the vicinity of a trading post there, and climbed a timbered mountain and camped where we could see over a great extent of country. We saw two riders driving horses from the north. I watched them with my glass, and noticed that they were like drunken men. This was because they had been driving day and night and were sleepy. They had no doubt stolen the horses from our country and were now on their way home. Thinking that they would be easily ambushed in their sleepy condition, I and another went down to kill them and re-capture the horses. We reached a point directly in front of them and sat in the bushes in wait for their approach. Soon they were close to us, when the leading horses seeing us shied and ran back. The drivers rounded them up and started them on again, but passed us at some distance out of gun range, so we returned to our friends empty handed.

Again, from our high position we saw our enemy. This time it was a single horseman coming from the distant trading post. To make sure of him we all descended and hid ourselves in a line across his path, to prevent a repetition of the other escape. Presently he appeared riding out of the bushes in front of where I and some others were. The "Martin" told me that he would kill the man and that I might take the gun. I was not in an agreeable humour for I fired first myself and killed the rider, calling to a young relative of mine, who came and took the gun. A Peigan of our party took the horse. The man we killed was a good looking fellow, with very long hair. He had a new white blanket tied behind his saddle; no doubt he had just bought it. We then went home rejoicing, and at the Sweet Grass hills we found camp on the moor northwards.

It was early one morning when we overtook the travelling camp. My relatives had stopped to hear my story, and had given me some food which I was eating as I sat on the ground. While thus occupied we heard that some Crees had been seen in front of the outfit, and by the time I had procured a horse, a man rode from the front saying that the leaders were fighting. I put whip to my horse and soon left the women and horses behind. There was no difficulty in following the fighting people, for the way was marked by a string of bags and other heavy articles which the Bloods had cast from their horses as they galloped after the Crees. Soon I passed a wounded man who had been shot through the hips, and then I saw our fleeing enemies



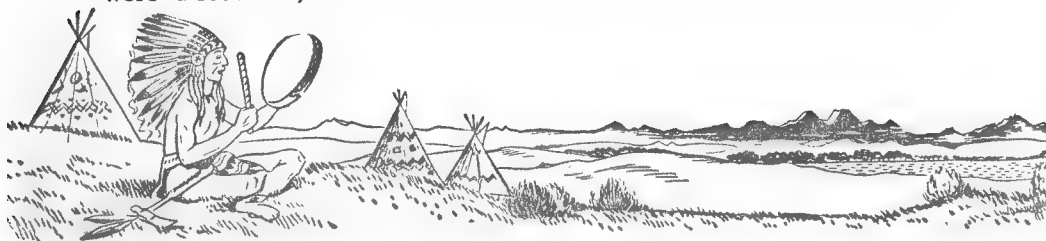
going out of sight over a hill. I was riding a big bay horse, a present to my uncle from Mr. Culbertson. As he was fast, I took what I thought a short cut to head off the Crees, but they did not go in my direction and I missed them altogether.

When I joined the rest of the men, they had given up the chase, having killed one Cree who was scalped before I saw him. All returned to the women. When we camped that night there was plenty of fun for the merry-makers. Two victories had to be celebrated. Two scalps to be danced for, which being taken from enemies of different tribes, and under such different circumstances, the cause of joy was multiplied. There was little or no sleep to be had that night.

19. Once when I was a mere lad, I was permitted to go with a large war party under the Chief "One Spotted Horse." The Crees had been stealing our horses, and this expedition started from our main camp to retaliate. At the Elk River was a trading post frequented by the Crows. We arrived in that locality, and from our hiding places saw large numbers of that people camped about the Post. Other lodges were continually coming in and camping there to trade.

"One Spot" considered that there was going to be serious work and called the party. A large party like that always has men in it who, through being either too old or too young, are liable to tire and be a nuisance to the good men. The ground there was very muddy and travelling was most tiresome work, so our leader ordered most of the men home, some old, other young fellows, amongst the latter myself. But I and the others made up our minds not to go and said so. The chief at first explained that none could remain but the strongest and most experienced. Finding persuasion useless, he abused us and called us all sorts of nasty names for our disobedience. We did not mind the abuse as long as they did nothing worse, so stuck to them and followed wherever they went. The culling out had cut us down to only three brush lodges. We three boys were punished in many ways for not doing as we were told. A buffalo was killed and we were forced to pack nearly the whole carcass. We were continually carrying water to the men, and whenever they would catch one of us sitting down they would find some errand to keep us busy. They thought they could make us tire of their company; but we took all in silence and remained.

During the stay there, a rocky place on a hill was fixed up as a fort to retreat to in case we should be hard pressed in any trouble that might follow, and near this hill beside a creek was our brush camp. Early next morning some of the men were up on the hill, looking at the surrounding country, when they saw a great crowd of Crow Indians coming straight towards our camp. Of course they thought that we were discovered, but it soon turned out that it was only a buffalo

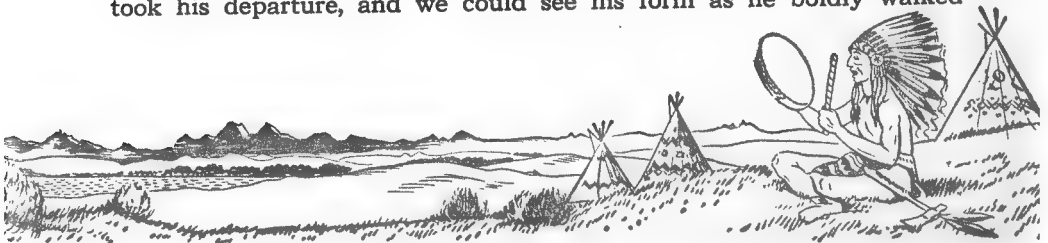


hunt, for one of them chased an animal and killed it, and his example was followed by others. This reason in turning out so early was the muddy ground in the morning was stiffened with frost, and buffalo were more easily run. This would not be the case later in the day when the heat of the sun had thawed it out.

It was still early in the day when the hunters finished their work and returned to their village. All this time we three boys were kept in a hole and told all sorts of lies about what was going on. When the Crows had all gone out of sight, our men decided to leave our brush camp, and all prepared for action by painting up, etc. We boys were told to paint our faces and go off by ourselves and take horses; that no man would be allowed to accompany us. In fact, we three were treated like stray pups following a camp. No one had a pleasant word for us; nothing but offensive taunts and insults were bestowed upon us. But to all such we sat in perfect silence acting as if we heard nothing. We all approached the Crow village and found that it was a large one stretching far up the river and down. We went into cover where we were to wait for night to come.

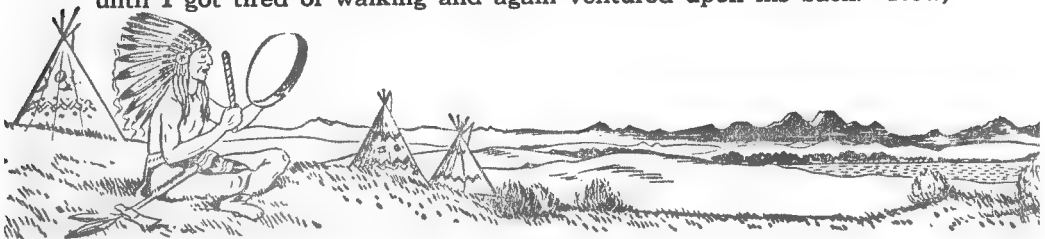
All about the different groups of lodges were playing crowds of young people. Young braves now waited until the sun began to sink, and finally the people transferred their merriment to the insides of the lodges. At last the welcome darkness enveloped the scene, and our time for acting had arrived. The chief first told a certain tall man of the party to go and take a scout by himself, and to do it very cautiously. This was a mild way of telling the fellow to go and take the first chance at the Crow horses. One Spot pitied him, probably because he was poor and wanted him to be successful. The tall person went as he was told, and took the hint also, for he came back in a short time with three horses. The chief sent him to the fort with his animals; the rest of the party were told to scatter and for each to act according to his judgment. Our leader said, "there are the horses before you, and their owners asleep." Away we all went, some up the river, others down, and in a little while the village of the slumbering Crows was being approached from all directions.

I and one other boy went together up stream and picked out a group of lodges. We were crawling along through the grass and bushes, close to the lodges, when we heard something behind us, and presently saw it was another of our men upon the same errand as ourselves. We could not see that he did not know of our being there, so we called him to us and found that it was one called "High Sun"—my brother's companion, who then offered to stay with us and lead us, he being much older than us. "High Sun" led the way far around and closer to the lodges which we saw were pitched in a circle around a corral in which the horses were. Our companion told us to remain there and he would go ahead and see how things were situated. He took his departure, and we could see his form as he boldly walked



between the lodges and approached the corral. We waited a long while, then he returned and gave us a spear which he had captured. We could not see it plainly, but between seeing and feeling, we could tell that it was richly ornamented and a valuable trophy. High Sun at once went back again, and next time brought with him a big grey horse, and told us to leave the place and go with him to our retreat. We all started away, but I and my friend soon stopped and told the older one that he had got all he wished for, but we had nothing and were going to get at least some small article each before we went home. High Sun exchanged his rifle for his young brother's bow and arrows and parted with us. We returned to the place we had just came from, and took the same path between the lodges that High Sun had. The corral was full of horses, and my companion wanted to go in and take some of them. But I had noticed a lot of shields and other articles hanging on the usual tripods near some of the lodges and I preferred them to horses. So, like fools, we stood there and argued about it in whispers. Finally we parted, I to the tripods, and he to the horses. At the first lodge I took from a high tripod, which I was obliged to lower, to reach the articles, a shield and some bags of Indian goods. In front of this lodge, which was a large one, was tied a horse which I soon untied and led away; his colour I could not make out in the darkness. Another lodge I went to, and found that against it was leaning another tripod, also supporting a shield and some bags. It was not such an easy task to remove these articles as the others. Leaning as they were right against the lodge, the least sound or clumsy movement would awaken the inmates. But I was cautious, and not in a hurry, so made no noise. I spread my robe upon the horse's back and tied each pair of bags together and hung them over the horse; the two shields I put on my back with thin straps around my neck. I discovered another horse also tied near a lodge, and led them both away from the camp. I was obliged to go very slow for all the stuff I had was covered with bells, and would make an uproar at the least quick movement of the horse. I went near to the corral as I left, and found that my friend had gone.

After slowly walking the horses out of earshot of their late owners, I mounted the one with the bags, etc. on, and directed his steps towards our post, leading the other. All was well until I had reached quite a distance from the Crow lodges. The horse I was riding then became impatient to return home, and when he found that I would not allow him to he began to prance and dance up and down. Of course the bells all made a row, and the two shields on my back rattled together so loudly that the horse became more unmanageable each minute, until finally down went his head and I was bucked off. I did not let go of the bridle, but the animal I was leading got away from me when I fell, and back home he galloped at his top speed. Being afraid to mount, I led my horse away far out on the prairie until I got tired of walking and again ventured upon his back. Now,



however, he had recovered from his uneasiness and gave me no more trouble. I was still out at daybreak, when for the first time I saw my horse was a fine buckskin. As I neared the fort, my steed again began to dance, and in that style I went on, the horse prancing sideways showing off first on one side, then on the other, to the watchers on the hill, my goods with many bells jingling in time to the horse's movements. When I saw the black looks of envy upon the faces of the warriors, I felt amply revenged upon them for all the insults I had suffered at their hands. I tied up my horse and unloaded my captures. The men all came around and we turned out the contents of the bags. Every one admired the number and quality of my trophies.

In one pair of the bags was a man's suit complete. Shirt, leggings, etc., all of the very finest of an Indian's chief's ornamental clothing. Those bags contained much more than we Bloods put in them. The Crows seemed to keep all their finery there. There were even beads and women's trinkets in one of them. I was soon plied with many requests from the men for these articles, and most of the things I gave them reserving for myself the shields and some of the best of the other. One of the shields was a beauty. It was fringed with eagle tail feathers and red cloth. On the front was painted a mountain lion. There was a bullet hole through it, and blood all over the inside. The strap was a band made by doubling a whole deer skin over and over.

I now had time to enquire about the fortunes of my companions. Only a few of them had been successful. The Crow horses were too securely corralled for many of the oldest of the party to take. The spear taken by High Sun, and which I had handled in the dark, I afterwards examined. It was one of the best spears that I have ever seen. The handle was covered with buckskin and decorated with crows feathers. To it was tied a stuffed crow's head, which the owner was wont to tie in his hair before going to war.

Next night under cover of darkness, we left our hiding place and started upon our home journey. After many days we arrived at Benton, and then came up home to the Blood camp on Belly River.

20. From the Bear River where our camp was situated, a party started under the joint leadership of "White Wolf" and myself. One day after we had arrived at a point below the trading post of the Crows, I saw some buffalo, and took out my spy-glass to examine them. Upon looking through it, I discovered a horseman who was in the act of ascending a small hill. He remained but a short time on the hill, going there no doubt to observe what direction the buffalo were travelling, after which he descended and went out of sight behind some ridge or high ground near him.



While still looking in that direction, I saw a large number of people appear from where the rider went to and attack the buffalo. From our hiding place we watched the runners kill many animals, butcher and carry away the meat; but could not locate the village. At night, however, we left cover and had no trouble in finding the camp, which we watched until its inmates were asleep. I divided the party into two; one half I took charge of, the other was under my friend, White Wolf. I and my party at once set out for the opposite side of the camp. Upon our arrival there, I found that the village was pitched upon an island, formed by the river and a slough. The latter was dry and the rocky bed of it was all that was between us and the hostile camp. From where we stood we could plainly see that our enemies' horses were loose in the camp, and I took one young man with me and a Blackfoot, telling the rest to remain where they were. I led my companions quietly towards the village. I did not cross on the stony bed of the slough, for it is not easy to walk over stones without making some noise. At one end of the slough was a patch of still back water from the river, and this patch was frozen over, it being late in the fall of the year. Upon this ice we crossed noiselessly, and were soon nearing the camp. As I was about to lead the way between the lodges, I heard by young companion whisper from behind something about "a person" and "a log." Casting my eyes quickly about me I saw no person, but a large log was quite near me, a fallen tree. My companion repeated his warning and I now saw that it was no false alarm, for quite close to me I could see the figure of a man lying flat beside the log—no doubt a guard over the horses.

As I looked at him, he slowly arose to his feet, gun in hand, which he cocked as he reached our upright attitude. My gun was already cocked and ready for instant use, and there we stood looking at each other for some little time. My friend had fled when the Crow stood up, so I was quite alone in our interesting situation. Without taking our eyes from each other for one instant, the Crow and I slowly began backing away from each other. My adversary backed towards the nearest lodge, and as soon as he reached its immediate locality, he, with a spring, got behind it and took to his heels and was soon out of hearing. As soon as I saw this trick, I turned and soon put a good distance between myself and such a dangerous neighbourhood.

Upon reaching the place where I had left my party, I found that they had taken fright and stampeded, but I listened and heard their retreating footfalls. I started in the direction of the sound at my top speed, and when about to overtake them, one of them saw me and yelled; "here comes a mounted man," at which they all scattered in the darkness like so many birds, and I would have left them alone had I not called to them. When they heard my voice they ceased their wild race, and I got them all together again. Knowing that nothing could be done in the way of capturing horses that night, we went away from the locality of the Crow camp.



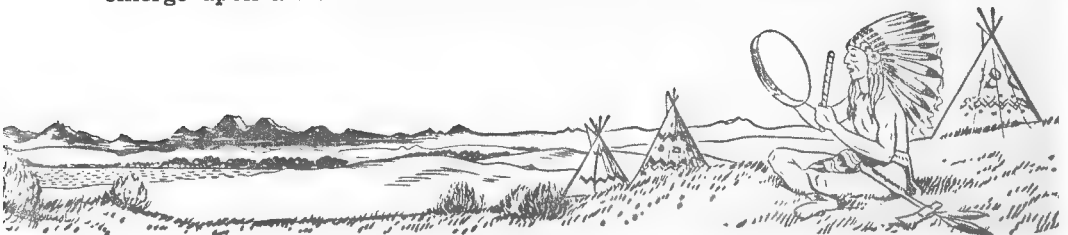
In the meantime the leader of the other squad had heard talking and moving about in the village, and surmised that there had been a discovery, and had retreated to the open prairie, and took the same direction that we did. One of the boys saw the outline of their figures against the sky on a hill close to us. Thinking, of course, of enemies instead of friends, he gave the alarm, said that we were pursued; and it was with difficulty that I prevented them from stampeding again. To make sure, I quietly approached the travelling party, until I was close enough to hear their voices, which I recognized as those of our other party. At the same time that I became thus satisfied of their identity they saw me and scampered off like rabbits, but I called after them, with the effect that our two parties were soon reunited.

We at once continued on to the brush lodges where we had spent the night before, and after we had rested a little while, I proposed that we start out for fresh fields, as it was still a long time before daylight, and we could go a long distance that night. White Wolf would not listen to that. He said, "we have done those people no harm yet, and some of their horses will be ours before we leave this vicinity." After a long and useless argument, I said; "stay here and attempt the Crow horses, if you will, but I am going away in search of a new village, for I am satisfied that no good will come of remaining about the neighbourhood of people who have discovered us."

I called upon a young relative of mine to come with me, and he and I packed up our bundles and were soon ready to start. I went out, but when he got up to follow me, the others took hold of him and said he should not accompany me. I demanded his release, but found that every man was opposed to me. Upon this, I gave in saying, "all right, here we shall stay, and tomorrow the Crows will find us and we will suffer. You will all have cause to regret this foolishness."

Early next morning I went in search of a better place to defend ourselves in, should we be tracked and attacked. A suitable spot was up above us in the hills, and they all followed me to it. Here we remained that day without seeing any one, but in the middle of the afternoon they took a sudden notion to start. I objected to this very strongly, for I thought that we were watched by our enemies; all had been so quiet that day. Another reason I felt cautious that day was this—the crow birds were sitting in the trees near us all day long. That, I knew to be a bad sign. I took it as a warning, and tried to control my friends. I said: "What fools you are, you refuse to move at night, but want to do so next day in broad daylight. No! No! here we must stay until night." They were all of one mind, however, and start they did. I, of course, was obliged to go too, but I scolded them much as we went. I said: "Oh, you fools, you are going to catch it this day!"

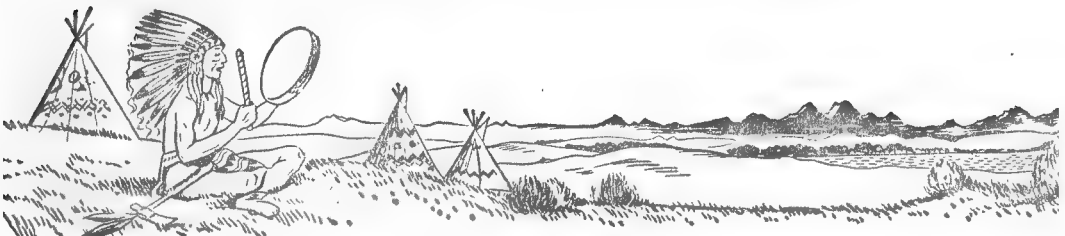
We entered a long coulee and started down it to where it would emerge upon a river bottom. As we neared the mouth of the coulee,



an elk was seen, and one of the crazy men would have shot it in spite of my opposition had I not used deception to prevent him. I volunteered to shoot the elk myself, and crawled towards him as if to do so, but I showed myself purposely to the animal which scampered off. I was obliged to lie to my companions and tell them how I had endeavoured to get a shot at the elk. Later on I played a similar trick with a buffalo bull to prevent the men firing at him. Towards sundown three more buffalo were seen, and they all said that they were determined to have meat. They fired two shots, and killed one of the animals, which they set about cutting up. Four of the men went off to take a scout around, and I went to the top of a hill in the vicinity and sat down. Three other men sat with me, the others were all busy with the meat. We were all hungry, but not enough to take such a risk as we were doing. They called to me to join them, but I preferred to remain where I was.

I felt an uncontrollable presentiment of coming evil, and in obedience to it I spent my time in overhauling my bow and arrows, and examining my flint lock. While all were thus occupied, from my position on the hill I saw a great horde of mounted Crow Indians coming in sight from the coulees and other favourable places that had enabled them to approach us. They quickly formed a solid line, in which they came towards us at a gallop. I called to our men below; "Come up here! Come up here! I am not going to run! I am not going to run!" But they were panic stricken and ran about in all directions, and were easily run down by the Crows, who had seven of them dispatched in as many minutes. These were the leader "White Wolf"—"Gambler"—"Singing Back"—"Many Gifts To The Sun"—Bloods; and "Good Young Man"—"Many Tail Feathers"—and another fellow whose name I do not remember—Blackfeet. One only, a Blackfoot—managed to reach us on the hill. This made our number—five. We ran for our lives to reach some friendly cover. We kept together, and did not get all excited, although we knew how very slim our chances were. Soon I heard a great yell behind me, and saw that a Crow mounted on a big bay horse, and armed with a spear and a shield, was about to run me down and spear me. I put an arrow to my bow and as my pursuer came upon me I turned and let it go. He was coming at such a speed that I missed him, but the arrow was buried to the feathers in the horse's kidneys. The horse bucked off the rider, who fell on one side, his spear on the other, while the shield rolled away over the prairies.

This did not detain me a moment, but on, on we flew, and another Crow got after me. He was mounted on a buckskin, and held in his hand a gun which he intended to shoot me with. I waited as before, until he was almost up to me, then I turned and shot an arrow well aimed at him. I made the same error; as I fired he turned his animal sideways, and the arrow struck the horse in the same place as the former had, and down came the Crow to the ground.

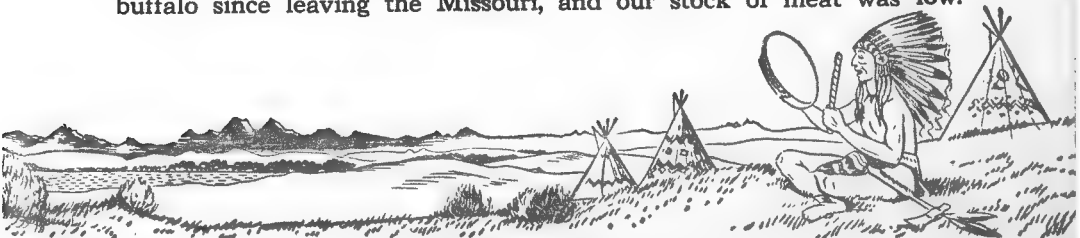


We had now retreated a long distance from the starting place, and one of my friends called out—"a coulee! a coulee!" and to my delight, right in front of us, was a coulee, into which we ran and hid in the brush in the bottom. We were doomed to be disappointed in the matter of cover, for we soon found that it would not be of any use to us; it was so scant. The Crows were on both sides shooting down upon us, and soon would have killed some of our party had we remained there. I told my friends that we must break out of that trap, and up we went—up the opposite bank through the yelling Crows, and off across the level prairie, our pursuers shooting at us all the time but keeping a good distance away. Soon a welcome sound came to our ears, a repeated and echoed two yells which I had found by experience to be the Crow signal to cease fighting, which they did at once, our nearest pursuers contenting themselves with a parting shout and a shot.

During our retreat homewards that night, we overtook our four men who had gone scouting. They had heard the firing and yelling, and had at once fled thinking it custom that they would be the only survivors of the party. We nine continued homewards, and at Benton met the first of our people and related the story of misfortune. The news did not reach the Blackfeet camp until the following summer. While we were at Benton, we were glad and surprised to welcome a strange arrival. He was no less than one of the seven, whom we thought dead away down in the Crow country. It was the young Blackfoot, whose name I do not remember. He told us how he had been badly wounded, and when the Crows were busy elsewhere, he had crawled away unnoticed into slight cover and there had remained until night fall. In the pursuit of my four companions and myself, nine of us were hit; but for my part I know that many a bullet hole in my garment told me how near I came to finding a bed on the prairie.

In this run the Crows captured six scalps, the arms of six men, and three black covered medicine pipes. Of the four scouts who were away and thus escaped, old White Wolf, the blind man now on the Blood Reserve, is one. He was not then called by that name.

21. I was a member of a large party which made an unsuccessful trip to the southern country. Returning homewards in the month of December, we met a small party of Blackfeet going south. We went down to the mouth of the Sun River, where was situated the Gros Ventres camp, and here we were obliged to wait some days. The Missouri was full of floating slush ice, and we had to wait until it was frozen over. We at last crossed and away south we journeyed, led by the Blackfoot "Big Road". We crossed the Elk River and neared the scene of the affair with the Crows in which we had lost six men. This was near a place called by us "Lonely Mountain." We had seen no buffalo since leaving the Missouri, and our stock of meat was low.



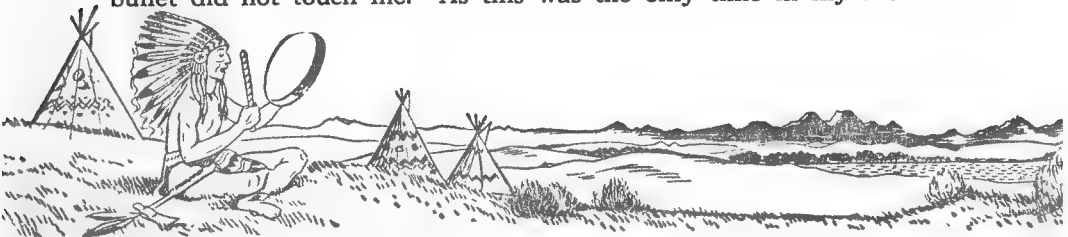
Arriving at "Lonely Mount" we saw three buffalo, one of which I managed to kill, a bull, very fat and like a young cow. We cut up the meat and carried all we wished with us. Not far away was a good camping place, which had been prepared by a party of Bloods upon a former trip in which I had taken part. To this, I advised my friends to go, as there were plenty of brush lodges ready made, as well as a good strong fort with large logs piled high up all around five high. To this place we went and occupied the lodges. As the weather was cold, and there was a little snow upon the ground, some of the men went and trapped coyotes. The skins made them good warm beds to lie upon.

The day after we arrived at this place, one of our men while out trapping, saw a long line of Indians carefully following in our tracks of yesterday. We were cooking and eating when this man ran in with a frightened face, and related what he had seen. We were not allowed much time to make ready, for we were at once surrounded by the yelling Crows, who at the first volley broke the leg of one of our men, and the arm of another. The former was Weasel Horse, the latter was a Peigan "Medicine Shield."

On one side of our enclosure stood a large tree, and upon one of its branches was hanging a black covered medicine pipe. Soon after the attack, one of the Crows made a bold jump upon the breast work and secured the pipe. He was quick enough to regain the ground unhurt with his prize, but had no sooner done so than he was grappled by another Crow, who wanted to take from him his trophy. There they struggled for the pipe right before us, but I settled the dispute, for I took aim and shot one of them through the back, while they were so engaged. He fell like a dead man.

The enemy made a great fire, and for a long time they amused themselves by throwing fire brands at us, no doubt hoping to burn us out. But that did us no harm, for all that came inside we extinguished. At another time one of them crawled in towards us and fastened a rope to one of our logs, and they all pulled on the other end thinking to haul away our barrier and put us at their mercy. Fortunately the rope broke and we were safe again.

All this time a continued shouting and yelling was kept up by both sides. Each man of us had his place in the enclosure, and as I laid flat in my corner a bullet struck the log near me and a splinter of wood struck me in the forehead and cut a deep gash. The blood from this covered my face, and as I was too busy to rub it off, I soon was a bad sight to look at. My comrades enquired what the matter was, and I replied that I had almost been wounded. I still bear the scar from that splinter. It is a large one and plainly visible over my left eye. I do not consider that I was wounded by the Crow for his bullet did not touch me. As this was the only time in my life that



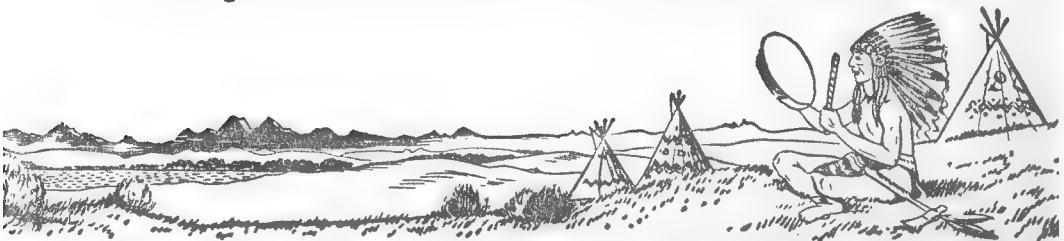
my blood flowed in battle, I still boast that no enemy has ever struck or wounded me.

The nearest man to me was a Blackfoot who was badly wounded. He was struck in the middle of his forehead by a bullet which cut a gash in his skull about two inches long. We thought that he was killed, but he came to just before daylight next morning. Long in the night I saw a group of Crows about a fire. I took a shot at one of them and knocked him down. The others got away from the fire. I do not know where he was hit, but I afterwards saw much blood at the place where he fell. During the night the enemy recovered the body of the man I had killed near us. One of them crept up and fastened the end of a long rope to the body, and others in cover hauled him in. We took possession of his bag and contents as trophies. During the progress of the fight, we were asked what people we were, and we replied, "Blackfeet, Bloods and Peigans." At noon we saw the Crows leave in a long line for their home. For miles they were in sight. We left our retreat and scattered over the battle ground examining the signs, when from cover we were fired upon by a large squad of the Crow that had been left there to ambush us. We regained our fort and did not leave it for two days more, but contented ourselves with doctoring the wounded, resting, cooking and feeding up for future possibilities. The fight lasted from four o'clock in the morning until noon next day. I never heard that we had killed any but the two I shot, and we had only three wounded.

We supplied the man with a crutch, who was crippled in the leg, and on the evening of the third day, we started out upon our return northwards. We took care to camp every time in a strong position, and did not allow our stock of meat to get low. One night while we were engaged in cooking and eating inside of our barricade, I heard plainly a crack as of a twig or stick being trod upon. We looked at each other and exchanged whispered opinions. Nearly all of us had heard the noise, so we dropped down behind our cover, with guns in our hands. I called aloud: "Somebody in this locality will get hurt before long," and to our great surprise a reply came out of the darkness in our language—"Don't hurt me—don't shoot us," and in came two men, Peigans. They had been of a war party of their own people, and had become separated while on a scout. They told us that they had seen us killing buffalo, and had watched where we camped, but could not tell what our tribe was until they heard my warning.

They remained with us and we continued our way homewards until across the Elk River. Here, eight of us turned back on a new war path, not caring to go home as things were.

We headed to the Red Mountain, and discovered a camp of Crow. One night, when scouting near this camp, one of our men discovered something which sent him to us in alarm. Others went to see what it

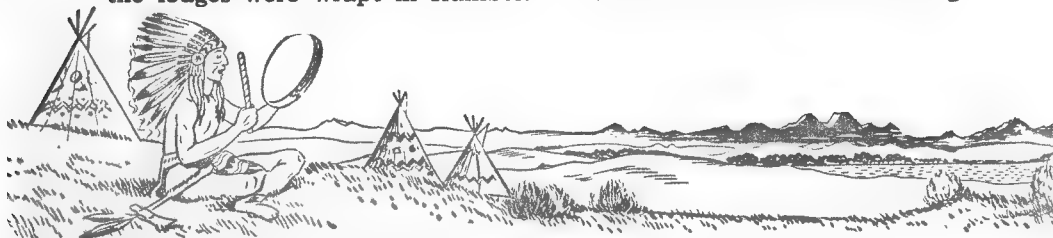


was, but upon their rejoining us we were no wiser than before, for they seemed to have no idea what they had seen. I thought it must be the carcass of a horse or colt, and went to examine the object. What were my feelings to find that it was a stripped and mutilated body of a man. We afterwards heard that it was the body of a Blackfoot, who was one of a war party which had met and fought the Crow.

On the following night we went close to the Crow village, and saw that they were having a scalp dance. One man was singing and a crowd of girls were dancing. We crawled in close to the lodges, and laid where we could see and hear all that was going on. One of the girls called out in our language every little while some such expressions as "My friends, go away, you will be killed" and "My friends, you are watched." I remember that these repeated warnings had a great effect upon the younger members of my party, who wanted to take the girls at their word and go home at once. I had some difficulty in reassuring them that these girls were captive women taken from the Peigans from time to time, and that they were no doubt in the habit of calling out such warnings when they felt like it, and no doubt the affair in which the man we had seen had been killed in, was why they were so noisy tonight. When the dancing ceased later on in the night, and the people had all gone to sleep, I and a Peigan went in between the lodges and approached the horses. The latter looked very queer in the darkness. My companion declared to me that each horse had a man on its back, and as they looked that way to me, we were upon the point of stampeding in consequence. We mustered up enough courage to go closer and make sure, and then we saw that the light had deceived us and the horses were unguarded. We each caught and mounted one, and quietly and slowly drove a large herd of the animals out of the camp and away to our waiting friends. All were soon mounted, and away we flew to the north. Elk River was crossed near its mouth, and our camp we found on Bear River.

I had many horses to give to my relatives this trip. The Blackfoot who was shot in the head in the early part of this expedition, lived for many years after the receipt of the wound. He had always warned his wives that if they ate buffalo fat, his wound would get bad and kill him. Some years afterwards, they became careless and neglected the warning by having a meal of buffalo fat. The result was what the man had predicted; his head swelled up and he died. His name was "Crow On Side Of A Butte"—Mas-Tau-Ae-A-Kipe.

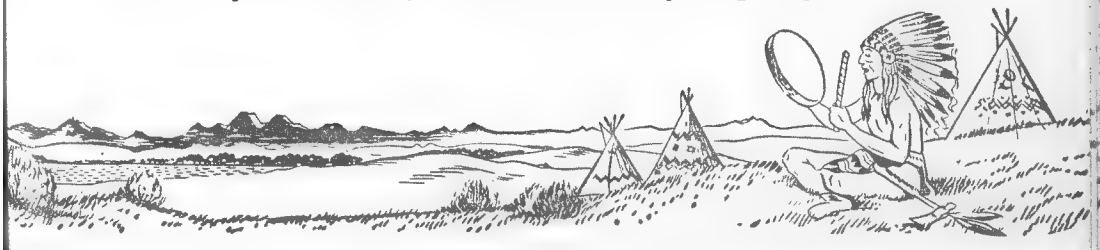
22. "Big Road" was leader of a large party of Blackfeet and Bloods, who went from the camp at Bear River. The object was as usual Crow horses, and I of course was one of the party. Soon after we crossed the Elk River, we saw some Crow hunters, whom we tracked to their camp, and as usual laid in cover until the inmates of the lodges were wrapt in slumber. A warm wind had been blowing



all day, thawing away the snow that was on the ground to the thickness of an inch or so. At the moment we had concluded the village to be securely asleep, the wind shifted to the north, and a bad blizzard set in instantaneously and howled about us in a perfect fury. We lost no time thinking about the storm, but scattered out around the Crow camp to see what could be obtained in the way of horses. We crossed the river which was before us, and I and two Blackfeet—"Bad Dried Meat" and another, went in the circle and found the horses were all inside a strong fence or corral, at the gate of which was pitched a lodge. I entered the corral and caught one of the animals which were standing with their backs to the storm. My companions did likewise, while I caught and bridled a second animal for myself. I hunted about and found a weak place in the fence. We lifted a log and took it from under a stump that supported it, then let the log to the ground; the horses I then led over this log to the outside. The upper log was just high enough to enable the horses to pass under by slightly bending their backs. When my companions had both passed out with their horses, we broke into a run and recrossed the river. The ice was covered with water from the late chinook, and by the time that we reached the top of the bank our moccasins were frozen stiff. We mounted and sped away in the face of the blinding storm. When we had placed a safe distance between us and the village, we dismounted and led our animals to keep ourselves warm. In this way we travelled some distance. One of my friends who was not warmly clad, showed signs of freezing, and to prevent that misfortune we halted in a timbered coulee and built a fire to warm him. I and the others changed moccasins, and after I had stuffed the cold man's clothes full of grass, so full that he could not walk without difficulty, we took the road again, walking in the direction the still furious storm came from, and leading our horses. At times when the ground was favourable, we would run.

We descended another bank and found ourselves at a creek near which was no timber but heavy sage brush. We made another short halt, built a fire, thawed out again and continued our way. We saw nothing but ourselves all that night until after daylight next morning, when the storm cleared away. "Snow Mountain" and "Black Mountain" were in sight and their positions showed us that we had travelled straight northwards all through the storm. We arrived at the southern Bear River, and then killed a buffalo and had a feast of ribs, and slept in an old brush lodge we found.

On the following day we pushed on, and the chinook again began to blow, making the road muddy to such an extent that one of our horses played out and we were obliged to remain and rest him. Next day we started again walking the others, the other two following with the four horses. I happened to look behind once and saw that there were only three horses, so waited until they caught up to me, then

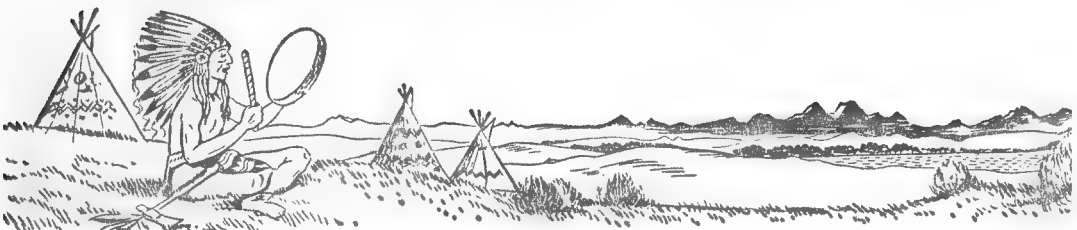


inquired what had become of the fourth. They had stuck a knife in him because he could not keep up with the others.

We arrived at Benton and went homewards. This was a very quick trip. Five days afterwards our main party came into Benton and related that they had taken some horses, had been discovered, had retreated, and in the storm they had lost one of their men through being frozen to death. They were also told that we three were lost, probably dead, but they were informed that we had passed safely home five days ago.

23. "Big Road" and his comrade "War Bonnet" led the following expedition. It was not a large party, and we had a long way to go, because our home at that time was camped away north at the edge of the northern timber and our object was as before Crow horses. The berries were beginning to ripen as we completed our preparations and set out. We called at Benton and went on directly to "Red Mountain" which we climbed for the purpose of viewing the country. One morning I and another man were out upon a scout, and while going up a coulee we were suddenly confronted by a bunch of buffalo who looked at us in a startled manner. In an instant the side of the coulee was swarming with Crow Indians in pursuit of the buffalo. We popped into what brush there was at hand, and were fortunate in being able to do so without being seen. From our hiding place we saw a Crow having a rough fight with a buffalo bull which he finally killed. While the rest of the buffalo were being hunted, a bull came pointing along and laid down to rest right beside us. Our brush was not at all dense, and we viewed this newcomer with dismay, for the bulls in this hunted tired state are very hostile, and he might see us and attack us again. The Crow were liable to come for him and find us. One by one the hunters finished their work and rode away over the hills with their meat. Our bull companion watched them attentively, and at sun-down he too got up and took his departure, to our heavy relief. We descended the coulee, and by keeping in a long strip of heavy brush, we made our way quickly and safely to our companions. They had in the meantime built a good place to retreat to in case of trouble, and as soon as we related our little adventure, all made ready to take action. We took the direction that the Crow hunters had, and there found a creek which we followed, to a lately deserted camp ground. This showed us that the camp had moved directly upon the return of the buffalo hunters.

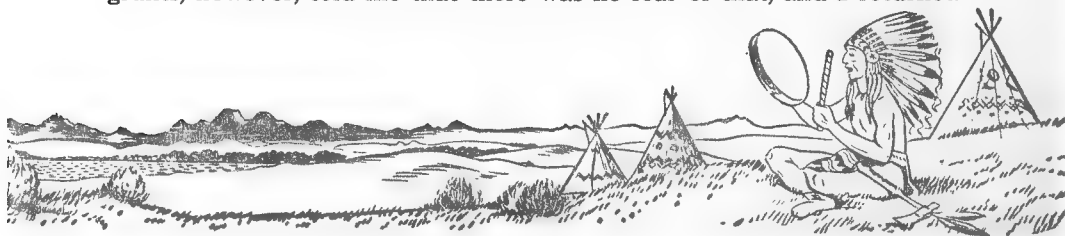
When engaged in going over the camp ground, as Indians always do, we suddenly discovered one large painted lodge standing alone. We were puzzled at this, and when after consultation we went close and looked inside. It was only to find that the lodge was quite empty. We afterwards learned that it was a Crow religious custom to make a sacrifice of a good lodge to the Sun in that way. A chief, upon buying or making a new lodge would sometimes leave the old



one standing where it was last used. We left the locality and descended a big hill some miles away. Here, we waited until daylight thinking that we would see where the Crow had gone to. We were right, the camp was plainly visible in the distance, and we rested all day waiting for the friendly darkness to come. We left our high hiding place at nightfall and approached the village which was situated upon a burnt piece of prairie. We were divided into two parties, which took opposite sides of the camp. I was told by the leader of my squad to take one man and go into the village and drive out a herd of the horses. He thought probably that I was a fool that would walk into a hostile camp and drive away the horses as if they were my own, and I at home.

I said nothing, but called one of the men and went; we stopped outside of the lodges. The horses were loose and were slowly wandering out to grass. After a large number were some distance clear of the village, we got up and drove them away to our waiting friends. My companion caught a bay on the way and mounted him. Soon all the men were busy amongst the horses, looking out what to catch. Then a great blunder was made; some fool caught a wild horse, and although a number of the men ran at once and helped him hold it, the animal got loose and ran through the herd with the long rope about his heels and legs which ended in a wild stampede back to the village. All was commotion in the camp, and we could hear the people driving picket pins to secure the animals. They no doubt misunderstood the excitement of the horses, I thought, so proposed to make another trial.

Three times I enquired who would come with me for horses, but there was no response, so off I went alone. Near one of the lodges I heard a woman crying, and to that point I directed my steps. I walked boldly towards and past the woman, and as she did not notice me I coughed when opposite her, my arms hidden under by blanket coat, which was pulled tightly about me. She renewed her crying and I passed between two lodges into the middle space. I put my rope on a pinto mare, but when I attempted to lead her away, she would not come, and then I saw that she had a great swollen knee. I turned her loose and caught another mare, and avoiding the crying woman I led her away out on the prairie, tied her to a bush, and returned to the camp. At the back of a big lodge were a lot of bags, etc., tied to a pole. In the dark I could not see what the bags were fastened to, which were leaning against the lodge. These I tried to unfasten, but could not succeed, and while reaching up in my attempt to untie them, the pole slipped and the whole affair came down with a crash, me on top of them. Hearing a noise as of some sleeper getting up inside the lodge, I quickly put an arrow to my bow, and moved to the entrance of the lodge, determined to shoot any one who might come out. A few grunts, however, told me that there was no fear of that, and I returned



to the bags and took them up and walked away dragging the pole after me. I had not gone far before I was spoken to from behind me. Not knowing the tongue, I of course could not reply, but when a second remark was addressed to me by my followers, I took to my heels and ran away, still keeping the goods. I reached my horse, got rid of the pole and mounted. I was towards the lower end of the camp and saw three men whom I took to be of our party, and addressed them. They did not reply but laid low in the grass. As they were quite near enough to hear me, I knew them to be Crow and turned my horse away. The mare was a fast one, and well for me that she was, for in response to yells of the three Crow, the women in the village set up a great uproar, and immediately the whole neighbourhood became alive with mounted men yelling and running in every direction. Without a doubt the camp had been on the alert and the inmates waiting for us ever since the horses stampeded home. I found myself closely pressed in the darkness, and threw away my bags to help the mare. A shield on my back was the only article I retained of my new captures. My pursuers were well mounted, and I was soon overtaken and headed off. As a last resort I threw the shield away and urged my mare to her utmost. Away we flew in the black night, my escort yelling like mad men, and I with only a few yards start. A coulee lay before me, and with a bound I was at the bottom of it, and quick as thought I turned my horse's head up the coulee without slackening speed.

The trick saved my life, I think. My enemies bounded up the opposite bank of the coulee, and away they went in search of me on the prairie in that direction. I struck into a patch of timber, at the head of the coulee, and there halted under cover. Before long I heard some riders come up the way I had, and as they passed my hiding place my mare attempted to neigh. She would have betrayed me had I not struck her on the head with my whip. The searchers passed away in the darkness, and in the distance I heard a gun shot, another, then many shouts and yells, and a continued shooting, after which there was comparative quietness. I left my cover and again went towards the camp, where a great fire was burning and crowds of people seemed to be moving around it. I had a notion to creep in and take a shot at one of those people, but changed my mind, and instead retreated to the meeting place of the war party, where I arrived after daylight. My friends had given me up as killed.

The shouting that I heard was caused by the discovery and death of one of our men, one of those who had gone to the lower end of the camp. Had they not found and killed him, they would have probably given me a longer chase. Some of the other men had been successful in the matter of horses, and all started at once for home. On our way north, we struck the Peigan camp, and as they could tell us nothing as to the whereabouts of the Blood camp, we remained with them. My mare I kept for myself. Many of her colts and their descendants are in my band yet.



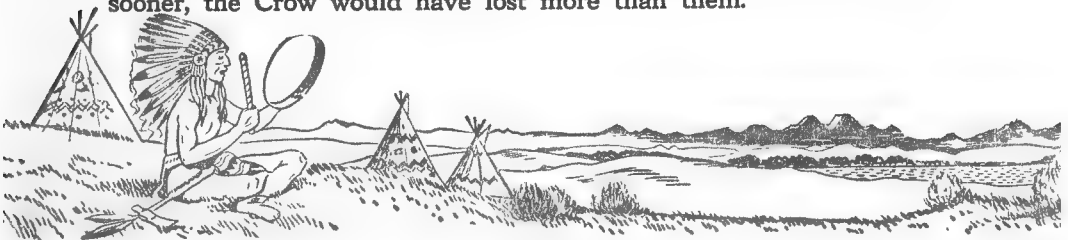
24. "Wolf Chief" was the leader of this war party, which was a large one starting from our village on Red Deer River (north). At the Sweet Grass Hills we found the Peigan camp. This trip was my third to the Red Mountain country. South we travelled, and just before we reached the country of the Crow, we met a single Blood Indian coming home with two horses he had taken from those people. He had lost the rest of his party at night, and now turned and went back with us. This man and three others rode the two horses, the rest of us followed as rapidly as we could. It was night, and suddenly we saw the flash of many guns ahead of us. Our four men we thought were in trouble, or at least discovered. We retreated knowing that nothing could be done there. The Red Mountain we climbed in the dark, and there passed the night.

After daylight one of our men noticed an object upon a distant hill, which we thought to be a person. Others of us differed from him thinking the object to be a crow bird. While we were watching and discussing the black mark, a long line of horsemen came in sight on top of that same hill, and there we found for the first time that two of our men were not with us. They had fallen behind in the darkness and had slept by themselves away down the mountain. It was towards them the Crows were going; they had not discovered us. We all went down to help our men, and from rocks and trees held back the Crows. They evidently thought us too strong for them, for two riders were dispatched to camp, as we guessed, for more help. There was a young Blood with the Crow. He had been captured when a child, as his parents were out hunting. This youth called to us in our own language enquiring who we were. We told him and he wanted to know the names of our party. We told him some of our names. He named many of his relatives and asked if they were still alive. Some of them were in our party, and we told him so, and asked him to come over to us—that we would not hurt him. He seemed agreeable to come closer once, but turned again saying that he would get his horse. We decided if he came that we would force him to stay, but would do him no harm. Soon he returned with two others whom he left some distance away, and advanced alone riding a buckskin pinto with black ears. Before he had quite reached us he halted, as if afraid to come to us, then a relative of his, one of our men, went out and met him. Our men enquired of him if he was armed, and he replied that he was not; the other then went a little closer but was afraid to go right up to him. There they stood a few yards apart afraid of each other. All this time the two Crow kept calling the young Blood to come back. He told us that if we had lots of ammunition we would require it, as reinforcements were on the way from the camp, which was a triple one composed of Crow, Snake and Nez Percis Indians. The Crow camp alone, he said, was very large, and from such a number of lodges there would be a great crowd of men. "Do your best" said he—"the people from the three camps are going to make it hot for you."



After giving us this encouraging news, he turned and rejoined the other Crow. Long before this we saw the Crow turn loose their horses to graze, and now we could see them sitting on a hill waving their hands to us to go home. In reply we only waved to them to do likewise. We busied ourselves making our position stronger. It was already good, but we rolled plenty of big stones in place and otherwise improved it. Near sundown the Crow on the hill began to move about, and through my glass I saw them saddling up and leaving the spot. Down near to us they came, shouting that they were going home, and telling us to do so too. They had not seen any of the reinforcements, and were not inclined to attack alone. They all passed out of sight, but had no sooner done so, than from the same direction we saw approaching some horsemen, whom we at first thought to be our four men whom we had lost the night before. In ones and twos mounted men came in sight until the hill was black with people, then we understood how matters were. The retreating Crow had met the reinforcements, and now we were going to catch it. One man rode far ahead of the others; he wore a hat, a buckskin shirt, and had an American flag wrapped about his body. He was riding a buckskin horse; he was up to within speaking distance of us and called out: "My friend, my friend, I am a Nez Percis." He was riding a buckskin twenty paces of us, dismounted and deliberately let go his horse and drove it away with his whip. This seemed to be a signal, for at once a great charge was made upon our stronghold. Some of our party were stationed out a little distance around us, hidden in holes and behind rocks.

The enemy rode right in between these out pickets and the rest of us. I fired a shot, missed my man, and while in the act of loading my flint lock, I turned and saw behind me a man on a blue roan horse. On his head was a horned war bonnet streaming away out behind him. He carried a shield and an American flag tied about his person. My chum and I had agreed not to empty our guns at the same time, but in turns. Therefore, his gun being now loaded he fired, and brought down the wearer of the fancy clothes. I ran forward to capture the trophies, but the man who was only wounded, got up before I reached him and made his escape. Some Crow at the same time made a rush at me and tried to cut me off from my companions. But I got back to my place all right. Someone called me by name to go and take possession of a shield and spear that were lying beside the body of a man he had just killed. I looked about but could not see any dead man, and again he called to me a second and a third time. I replied: "There are others nearer to the body than I am, let some of them make the captures. At last I jumped to my feet, saw the articles mentioned, made a dash for them, just as their owner crawled to the edge of the little bank and rolled over it out of sight. The spear and shield I secured, and had I been a minute sooner, the Crow would have lost more than them.



In the midst of a storm of arrows and bullets I regained my position. All the Crow near us seemed to have fired at me. There was a lull in battle after that, and they all retreated to a distance, probably to have a talk. One of them then showed himself upon a neighbouring hill and signed to us to go home. We, as before, made the same signal to him. They only wanted us to leave our position so that they could charge us in the open. I gave our chief "Wolf Chief" all the things I had taken.

At sundown the Crows all went out of sight. At dark our leader prepared to start for home, but I would not agree. I thought that we ought to do something more before we left the locality, and said so. Our party split into two, half with "Wolf Chief" went home; most of the younger men were in that band. The older and better men all remained with me to seek fresh adventure.

We left our late battle ground, and I led my men around to the country on the opposite side of the Crow village, where we arrived at daylight. We heard shots in the direction of our late retreat, and with the aid of my glass I saw the Indians running buffalo. Their camp was in sight of us. Four days we remained in hiding and then the village moved and was pitched right near us. There were many buffalo about, and the Indians were busy all day killing and taking in meat. I was suffering much with rheumatism and said: "Tonight, I will accomplish something or get killed. In the latter case, my limbs will pain me no more." So at night we filed down the hill and noiselessly approached the camp. It was moonlight, and some of the Crow were parading their village, which was an immense one, singing and calling out at intervals. Several times they shouted out in the Black-foot tongue: "My friend, beware; my friend go away—do not come closer!" These remarks had a bad effect upon some of my comrades, who wanted to turn about at once and go home. I lost patience with them, and said: "All right, you all go home; leave me alone to do the work." I took off my leggings, prepared to act and asked who was going with me. No answer: I enquired again, and a Peigan named the "Lazy Boy" volunteered to come. I told the others to go to a certain place and wait for us. The Peigan and I waited a long time.

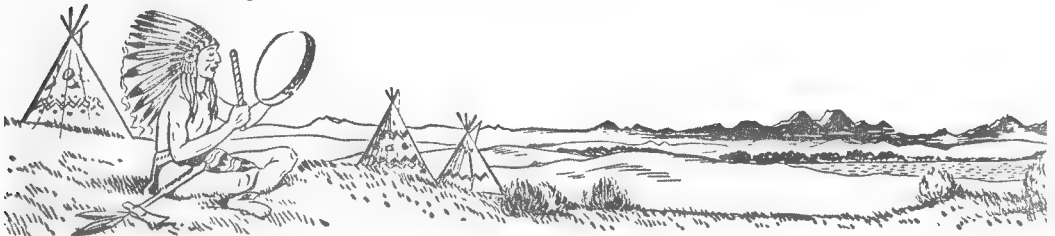
A cloud darkened up the moon and caused a little rain to fall. The singers went into their lodges, and long afterwards the horses began to stray out of the circle, grazing. My companion thought that he could distinguish riders amongst them, but it was only his imagination. I roped a black, and the Peigan a grey. We drove away a big herd to where the rest were waiting, and then all were soon engaged at the pleasant task of catching horses to ride home upon. We drove away our new property, and a snow storm came up. We went around the mountain and ascended the other side, and at our late battle ground we camped, keeping the horses well out of sight in the timber.



All the next day we watched the excited Crows, a large party of whom went north in pursuit of us. They never guessed that we were looking down upon them from their mountain. Next night we set out for home, but we took the precaution to make a great half circle towards the north; the straight line we left to our pursuers. We saw no Crows or other hostiles on the way home. Winter had set in when we reached our Blood camp, which was pitched on Stand-Off bottom.

25. The Bloods were camped at the Red Deer, and a number of our horses were stolen by the Crees, although we were at peace with them at the time. I led a party of seven men to see what we could do in the way of retaliation. The Cree were bad Indians who deserved to be punished. They were not honest; they stole horses. Yes, they did; they were horse thieves. We, being mounted, made fast time, and going in a northeasterly direction, saw in the distance a big blue hill looming up, and near it a large Indian camp. Between us and the camp, the country was very burnt, so that it was not safe to travel any closer in daylight. During our waiting hours that day I went up on top of a hill with my glass to see what might be in sight. I saw a few lodge poles stuck up in the shape of a lodge. After examining them a minute I looked in another direction and saw a large war party coming along and heading in the direction of the lodge poles. My companion signalled to me to come down and eat, as they had been cooking. I watched the war party until they took up the trail of the people who left the lodge poles, and followed it out of sight. Then I went down and had my dinner.

Upon returning to my station on the hill, what did I see but a single tall man following up the trail of the war party. This individual seemed to be unarmed. I ran to my horse, mounted, and followed by my companion galloped after the lonely man. We reached him just as he was down drinking from a little rivulet or spring. I was in the lead and dismounted and seized him as he arose to his feet. I searched him for arms, but nothing did I find. The man was poor; he had not even a knife. I was so disgusted that I left him to the boys to do as they liked with him. One said to kill him. I did not like Cree Indians well enough to say no, so I said nothing. As there were no arms to take, I did not say "kill him." The end of the matter was this. I blackened his face, praying to the Sun as I did so, and gave him to the Sun unhurt as a present. When I told him that he was free and might go, he looked very much surprised. But he did not wait for us to change our minds, but walked rapidly a few yards, and then broke and ran like a deer until out of sight. I guess he had never heard of one of his people falling into the hands of the Bloods, and living to tell about it. No doubt, if living, he wonders yet to what good circumstance he owes his really remarkable escape. I do not think that he would ever guess the truth, that he was not worth killing.



That night we set out and rode all night long. At daylight we were close to the village and continued towards it. The people saw us and came out in a big crowd. One mounted man enquired who we were, and was told, at which he returned to the village. We were right in the camp, and the Indians had a big talk. They were Assinaboines, but the lately arrived war party were Cree. We saw our tall friend again, who was relating to his people his adventure of yesterday. It appeared they all called him a liar, and then some came to me and asked if what the tall fellow said was true. I, of course, told them that it was. A chief told me that I had a very strong heart to turn loose a man like that unhurt.

We remained there two days. The war party had a dance on the second day, and two of us went to see it, although we were warned by a friendly Assinaboine not to go near the dancers or they would kill us. They had a very fine dance; their war bonnets, shields, etc., were good, but the dancers acted in a queer manner. They would come near us and point their guns at us in a nasty way. Between dances they counted camps which all seemed to be about Bloods, Blackfeet and Peigans. One of them spoke in our language. He named a Blood whom he had killed; he described the horse the dead man rode, and which he captured. This was too much for my good temper. I got mad at once, pulled out my knife and walked into the circle, shouting: "You are no good! you are no good!" I then began to yell and sing and count camps against them. I told them I had killed three Cree in one day. It was a lie on my part, but I was an eye witness of the event that I referred to, so was able to describe it to their satisfaction. They thought I spoke truly. I only wanted to make them angry, because they had succeeded in making me so. I told them lots of lies about Crees that I had killed, scalped, and taken guns from, and the women all began leaving the camp, taking their children away to the bush. On a pole in the dancing circle was an H.B.C. flag, and on the ground beside it was a bow and thirty arrows. A man stood by the flag pole. I went, and with a yell cut loose the flag and took possession of the bows and arrows. Then, turning my back upon the Cree dancers, I told them once more that they were no good, and stalked away with their flag, etc.

When we entered the lodge of our Assinaboine host, he informed us that some of the Cree war party had been trying to bribe him to give up our horses to them. This news made me more hostile than before. I called aloud to the Cree to bring out all the warriors and fight us seven Bloods, but my challenge was unheeded.

Shortly after that we started for home. The flag I presented to my chum, "Big Plume."

Two incidents occurred while we were in the hostile village. During the first day, we were all sitting in our host's lodge, when an old

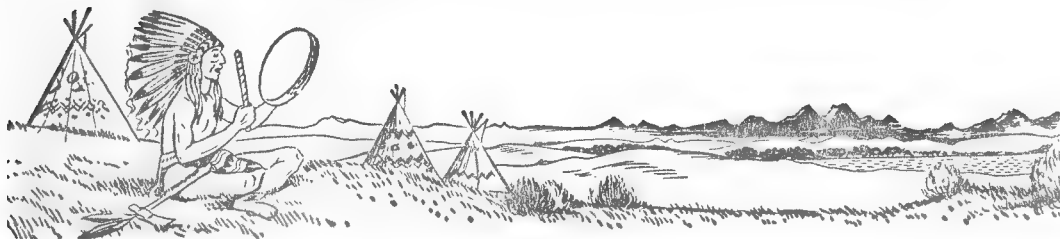


man entered with a big knife in his hand, and sat down near the entrance. Seeing him cast sundry looks at me, I asked him what he was after. He replied: "You have eaten four of my children—four of my children you have eaten." He was probably referring to four of his sons killed some time in the past, while on horse stealing expeditions in our country. So I replied: "What are you talking about? Did I tell your sons to come and steal my horses? Did I ask them to come away down there and get killed?" The old fellow no doubt saw the truth of my argument, for he did not make any attempt to use the big knife on any one, but went away soon.

On the day of the dance, in the morning, we were sitting in front of the lodge, and saw an Indian with his face and hair all plastered with mud, which also filled his ears. His arrows were turned wrong side up in the quiver, and he was using a rattle and singing beside a hill. Wandering about in the morning, he came across a pot full of meat, which he fell upon and devoured. Then he renewed his run and went over the hill. Our host explained that the fellow always acted that way when hungry.

26. A large party started from the Blood camp on "Cut Bank." The leader was "Running Rabbit"—the destination the Cree country. At Sun River all turned back but three, myself and the others. On our way south I found six stray horses which we were satisfied with, so turned and came home. Our village had by this time moved to Whoop-Up, and when we reached there, we found camped the Blackfeet, Peigans and Sarcees in addition to our own tribe. The Blackfeet chief "Sun Old Man" was about to lead a large mounted party against the Cree in the north. I joined the party.

27. I gave all the horses taken on the last trip and borrowed from my relation his fastest horse to ride on this war expedition. Away up on the Saskatchewan we saw a fleet of thirty boats going down the river. The white men landed on our side, and we sat in a big circle and received many presents. There were three principal chiefs in our party, who took the goods and distributed to all. The white men told us that the gifts were to encourage us to trade with them. Blankets, tobacco, and goods of all kinds were given to us. In return some of the men took off their fancy dress, and presented them to the chief of the boat people. The boats floated on down the river, and we continued our search for Cree villages. For a long time we sent out scouts with no success, until we met a small party of our people returning homewards with Cree horses, which they had stolen. These men gave us the location of a hostile camp, to which we went. The Cree were wide awake. Their lodges were pitched on a level prairie, with no brush or hills near enough for us to approach unseen. Some of us proposed to play buffalo and draw the Crees away from their lodges. Others wanted to ride boldly up and attack the camp. The



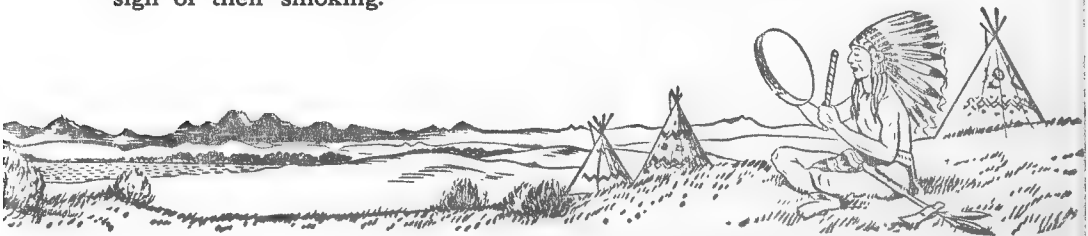
latter plan was the one followed. We walked our horses directly towards the camp making no noise and showing no haste. Some Crees saw us and fired at us, but we walked right in, paying no attention to them. When but a short distance from the village, we charged it. Men, women and children fled like coyotes. Some of the men were posted out about the camp behind blankets and robes, but they also fled at our approach. I cut a big slit in a large lodge and jumped in through it to see what I could capture. All I got was a bag of sundry goods and an axe. I went out, remounted, and off to see how things were going on. My uncle, "Far Seer" saw a man coming out of a lodge, and was up and shot him dead. We afterwards learned that it was a chief named "Handsome Man."

A great many more Crees were run down and killed. We lost three of our men. One was shot in the head and killed. Another was shot by an arrow in the head. We tried to pull out the arrow, but it parted with the point, which remained in the skull. That man died two days afterwards. Our leaders, having ordered us to fall back from the camp, we did so. One of our men wearing a war bonnet, rode back alone to the camp to attempt some brave action, and was killed. Many others were wounded by the Cree arrows. All the bodies of killed and wounded were taken away by us. We had a good supply of scalps and trophies of all kinds, and started for home after the fight was over.

28. The Blood camp was moving south to the Sweet Grass Hills, and a long way ahead of us, at Blue Lake, was pitched the village of the Peigans. A war party of nine Crees stole horses from the Peigans, and retreated with them northwards in the direction of the Cypress Hills. The Crees did not know that the Blood camp was in front of them, or they probably would have taken another road.

It was early one frosty and foggy morning in the early fall of the year. We had all been out running buffalo. I had returned and entered my lodge, leaving my buffalo horse, a very fast one, tied at the entrance. Some riders dashed into camp with the news that nine Crees were passing on their way north with Peigan horses. All was then in an uproar. I at once went and caught another fast horse, which I mounted to save my racer, which I led. Some of the pursuing Peigans came in, and then a crowd of us went after the thieving Crees. "Far Seer" took the lead. We had no difficulty in finding the trail of those we were after, for it was plainly to be seen in the white frost covered grass.

Beside the tracks we came to a carcass with a buffalo chip burning on the ground. We guessed that the Crees had halted here to smoke, and had knocked out the contents of their pipe on the buffalo chip, which had afterwards caught fire. Farther on we found another sign of their smoking.



The pursuers divided. "Calf Shirt" took one half, and started direct to Cypress Hills to cut off the Crees; "Far Seer" with the other men continued on the trail.

The fog had now lifted. I changed horses, and with five companions went off to one side. I told my uncle to watch me all the time, for if I saw anything I would signal to him. We had not gone far before we got amongst a herd of buffalo, and near a prairie lake I saw horses grazing with the buffalo. We went back a little way and got behind a butte, and obtained a better view. All we could see at first were the horses, and one man busy skinning a buffalo. We flashed a glass at the nearest of "Far Seer's" men, who were disappearing in hollow ground, but they did not see the flash. I saw them away behind a single horseman, and flashed my glass at him. He pulled up at once, and I flashed again, at which he started after "Far Seer" at a great speed, and I knew that they would soon all be with us. We now went down and approached the lake, and there were sleeping eight men—the ninth, the one butchering got up to his feet. He was a boy; he saw us and called to his companions in alarm. Up they jumped to their feet. I wanted to go at them, but my friends the Peigans with me, held my bridle, saying: "Wait! take no risks." The Cree men mounted and were away in a minute. Then the Peigans let me go, and away I pursued the Crees over the prairie.

They had a good start, but I saw plainly before me the nine horsemen. One of the horses ridden by the Cree was not fast enough, and its rider got off and mounted behind one of the others. Then the animal thus double laden, began to fall behind the rest. I was now far in front of my friends, and rapidly closing the gap between the two laggards, when the leading Cree reached a coulee, dismounted, and turned to help the two I was chasing. It was now my turn to run, which I did, and not any too soon, for a gun or two was fired at me as I flew out of range. My horse being tired, I dismounted to rest him and wait until the men arrived.

The Peigans soon came on and a fight started. The Crees called us all sorts of nasty names in bad Blackfoot. My horse, having regained his wind, I went around to the far side of the enemies coulee. Our main party came along, and the nine doomed men saw their number. They killed their eight horses for a barricade, and dug their hole deeper.

The battle now began in earnest. We attacked them on foot. Whenever they showed an arm, or head, before firing—we did not retreat but simply dropped flat in the grass. In that manner we slowly closed in upon them in a circle, and at last made a rush and finished the affair in a hand to hand struggle, in which the nine Cree were killed. They wounded many of us, but none seriously. The fight lasted longer than you would think from my story, for our charge



was made after sundown, and we went home in the dark. I took some of the captured articles, but did not kill any of the dead, for I had no gun. "Big Snake" got one gun—"Many Spotted Horses" another—and some Blood took the third. That was all the guns the Cree had. Others captured a spear, a war bonnet, etc. Upon our return to camp, all the people painted their faces black, and we had a gala time because it was a complete victory.

29. The following took place when I was young. It was my third trip under "Red Old Man." Our camp from which we started was situated on the Two Medicine River, near its mouth. It was in the fall of the year. Our trail led away to Benton, then south across Elk River, where there was a trading post frequented by the Crows. We did not call at this post, because the white men there did not like us. They were in the habit of shouting at us whenever we gave them a chance. So keeping clear of this dangerous place, we passed on to Lonely Mountain.

When we reached the locality, a heavy fall of snow came which left the ground covered to quite a depth. A Crow village was found, the inmates of which were not at all on the alert. They doubtless thought that there was no danger of war parties being out in such deep snow. Their horses were all grazing outside of the camp; a fire place and many foot marks showed us where the Indian boys had herded horses and played during the daytime. We could not catch the animals very well where they were, so we drove them off the river above the camp. At a watering hole was a sheet of glassy ice, and on to it I drove some of the horses. I roped a big black-eared gelding away, got on his back while he was on the ice; but as soon as he reached the shore, he bucked me off into a snow bank, and got away with my rope on him. Five were still on the ice, and I hastened back to them. There was one there that I was sure was gentle, and to it I turned my attention.

Having now no rope, it was by no means an easy task to secure him. Every time he tried to run off the ice, I grabbed him by the tail and jerked him end about. Finally, I headed him in that manner to a big snow bank at the edge of the ice, and as he entered it I sprang upon his back. Away he flew after the herd which my friends were driving away. I was quite at the mercy of the horse I rode, and hung on with all my strength by its mane. The men stopped the herd and I dismounted, and caught the one with my rope on. To see if he was really unbroken, I again mounted, but was promptly bucked off. That satisfied me, and I took off my rope and caught and rode the other. I rounded in the four having acquired six. I was ready to leave the vicinity. All that night and all next day we drove at a fast rate of speed for home. During the day we crossed a trail of a war party, a large one going north.

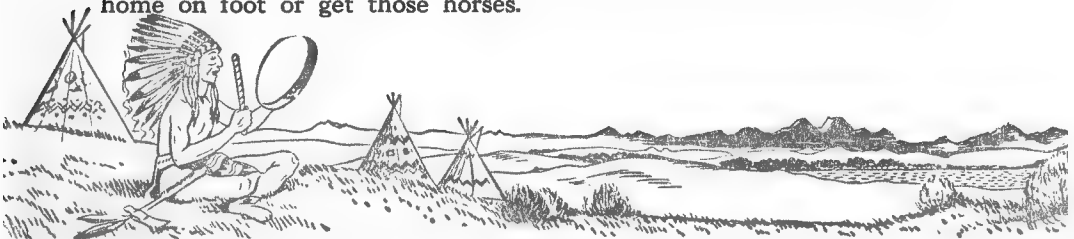


We rested the second night and to our front we saw a campfire. Some of the boys thought it a star, and four of them went to see which were right, and they returned and said that it was a star. Next morning we soon found our mistake, for in front of us was the tail end of a war party so large that the leaders were not to be seen. The Crows, for such they were, spread out on each side in order to permit us from passing. Away to one side was a ridge with a bare strip on its side.

We headed for the near end of the ridge, and upon gaining the bare ground, we made our horses go at such a speed that our mounted pursuers were soon left far behind. One little colt was left behind in the snow and was caught by the Crows. In this band of horses were two mules, one a bob-tailed and split-eared animal which was given to Culbertson by "Red Old Man." The Blood camp we found on Sun River. I was armed with bows and arrows only in those days. "Tony Hair" now living in the upper camp, was one of that party.

30. "Not A Favourite Child" was the leader. From our camp on Sun River, we went to the lodges of the Crows that were pitched on Stinking River. This was the place where the Crows often made their winter camps. It was a hard place to take horses from, for the reason that it was in the middle of a perfectly burnt prairie, which was too wide to be crossed twice in one night. I mean, that a war party, that waited until nightfall before they started to walk across the prairie, could not reach the camp, capture horses, and get out of sight again, before daylight, so wide and clear was the plain about Stinking River. The Crows had thus constructed permanent corrals, which they used year after year. These enclosures were very well made, strong and close. So close were they built that horses on the inside could not be seen from the outside, and moreover all sorts of thorny bushes were used in the construction, making it nasty work for any one who tried to tear them down.

In times of very deep snow, I have known the Crows to cut young cottonwood trees down and feed them to their horses, which would eat the bark, and thrive as well as they now do on oats. We saw that there was a camp on the river, and late in the afternoon we struck boldly across the plain unseen, and at dark were not far from the village. When we went close to examine the lay of the land, we discovered a fresh difficulty. The wily Crow had picked out a most strong position. The village was nearly surrounded by the river which thus made a bend of almost a circle. In the circle was built the horse corrals and besides them were pitched the lodges. At the narrow neck of land leading in to this circle some boys were building a fire, so that it was impossible to pass out that way with horses. The river was covered from bank to bank with a sheet of most slippery glare ice. You see what difficult work lay before us. We had our choice—go home on foot or get those horses.



It was decided that none but the older and more experienced men should go near the village. When they had departed upon their dangerous errand, one called "Spotted Wolf" enquired who would follow him. No one answered until he had asked the question a third time; then I said: "Go on, I will follow you." I was both young and foolish and had no right to go, but he wanted a companion. "Spotted Wolf" was a great walker. He started off at such a pace that I had to trot to keep him in sight. He stalked through towards the place where the boys were building the fire, and although it was getting dangerously light there, we managed to crawl past on the dim side unseen.

Near the fire, a number of young men and boys were sitting—a guard, I suppose, in charge of the horses. We reached the corral—got inside, and after a lot of trouble, succeeded in making a hole big enough for a horse to pass out of. We then each caught a horse, and led them outside, which we had no sooner done than we heard a great run at one of the other corrals. One of our men, a blundering fool, had entered that corral and caught a mare with a bell on her neck. He attempted to lead her out of a place, where she would have to make a high jump to get through. The mare tried it, but fell back making a run with the bell that roused the Crow village in an instant. Many of them ran to the narrow place, and cut off the means of our escape. Then the women began throwing burning sticks on the ice so that their husbands could see to shout. I and my friend at the first yell, sprang upon our horses, and jumped them on to the ice nearest us. My animal was sure footed, and after many slips and much struggling, carried me to the other side in safety.

Looking back I saw that my companion was not so fortunate, for his horse was down. My first impulse was to let him shift for himself, but I changed my mind, dismounted, tied my horse to a tree and ran back on the ice. I pulled the horse by the tail; Spotted Wolf pulled him by the rope on his neck, and thus we slid the animal over the slippery ice to the edge, when he quickly gained his feet. We mounted, and not an instant too soon, for the Crows had seen our actions and were almost upon us. Away we galloped with a shower of arrows and bullets after us. Our chief had taken out a horse from one of the corrals before the row occurred, but no others than we three did so.

One called "Many Strikes" obtained the trimming of a war shield, but not the shield. The fellow who caused all the row, carried away the mare's bell, which he had taken off, and put over his shoulder, when he saw the mistake he made. My captive was a bold face bay.

31. I led a mounted party of seven to Cypress Hills. One day while on the north side of the hills, we turned loose our horses near

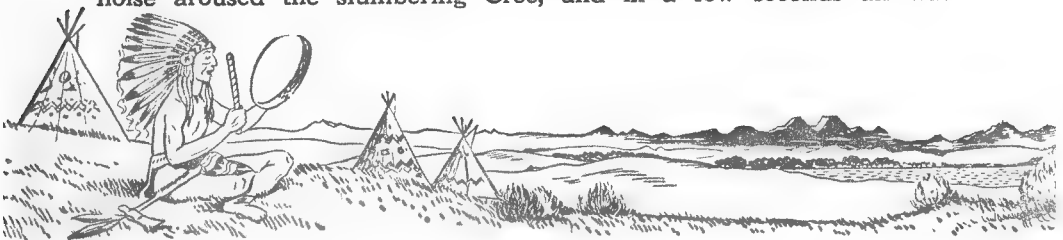


a spring, and while one man on a butte kept watch, the rest of us took our meal below. While eating, our lookout called to us: "Here comes a rider quite close." We saddled up, and the man on the hill kept telling us where the stranger was, but he did not turn his head once towards us, for the others would have known then that he was not alone and would have escaped. The stranger, a Cree, took our friend for another single Cree, and rode right towards him. At last he was in sight, and we all galloped out, surrounded him and captured him. I took his gun and told him he could go unhurt. As he went at once, I guess he is still rustling grub somewhere.

32. While at camp on the Red Deer, a party of Blackfeet went down the south branch of the Saskatchewan, and captured some Cree horses. Upon their return, they informed the camp that the Crees were only a few lodges that could easily be wiped out. Accordingly, a large party was organized and went down to perform that always pleasant task, under the leadership of Weasel Horse. Instead of the expedition returning in triumph with many trophies of war in the shape of scalps, guns, horses, etc., a few only came in, the survivors of the war party who had found many more Crees than they were in search of, and had been nearly wiped out themselves in consequence.

A great council was held to decide what steps were to be taken in retaliation. The result of the "talk" was that the Bloods, Blackfeet, Peigans and Sarcees moved in a single immense camp down the river. A war camp of the whole nation upon an errand of vengeance. When we had moved a long way down the river, one day "White Calf" and "Eagle Head" with a few men went out upon a scouting trip. After they had been gone two or three days, early one morning they appeared in sight riding in circles, and as they approached we saw that they were flourishing a scalp. They had discovered a Cree village at some little distance from it and came upon a man and woman. The former made his escape, but the woman who was heavy with child, fell into the hands of the scouts, and was soon despatched. The news spread rapidly through the camp, and soon in all directions were to be seen the men catching and saddling their war horses. A great war dance was indulged in by the mounted men, until all were ready. Then off they started, hundreds and hundreds in number—a fine sight.

As the Cree camp was not far from ours, our scouts were able to note the size, shape and position of it before sundown. It was a large circular camp situated on the open prairie. After dark we went in close and took up a position in a large coulee quite near the camp. It then began to rain and did not clear up until daylight. We made ready to strike as soon as there was light enough. In the camp amongst the lodges were a lot of hobbled horses, which were first of all untied and driven away to a safe distance by our men. The noise aroused the slumbering Cree, and in a few seconds all was



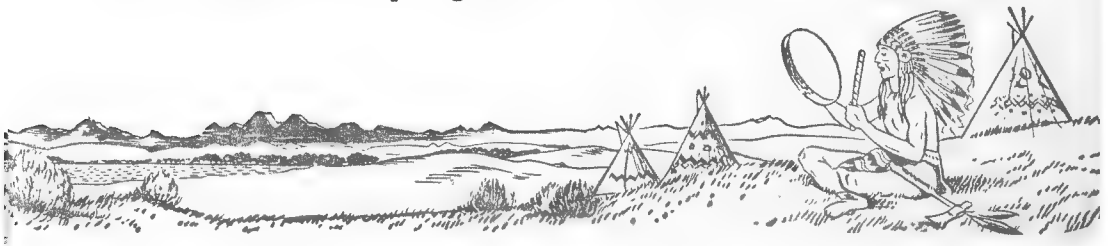
alarm amongst them. The women and children quit camp and fled to the timber. The men at once opened up a fierce fire upon us. Our leaders ordered us to retreat slowly away out on the open prairie, so that the Crees would follow and enable us to charge. We fell back from the village, the Crees pressing in pursuit.

When a sufficiently long distance was between them and their camp, we at a signal, turned and went at them. They did not attempt to make a stand, but fled in the wildest disorder, and were slaughtered like buffalo. I ran after the Crees who turned to meet me. One had a gun; two were armed with bows and arrows. The latter shot many arrows at me as I went towards them, then they turned and ran away. Their companion with the gun waited for me to get close; he evidently intended to make sure of me. On I rode straight for him, and at last when almost upon him, he fired and missed me. It was his last shot on earth, for although he bravely clubbed his empty gun to strike me, he fell in an instant with my bullet in his chest.

The gun was taken by a young relative of mine. I picked up a fine robe with a chief's camp painted upon it. We again started away as if to retreat, and a number of Cree fools mounted and came yelling after us. Again we turned and drove them back. Our people would ride alongside of them, and catching them by the feet, would throw them from their horses. A Blackfoot chased one Cree, who was so thoroughly frightened, that he soiled his horse's back. The man was killed and the horse taken by the Blackfeet. The only casualty on our side was one young "Blood" killed.

We now returned to our lodges. "Calf Shirt"—father of the killed boy, waived the mourning custom in this case. He said: "Be joyful; you do not mourn for my son; you have killed many enemies and captured much." So in great glee our camps were moved back to our own country.

33. "Red Old Man" was leader of a party who left for the Crow country from our camp on Bear River. At the "Owls Ears Mountain" a Crow camp we saw on the move, which we watched and noted the place where they pitched for the night. The moon was at the full that night, and "White Buffalo" and I went together to take horses. We did not for a long time go near the camp. Some of our men had that day done some shouting before we saw the Crows, and I was afraid that the latter had heard them so was more cautious than usual. When it was late enough for the Crow camp to be slumbering, and no signs of any of them being about, we crept in close to the village, the lodges of which were showing plainly in the light moonlight. I was in favor of waiting for horses to come out to graze, as they nearly always do before morning, but my companion was impatient and we went in. We followed down a little creek and saw the horses all in open ground out of the village, one lodge only



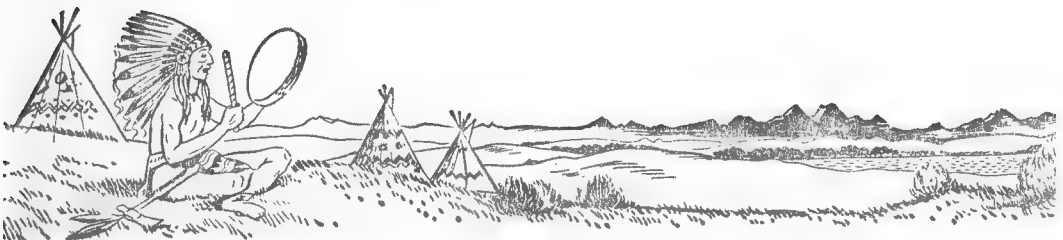
standing near them. We approached the horses. Between us and them was a pile of driftwood, amongst it a big fallen tree. I was almost up to that log when I saw a face appear above it, and knew at once that I was in a trap. It did not take me long to see my only chance, for I no sooner saw the face, than I turned and ran away at my top speed. A shower of bullets was fired at me, but none hit me. The Crows came yelling after me. I had not a long start, but I did not need one. I was so scared that I seemed to fly over the ground. A cut bank lay in front of me, in the moonlight I could not tell how steep it was, but went at it and was surprised to find how soon I reached the top. I ran onwards, heard my name called, altered my course towards the voice, and met my friend, and with him ran into a slight hollow—the only near cover. The mounted Crows nearly rode over us several times. My heart thumped loudly at such times, and I grasped firmly my gun, resolving to kill at least one man before I fell when discovered. But the Crows did not see us. When in this anxious situation, I made a discovery that scared me more than ever. My powder horn had been shattered to pieces by a bullet and I had no powder. When the Crows fired at me from the log, I was so interested in my speed that I did not notice that one bullet hit my powder horn.

While thinking over this misfortune, a cloud obscured the moon, and we quit our place and ran for the nearest ridge, and reached the other side in safety, before the cloud passed away and it became light. We continued our flight for some hours, and then had a sleep. Upon awakening in the morning, we found that we were not alone, for near us quietly sat a wolf. My friend at first proposed to kill him, but I said: "No, let him alone." That wolf followed us all the way home. At night-time he would sit nearby a horse. During the day he kept close at our heels. We killed buffalo whenever we were hungry, and our friend the wolf, contented himself with the entrails only.

At last the Peigan camp was in our front, and then in sight of the lodges the wolf left us. In camp my relatives had all given us up for dead; the other members of the party reported us killed.

These are the principal adventures of my life, about which I am not in the habit of talking, for I am not a boaster. Only upon a few occasions, when I lost my temper, have I said that I was strong. All the people know me and my doings. I have had enough war and trouble in my time, and know what it is. That is why I try of late years to keep the young men quiet. They do not know what they say when they talk of war.

I was never struck by an enemy in my life, with bullet, arrow, axe, spear or knife.



APPENDIX No. I

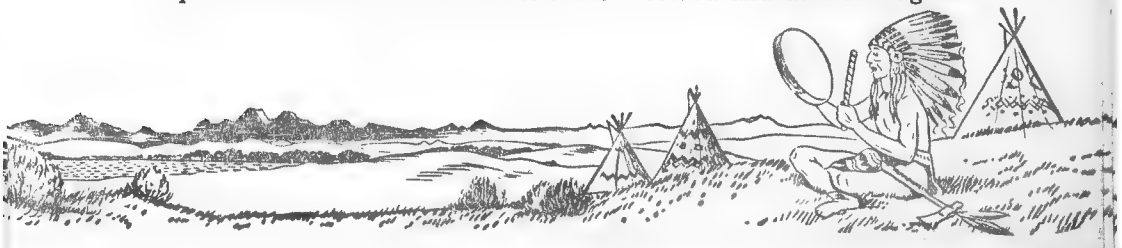
The Treaty With The Blackfeet, No. 7

Articles of a Treaty made and concluded this twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven, between Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, by her Commissioners, the Honourable David Laird, Lieutenant-Governor and Indian Superintendent of the North-West Territories, and James Farquharson Macleod, C.M.G., Commissioner of the North-West Mounted Police, of the one part, and the Blackfeet, Blood, Peigan, Sarcee, Stony, and other Indians, inhabitants of the territory north of the United States boundary line, east of the central range of the Rocky Mountains, and south and west of Treaties Numbers Six and Four, by their head Chiefs and minor Chiefs and Councillors, chosen as hereinafter mentioned, of the other part.

WHEREAS the Indians inhabiting the said territory have, pursuant to an appointment made by the said Commissioners, been convened at a meeting at the "Blackfeet Crossing" of the Bow River, to deliberate upon certain matters of interest to Her Most Gracious Majesty, of the one part, and the said Indians of the other.

AND whereas the said Indians have been informed by Her Majesty's Commissioners that it is the desire of Her Majesty to open up for settlement, and such other purposes as to Her Majesty may seem meet, a tract of country, bounded and described as hereinafter mentioned, and to obtain the consent thereto of her Indian subjects inhabiting the said tract, and to make a treaty, and arrange with them, so that there may be peace and goodwill between them and Her Majesty, and between them and Her Majesty's other subjects; and that her Indian people may know and feel assured of what allowance they are to count upon and receive from Her Majesty's bounty and benevolence;

AND whereas the Indians of the said tract, duly convened in council, and being requested by Her Majesty's Commissioners to present their head Chiefs and minor Chiefs, or Councillors, who shall be authorised, on their behalf, to conduct such negotiations and sign any treaty to be founded thereon, and to become responsible to Her Majesty for the faithful performance by their respective bands of such obligations as should be assumed by them, the said Blackfeet, Blood, Peigan, and Sarcee Indians have therefore acknowledged for that purpose, the several head and minor Chiefs, and the said Stony Indians, the Chiefs and Councillors who have subscribed hereto, that thereupon in open council the said Commissioners received and acknowledge the



head and minor Chiefs and the Chiefs and Councillors presented for the purpose aforesaid;

AND whereas the said Commissioners have proceeded to negotiate a treaty with the said Indians; and the same has been finally agreed upon and concluded as follows, that is to say: the Blackfeet, Blood, Peigan, Sarcee, Stony, and other Indians, inhabiting the district hereinafter more fully described and defined, do hereby cede, release, surrender, and yield upon the Government of Canada for Her Majesty the Queen and her successors for ever, all their rights, titles, and privileges whatsoever to the lands included within the following limits, that is to say:

Commencing at a point on the international boundary due south of the western extremity of the Cypress Hills; thence west along the said boundary to the central range of the Rocky Mountains, or to the boundary line of the Province of British Columbia; thence north-westerly along the said boundary to a point due west of the source of the main branch of the Red Deer River; thence south-westerly and south-easterly following on the boundaries of the tracts ceded by the Treaties Numbered Six and Four to the place of commencement; and also all their rights, titles, and privileges whatsoever, to all other lands wherever situated in the North-West Territories, or in any other portion of the Dominion of Canada:

To have and to hold the same to Her Majesty the Queen and Her successors for ever:

And Her Majesty the Queen hereby agrees with her said Indians, that they shall have right to pursue their vocations of hunting throughout the tract surrendered as heretobefore described, subject to such regulations as may, from time to time, be made by the Government of the country, acting under the authority of Her Majesty; and saving and excepting such tracts as may be required or taken up from time to time for settlement, mining, trading or other purposes by her Government of Canada, or by any of Her Majesty's subjects duly authorised therefor by the said Government.

It is also agreed between Her Majesty and her said Indians that reserves shall be assigned them of sufficient area to allow one square mile for each family of five persons, or in that proportion for larger and smaller families, and that said reserves shall be located as follows, that is to say:

FIRSTLY - The reserves of the Blackfeet, Blood, and Sarcee bands of Indians shall consist of a belt of land on the north side of the Bow and South Saskatchewan Rivers, of an average width of four miles along said rivers, down stream, commencing at a point on the Bow River twenty miles north-westerly of the "Blackfoot Crossing" thereof, and extending to the Red Deer River at its junction with the



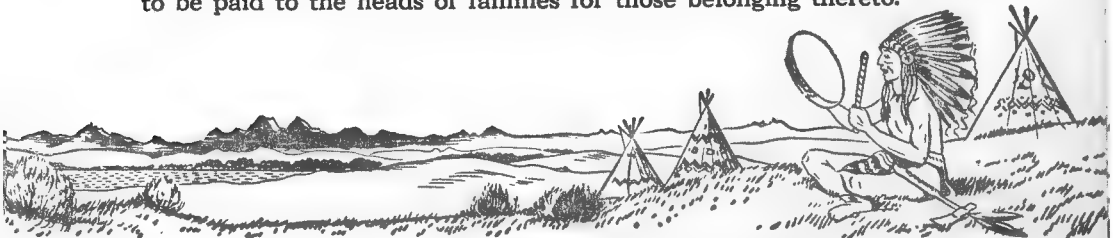
South Saskatchewan; also for the term of ten years, and no longer, from the date of the concluding of this treaty, when it shall cease to be a portion of the said Indian reserves, as fully to all intents and purposes as if it had not at any time been included therein, and without any compensation to individual Indians for improvements, of a similar belt of land on the south side of the Bow and Saskatchewan Rivers of an average width of one mile long said rivers, down stream; commencing at the aforesaid point on the Bow River, and extending to a point one mile west of the coal seam on said river, about five miles below the said "Blackfoot Crossing"; to the mouth of Maple Creek at its junction with the South Saskatchewan: and beginning again at the junction of the Bow River with the latter river, and extending on both sides of the South Saskatchewan in an average width on each side thereof of one mile, along said river against the stream to the junction of the little Bow River with the latter river, reserving to Her Majesty, as may now or hereafter be required by her for the use of her Indians or other subjects, from all the reserves hereinbefore described, the right to navigate the above-mentioned rivers, to land and receive fuel and cargoes on the shores and banks thereof, to build bridges and establish ferries thereon, to use the fords thereof, and all the trails leading thereto, and to open such other roads through the said reserves as may appear to Her Majesty's Government of Canada necessary for the ordinary travel of her Indian and other subjects, due compensation being paid to individual Indians for improvements, when the same may be in any manner encroached upon by such roads.

SECONDLY - That the reserve of the Peigan band of Indians shall be on the Old Man's River, near the foot of the Porcupine Hills, at a place called "Crow's Creek."

AND THIRDLY - The reserve of the Stony band of Indians shall be in the vicinity of Morleyville.

In view of the satisfaction of Her Majesty with the recent general good conduct of her said Indians, and in extinguishment of all their past claims, she hereby, through her Commissioners, agrees to make them a present payment of twelve dollars each in cash to each man, woman, and child of the families here represented.

Her Majesty also agrees that next year, and annually afterwards for ever, she will cause to be paid to the said Indians, in cash, at suitable places and dates, of which the said Indians shall be duly notified, to each Chief, twenty-five dollars, each minor Chief or Councillor (not exceeding fifteen minor Chiefs to the Blackfeet and Blood Indians, and four to the Peigan and Sarcee bands, and five Councillors to the Stony Indian bands) fifteen dollars, and to every other Indian of whatever age, five dollars; the same, unless there be some exceptional reason, to be paid to the heads of families for those belonging thereto.



Further, Her Majesty agrees that the sum of two thousand dollars shall hereafter every year be expended in the purchase of ammunition for distribution among the said Indians; provided that if at any future time ammunition became comparatively unnecessary for said Indians, her Government, with the consent of said Indians, or any of the bands thereof, may expend the proportion due to such band otherwise for their benefit.

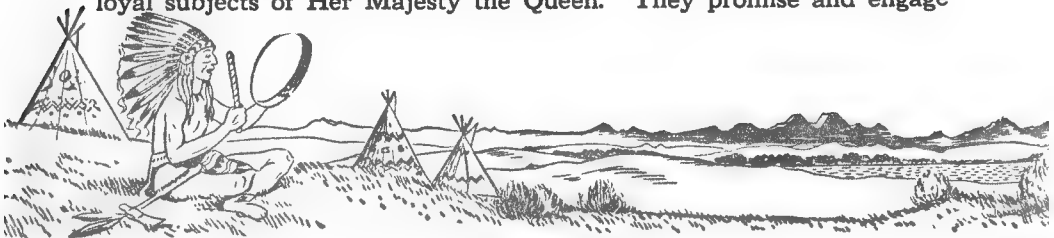
Further, Her Majesty agrees that each head Chief and minor Chief, and each Chief and Councillor duly recognized as such, shall, once in every three years, during the term of their office, receive a suitable suit of clothing, and each head Chief and Stony Chief, in recognition of the closing of the treaty, a suitable medal and flag, and next year, or as soon as convenient, each head Chief, and minor Chief, and Stony Chief shall receive a Winchester rifle.

Further, Her Majesty agrees to pay the salary of such teachers to instruct the child of the said Indians as to her Government of Canada may seem advisable, when said Indians are settled on their reserve and shall desire teachers.

Further, Her Majesty agrees to supply each head and minor Chief, and each Stony Chief, for the use of their bands, ten axes, five hand-saws, five augers, one grindstone, and the necessary files and whetstones.

And further, Her Majesty agrees that the said Indians shall be supplied as soon as convenient, after any band shall make due application therefor, with the following cattle for raising stock, that is to say: for every family of five persons, and under, two cows; for every family of more than five persons, and less than ten persons, three cows; for every family of over ten persons, four cows; and every head and minor Chief, and every Stony Chief, for the use of their bands, one bull; but if any band desire to cultivate the soil as well as raise stock, each family of such band shall receive one cow less than the above-mentioned number, and in lieu thereof, when settled on their reserves and prepared to break up the soil, two hoes, one spade, one scythe, and two hay forks, and for every three families, one plough and one harrow, and for each band, enough potatoes, barley, oats, and wheat (if such seeds be suited for the locality of their reserves) to plant the land actually broken up. All the aforesaid articles to be given, once for all, for the encouragement of the practice of agriculture among the Indians.

And the undersigned Blackfeet, Blood, Peigan, and Sarcee head Chiefs and minor Chiefs, and Stony Chiefs and Councillors, on their own behalf and on behalf of all other Indians inhabiting the tract within ceded do hereby solemnly promise and engage to strictly observe this treaty, and also to conduct and behave themselves as good and loyal subjects of Her Majesty the Queen. They promise and engage



that they will, in all respects, obey and abide by the law, that they will maintain peace and good order between each other and between themselves and other tribes of Indians, and between themselves and others of Her Majesty's subjects, whether Indians, half-breeds, or whites, now inhabiting, or hereafter to inhabit, any part of the said ceded tract; and that they will not molest the person or property of any inhabitant of such ceded tract, or the property of Her Majesty the Queen, or interfere with or trouble any person, passing or travelling through the said tract or any part thereof, and that they will assist the officers of Her Majesty in bringing to justice and punishment any Indian offending against the stipulations of this treaty, or infringing the laws in force in the country so ceded.

In witness whereof Her Majesty's said Commissioners, and the said Indian head and minor Chiefs, and Stony Chiefs and Councillors, have hereunto subscribed and set their hands, at the "Blackfoot Crossing," the day and year herein first above written.

Signed

David Laird,

Gov. of N.W.T., and Special Indian Commissioner.

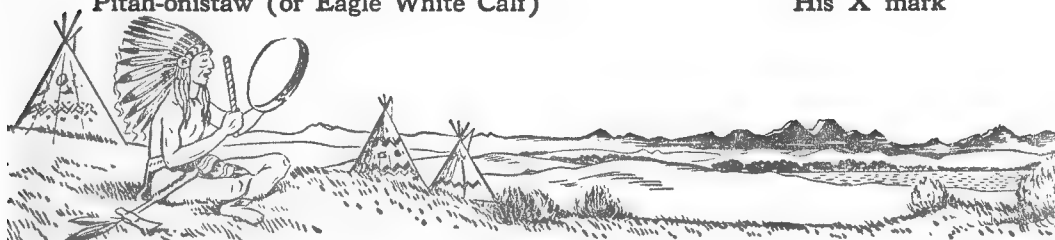
James F. Macleod,

Lieut.-Colonel, Com. N.W.M.P., and Special Indian Commissioner.

Chapo-Mexico (or Crowfoot)	His X mark
Head Chief of the South Blackfeet.	
Matose-Apiw (or Old Sun)	His X mark
Head Chief of the North Blackfeet.	
Stamixotocon (or Bull Head)	His X mark
Head Chief of the Sarcees.	
Mecasto (or Red Crow)	His X mark
Head Chief of the South Bloods.	
Natose-Onistors (or Medicine Calf)	His X mark
Pokapiw-otocon (or Bad Head)	His X mark
Sotenah (or Rainy Chief)	His X mark
Head Chief of the North Bloods.	
Takoye-Stamix (or Fiend Bull)	His X mark
Akka-Kitcipimiw-otas (or Many Spotted Horses)	His X mark
Attistah-macan (or Running Rabbit)	His X mark
Pitah-pekis (or Eagle Rib)	His X mark
Sakoye-aotan (or Heavy Shield)	His X mark
Head Chief of the Middle Blackfeet.	
Zoatze-Tapitapiw (or Setting on an Eagle Tail)	His X mark
Head Chief of the North Peigans.	



Akka-Makkoye (or Many Swans)	His X mark
Apenako-sapop (or Morning Plume)	His X mark
*Mas-gwa-ah-Sid (or Bear's Paw)	His X mark
*Che-ne-ka (or John)	His X mark
*Ki-chi-pwot (or Jacob)	His X mark
Stamix-osok (or Bull Back Fat)	His X mark
Emitah-Apiskinne (or White-Striped Dog)	His X mark
Matapi-Komotziw (or the Captive or Stolen Person)	His X mark
Aye-stipis-simat (or Heavily Whipped)	His X mark
Kissoum (or Day Light)	His X mark
Pitah-otocon (or Eagle Head)	His X mark
Apaw-stamix (or Weasel Bull)	His X mark
Onistah-pokah (or White Calf)	His X mark
Netah-kitei-pi-mew (or Only Spot)	His X mark
Akak-otos (or Many Horses)	His X mark
Stokimatis (or The Drum)	His X mark
Pitah-annes (or Eagle Robe)	His X mark
Pitah-otsikin (or Eagle Shoe)	His X mark
Stamix-ota-ka-piw (or Bull Turn Round)	His X mark
Maste-Pitah (or Crow Eagle)	His X mark
**James Dixon	His X mark
**Abraham Kechepwot	His X mark
**Patrick Kechepwot	His X mark
**George Moy-any-men	His X mark
**George Crawlör	His X mark
Ekas-kine (or Low Horn)	His X mark
Kayo-okosis (or Bear Shield)	His X mark
Ponokah-stamix (or Bull Elk)	His X mark
Omaksi-Sapop (or Big Plume)	His X mark
Onistah (or Calf Robe)	His X mark
Pitha-siksinum (or White Eagle)	His X mark
Apaw-onistaw (or Weasel Calf)	His X mark
Attista-haes (or Rabbit Carrier)	His X mark
Pitah (or Eagle)	His X mark
Pitah-onistaw (or Eagle White Calf)	His X mark



Kaye-tapo (or Going to Bear)

His X mark

* Stony (Assiniboine) Chiefs

** Stony Councillors

Signed by the Chiefs and Councillors within named in presence of the following witnesses, the same having first been explained by James Bird, interpreter:

Signed

A. G. Irvine, Assistant-Commissioner N.W.M.P.

J. McDougall, Missionary

Jean L'Heureux

W. Winder

L. N. F. Crozier, Inspectors

E. Dalrymple Clark, Lieut. and Adjutant, N.W.M.P.

A. Shurtliff

C. E. Dening

W. D. Antrobus, Sub-Inspectors

Frank Norman, Staff-Constable

Mary J. MacLeod

Julia Shurtliff

A. McDougall

E. A. Barrett

Constantine Scollen, Priest, witness to signatures of Stamix-osok and those following.

Charles E. Conrad

Thos. J. Bogg

Adhesion to Treaty Number Seven

We, the members of the Blackfoot tribe of Indians, having had explained to us the terms of the treaty made and concluded at the Blackfoot Crossing of the Bow River, on the twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven;

Between Her Majesty the Queen, by her Commissioners duly appointed to negotiate the said treaty and the Blackfeet, Peigan, Blood, Sarcee, Stony, and other Indian inhabitants of the country within the limits defined in the said treaty, but not having been present at the Councils at which the articles of the said treaty were agreed upon, do now hereby, for ourselves and the bands we represent, transfer, surrender, and relinquish to Her Majesty the Queen her heirs and successors, to and for the use of her Government of Canada, all our right,



title, and interest whatsoever, which we and the said bands which we represent have held or enjoyed, of in or to the said territory described and fully set out in the said treaty; also, all our right, title and interest whatsoever to all lands wherever situated, whether within the limits of any other treaty heretofore made or hereafter to be made with Indians, or elsewhere in Her Majesty's territories, to have and to hold the same unto and for the use of Her Majesty the Queen, her heirs and successors for ever;

And we hereby agree to accept the several benefits, payments, and reserves promised to the Indians under the Chiefs adhering to the said treaty at the Blackfoot Crossing of the Bow River, and we solemnly engage to abide by, carry out, and fulfil all the stipulations, obligations, and conditions therein contained on the part of the Chiefs and Indians therein named, to be observed and performed and in all things to conform to the articles of the said treaty, as if we ourselves and the bands which we represent had been originally contracting parties thereto and had been present at the Blackfoot Crossing of the Bow River, and had there attached our signatures to the said treaty.

In witness whereof, James Farquharson Macleod, C.M.G., one of Her Majesty's Commissioners, appointed to negotiate the said treaty, and the Chief of the band, hereby giving their adhesion to the said treaty, have hereunto subscribed and set their hands at Fort Macleod, this fourth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven.

Signed

James F. Macleod,

Lieut.-Col., Special Indian Commissioner.

Meanxki-stamix (or Three Bulls)

His X mark

Signed by the parties hereto in the presence of the undersigned witnesses, the same having been explained to the Indians by the said James Farquharson Macleod, one of the Commissioners appointed to negotiate the said treaty, through the interpreter, Jerry Potts, in the presence of

Signed

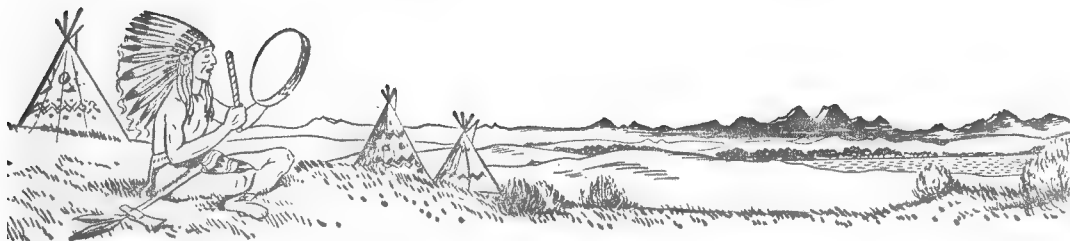
A. G. Irvine,

Assistant-Commissioner.

E. Dalrymple Clark,

Lieutenant and Adjutant, N.W.M.P.

W. Winder, Inspector.



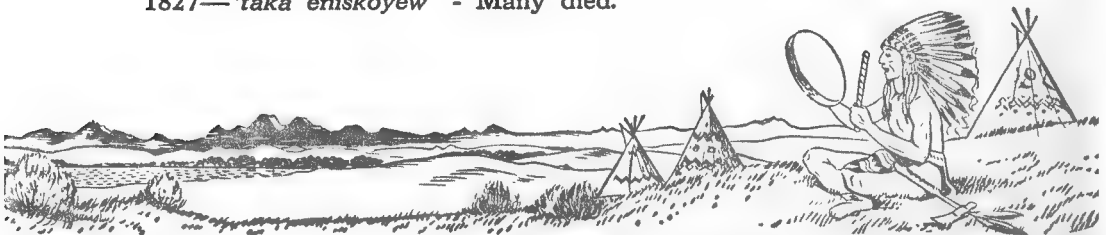
APPENDIX No. II

An Ancient Indian Chronology

Recorded by an old Blood Indian Chief, whose name at the time of his death, was "Bad Head" (Pakapotokon). He had gained fame in the past under the name of "Father of Many Children (Manistokos).

The historic incidents described hereunder were inscribed as pictographs on rawhide, and subsequently translated by an Indian interpreter.

- 1810—(That is Winter of 1810 to 1811)
"Ka-orsoyix itsitotorpiyan" - The Indians see for the first time horses with cropped tails - of the American soldiers.
- 1811—*"Orkeay-aseniw itonotsarpi"* - "Crying Bear" has been destroyed.
- 1812—*"Ekartsiw otsenik Kotorxispetapi"* - The gambler has been killed by a Flat Head Indian.
- 1813—*"Itakesaopi"* - Many went on the war path.
- 1814—*"Ikinay itsenitarpi"* - Top Knot has been killed.
- 1815—*"Matsi-pokan Itomotsarpi"* - Mad children have been destroyed by the Crees on Belly River.
- 1816—*"Asekarsin itsenitarpi"* - A Blood Indian named "Extending His Paw" has been killed by another Blood.
- 1817—*"Ominis itsenitaw"* - "Buffalo Paunch" killed by his brother.
- 1818—*"Stokan"* - The Blood Indians had their Sun-Dance in the winter time.
- 1819—*"Saskinapastsimesin"* - Coughing epidemic.
- 1820—*"Nisotokinay itsenitarpi"* - Four Horns killed by a Pend'oreille.
- 1821—*"Katookinaw itseniw"* - A great chief "Notopknot" dies.
- 1822—*"Ekkakiw otsipsitapi etotoartay"* - A white man named by the Indian - the small or short man - takes a place at the confluence of Musleshell River and the Missouri River.
- 1823—*"Innospiw otsitesenipi"* - When "Long Hair" died.
- 1824—*"Sapo nit-omatapiskotspi"* - The Bloods drove away the Crows.
- 1825—*"Itaka-ennastop"* - Several Indian tribes make a treaty of peace, viz., Bloods, Gros Ventres, Flat Heads, Koutonais and Nez-Perees.
- 1826—*"Misa-orkokinisiw itomarnikamot api Sapo"* - The Bloods stole a great number of horses from the Crows near the butte called "Goose Neck".
- 1827—*"taka eniskoyew"* - Many died.



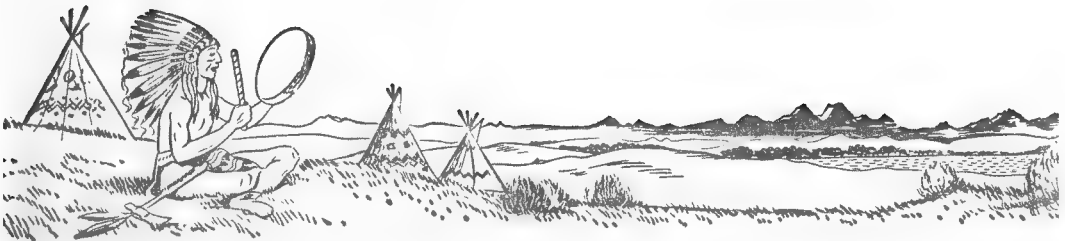
- 1828—"Sapo Maxika itsonitarpi" - A chief named "Crow Foot" was killed by a Crow Indian.
- 1829—"Ikitsiketapi otsitomotsarpi" - Seven Crow Indians have been destroyed on the American border.
- 1830—"Itenipitsop" - Very severe winter. Many go on the war path and are frozen to death.
- 1831—"Kipp otsitsitapi etotoartay" - A white man "Kipp" establishes a post at the confluence of Bear River and the Missouri.
- 1832—"Otsitsitokkanipi omarxistowan itstoyemuv" - An American or (Big Knife) winters at the place called the "Straight or narrow place on Milk River,"
- 1833—"Kakatosen otsitsorisipi" - Very remarkable shower of stars. The Bloods were camped near High River.
- 1834—"Sapo-itotayiskatarpi" - The Bloods help themselves with the horses of the Crows.
- 1835—"Otsitsoyuitarpi Peikenekivax natsitapin" - Two Peigans jump in the river and get killed.
- 1836—"Pokan otsitauotsiskarpi" - Epidemic of constipation amongst children.
- 1837—"Aponsin" - Small pox.
- 1838—"Isosin stoyew" - People recover from the disease.
- 1839—"Onistena otseintarpi" - White Calf chief killed by a white man at Benton.
- 1840—"Potsiw otsenitarpi" - An old squaw called "Potsiw" (which can mean "Met") was killed, the killer remaining unknown.
- 1841—"Sakoyiskew attsenitaw" - Another squaw named "Hind Face" was killed by a Blood Indian.
- 1842—"Mahertawatow itomotsarpi" - "Going Crow" killed by a party of Crows.
- 1843—"Itake-piskiopi akokinu" - Large number of Lodges camped near the Porcupine Hills at the place called "Women Pound".
- 1844—"Sorkoyenamay sixikay iteskimarpi napekwax" - A white man named "Makoyomarkan" - Running Wolf - at Benton fired the cannon at a party of Blackfeet, and killed thirteen of them.
- 1845—"Hayak-etorpommaop" - The Bloods separate on two parties for trading, the one going to Benton, and the other to Rocky Mountain House.
- 1846—"Otsitsestarkapi natosepokomiw" - A Blood named "Going to the Sun" hides himself from the Crees and escapes.
- 1847—"Etsipiksikamotspi Sapow" - The Crows come right in front of the camp to steal horses.
- 1848—"Katatsinipoka otsitomotsok assinay" - Not Cared For - child killed by the Crees, on Teton River.



- 1849—"Ristto-matapistotsi" - Bad Head with a large band of Bloods go driving - move camp during the winter to go to Benton.
- 1850—"Risitsippi otsenotsaw assinay" - Fifty Crees are killed near Milk River on this side of the boundary.
- 1851—"Pitaonistaw otsenitarpi" - Eagle White Calf killed by a Cree near Sweet Grass Hills.
- 1852—"Itsto-tokakoyew" - Plenty snow and the weather becoming mild. A freshet occurred in the winter time. The Bloods fought the Snake Indians.
- 1853—"Itapatorstoyeniw Manistokos" - Father of Many Children (the same who gave the present account), winter this side of the boundary line.
- 1854—"Otsitsapapimarpi assinaekivan mammapiin" - The Crees coming after the Bloods make shelter of branches in the newly abandoned camp.
- 1855—"Itaomitaohoyop" - The Indians are starving and eat their dogs.
- 1856—"Ritsitsitorkotspi Ennaken" - The Indians of different tribes receive a large distribution of goods from the American soldiers, whose commanding officer called "Ekkakisiw" or "Short Man" (Stephens) - is very much renowned amongst them.
- 1857—"Itestsikarkoy" - The ground is very slippery on account of glazy frost.
- 1858—"Sawkiapekwan enitsiw Restrata-tapekwan" - Prairie Man kills a Pend 'Oreilles.
- 1859—"Itomarkitseskaop" - The Bloods make a large sweat bath.
- 1860—"Otsitsipotsenitsiyaw sakoyestanik ke Mamiokossi" - Two Indians of the Blood Tribe - Hindbull and Fish Child, kill each other at Rocky Mountain House.
- 1861—"Reetartaytapi otsit-otas-kak assinay" - The Crees steal horses from the Pend 'Oreille near Sweet Grass Hills.
- 1862—"Otsitotorpi Ratoyeketokew" - Visit of Medicine Pheasant, great chief of the Crows. He was half-breed Peigan and Crow.
- 1863—"Tartowa itsenitarpi" - An Indian named "Tartowa" gets mad and is firing through the camp. He is killed by his two brothers.
- 1864—"Risokimix itomotsarpi" - Four lodges of Gros Ventres whose Chief was "Stone" - Orkotok - were destroyed by the Peigans on the Belly River.
- 1865—"Sikapinosin" - Black smallpox.
- 1866—"Itesam-orkimaop" - The Indians are kept waiting a long time for the trader.
- 1867—"Itayaminotspi" - A war party falls amongst the Crees, and they fight hand to hand.
- 1868—"Itakaorpomatiskaopi" - The Indians have plenty of furs and make a big trade.

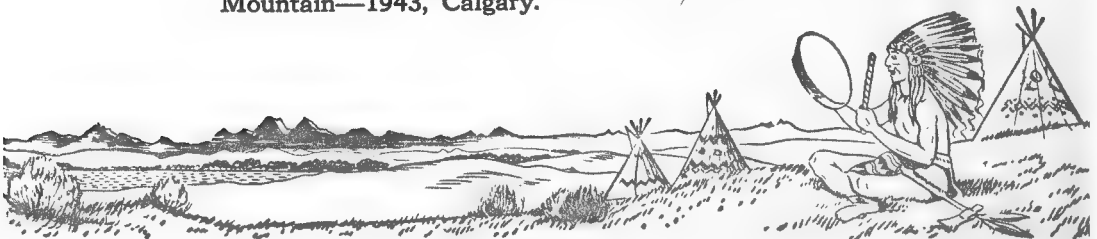


- 1869—"*Keayetapissiw otsitsetoworpi*" - "Joining the Bear" being drunk, rushes through the camp, and kills many.
- 1870—"*Apinosin*" - Small pox.
- 1871—"*Assinay itomatsarpi akaenasky*" - Great battle with the Crees on Belly River near Coal Bank - 200 to 250 Crees are killed.
- 1872—"*Spitsi napekwax etawpiyaw*" - Some white men settle on High River.
- 1873—"*Attsitstoyemiyaw spitsi napekwax*" - They winter there again.
- 1874—"*Onistarsesokasin otsenitarpi*" - Calf Shirt is killed.
- 1875—"*Ennahen otsitotorpi akapioyis*" - The police are at Macleod.
- 1876—"*Itsenowatorpi napiorki*" - Whiskey trading is stopped.
- 1877—"*Itakainiskoy*" - Plenty buffaloes.
- 1878—"*Itsiparkap-otomiop*" - Spring is very late. The Indians lose many of their horses.
- 1879—"*Ipsa-stoyew*" - Very mild winter.
- 1880—"*Itsistsisisawenimiopi*" - The buffaloes are no more.
- 1881—"*Itorkoneopatotsop*" - All the Indians of the Blackfeet Tribe leave the territories of the States and come to this side of the boundary.
- 1882—"*Rinna-akew ossa otsitotoyu*" - Visit of Marquis of Lorne - son-in-law of the Queen.
- 1883—"*Mikahestow itsikamapi*" - The Crees steal the horses of Red Crow.
- 1884—"*Istsienakas otsitotorpi*" - The railroad is built across the country.
- 1885—"*Ekorpipastsimasin*" - Epidemic of Erysipelis.
- 1886—"*Itakaenigapotskinay*" - Plenty cattle die.
- 1887—"*Otsntsennapi-krisahoy ninnan*" - The chiefs of the Blackfeet are taken down on a visit to Ottawa.
- 1888—"*Sapomanika otsitawayyok atsenaw*" - Crow Foot goes to visit the Gros Ventres, and is knocked down by a drunken Indian.
- 1889—"*Itsaskinapastsimesop*" - Epidemic of Influenza.



Honorary Chiefs and Members OF KAINAI CHIEFTAINSHIP

- H.R.H. The Duke of Windsor, K.G., G.C.B., G.C.M.B.,—Chief Mountain—1919.
- *The Rev. T. B. R. Westgate, D.D.—Chief Sun Calf—1921, Winnipeg.
- *Long Lance—Chief Buffalo Child—1922.
- *Colonel W. C. Bryan—Chief Seeing from Afar—1923, Macleod.
- *The Rt. Rev. Bishop C. Pinkham, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L.—Chief Holy Rest—1926, Calgary.
- *The Most Rev. L. R. Sherman, M.A., D.D., LL.D., D.C.L., Lord Archbishop of Rupert's Land—Chief Sotaina—1928, Winnipeg.
- His Excellency, the Earl of Bessborough, P.C., G.C.M.G.—The Great Chief—1931, Stanstead Park, England.
- *Hon. L. H. Walsh, K.C., LL.D., late Lieut.-Governor of Alberta—Chief Sitting Eagle—1931, Edmonton.
- Brig.-General J. S. Stewart, C.M.G., D.S.O., E.D.—Chief Father of All Nations—1934, Lethbridge.
- *His Excellency, Lord Tweedsmuir, G.C.M.G., C.H., LL.D., D.C.L., D.D.—Chief Eagle Head—1936.
- H. G. Routledge—Chief Black Horse—1937, Lethbridge.
- *Judge J. Jackson, K.C., LL.B.—Chief Leader—1938, Lethbridge.
- The Ven. Archdeacon S. H. Middleton, E.D., B.Sc., D.D.—Chief Mountain—1940, Macleod.
- *The Hon. Senator W. A. Buchanan, LL.D.—Chief Sun—1940, Lethbridge.
- Dr. P. M. Campbell—Chief Bear Head—1940, Lethbridge.
- *Tom J. Davis, D.C.L.—Many Chiefs—1941, Butte, Montana, U.S.A.
- Russell H. Bennett, B.A., M.Sc.—Chief Star—1942, Minneapolis, Minnesota, U.S.A. Shoderee Ranche, Alberta.
- A. McMillan—Chief Brave Rock—1942, Peigan Agency, Alberta.
- *Group Captain W. A. Jones—Chief Heavy Shields—1942.
- Group Captain W. Kennedy—Flying Chief—1943, Ottawa.
- The Rt. Rev. H. R. Ragg, M.A., D.D., Bishop of Calgary—Chief Holy Mountain—1943, Calgary.



- *Captain Thomas S. Acheson, O.B.E.—Iron Horse—1944, Winnipeg.
- John Blackmore, M.P.—Chief Good Advisor—1945, Ottawa.
- *Dr. Clyde Fisher, Ph.D., LL.D.—Chief Morning Writer—1946, New York.
- D. J. Allan—Chief Father of People—1949, Ottawa.
- R. G. Davis, Q.C., LL.B.—Chief Big Snake—1949, Macleod.
- D. Boyle—Chief Bull Horn—1949, Macleod.
- Rod Cameron—Calf Chief—1949, Hollywood, California.
- Colonel S. T. Wood, C.M.G.—Chief Hind Bull—1949, R.C.M.P., Ottawa.
- Hon. J. W. Smallwood, Premier of Newfoundland—Chief Water—1950, St. John's, Newfoundland.
- *Judge J. W. McDonald, K.C., LL.B.—Chief Big Plume—1950, Calgary.
- Robert A. Bryce—Chief Calf Child,—1950, Toronto.
- Ralph D. Ragan—Chief Bull Head—1950, Superintendent, Indian Affairs, Cardston.
- E. R. McFarland—Chief Heavy Shields—1950, Lethbridge.
- A. G. Swinarton—Chief Running Crane—1950, Macleod.
- J. C. Edgar—Chief White Antelope—1950, Macleod.
- Herman Linder—Chief Calf Shirt—1950, Cardston.
- John Fisher—Chief One Spot—1951, Toronto.
- Hon. E. C. Manning, Premier of Alberta—Chief Bull Shields—1951, Edmonton.
- Hon. J. J. Bowlen, Lieut.-Governor of Alberta—Chief Sitting Eagle—1951, Edmonton.
- John Laurie—Chief Red Crow—1951, Calgary.
- Rt. Hon. James Gardiner, M.P.—Chief Thunder Chief—1951, Ottawa.
- His Excellency, Field Marshal, Rt. Hon. the Viscount Alexander of Tunis, K.G., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., C.S.I., D.S.O., LL.D.—Chief Eagle Head—1951, House of Parliament, London, England.
- His Excellency, the Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey, C.H., Governor-General, —Chief Running Antelope—1952, Government House, Ottawa.
- James Muir, D.C.L.—Chief Eagle Ribs—1954, Montreal.

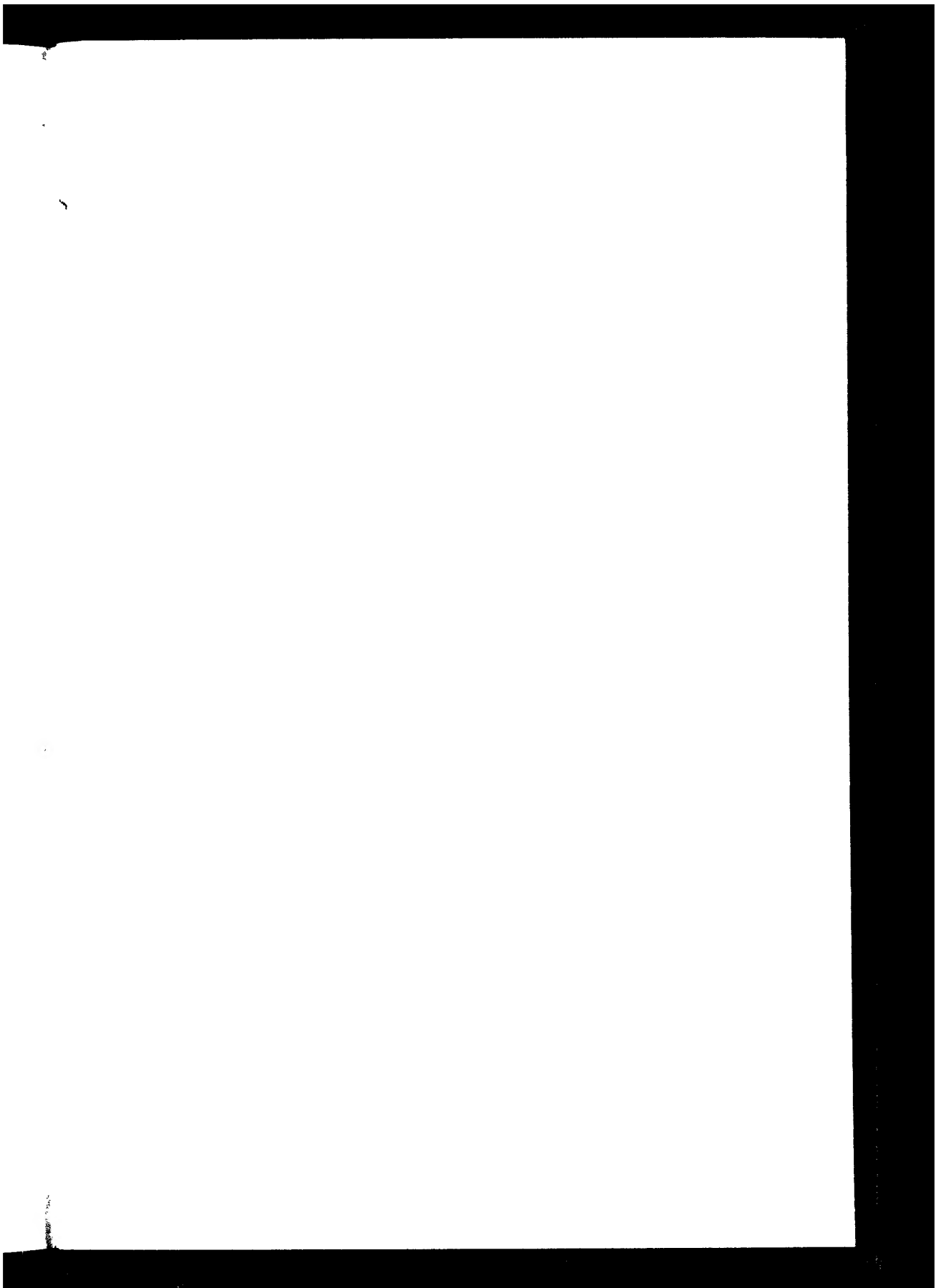
* Deceased.



[illegible]

F. 65-

①



University of Alberta Library



0 1620 0440 7787

BA437